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LANDOR'S

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

BY

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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Fifth Series.

MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES

(CONCLUDED).

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MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

(CONTINUED.)

XI. DUKE DE RICHELIEU, SIR FIREBRACE COTES, LADY GLENGRIN, AND MR. NORMANBY.

When the Duke de Richelieu had retired from office, ill health, which is usually the cause of retirement, was the consequence of it. Not that ministers ever care about loss of place, — privation of dignity and emolument is nothing to them; and if they are excluded from the only area grand enough for the development of their conceptions, those are much to be pitied, although not in the least to be blamed (God forbid!), who gave the key for that purpose to some dark designer, at the instant when such conceptions had arrived at their maturity.

He went to Genoa. The narrowness and obscurity of the streets incommoded him, and eighty stairs, which must always be mounted to reach the best apartments, were too many for an invalid. He went to Nice: the *bise* was troublesome. Here, however, he was amused a little at the sight of well-dressed strangers, and was not insensible of pleasure in being looked at, and in hearing his name perpetually mentioned in the same low tone of voice as he passed.

Do you doubt this weakness? Call it as you please and doubt it as you may, — it was this low tone of voice which the manly hearts of a Marius and a Cromwell panted for. Vanity and agiotage are to a Parisian the oxygen and hydrogen of life. Richelieu, as honest a man as he was an ill-requited minister, had little of the latter; of the former as much as was requisite.

There were at Nice, at the same time, Sir Firebrace Cotes, an Irish general, and the Countess of Glengrin, an Irish lady inconsolable for her husband. I do not mean the one she had just lost, but the one she feared never to have.

The general thought it his duty to pay his respects to the minister, as none in place was there, and as he had a rich uniform which he never could so well show before, and indeed had never put on. Lady Glengrin, too, left her card.

That is contrary to etiquette.

One among the many reasons why she did it! Confident in her beauty, for she really had been pretty in her youth, and possessing in an eminent degree that facility of reply which, if delivered with sharpness, is called *repartee*, and claims relationship by a left-hand connection with wit, she never lost an opportunity of passing into the company of distinguished personages. She was of all politics; so that, when rank failed her, nobody was surprised to hear that she had headed a deputation of fishwomen at Paris. Related to one of those who preserve the peace by cocking the pistol, and the gradations of social order by trampling on their equals, she associated and assimilated with the worst in the polar circle of both vulgars.

Her petulance and liveliness amused the duke, and mostly when she talked about her country. He had not been accustomed to Irish society, though he had known some of Irish extraction, and a few born and educated in Ireland. He had found them decorous and graceful, frank and full of humor, not much addicted to study, but respectful to those who were, until some peculiarity caught them, and they exploded in loud laughter. He considered them particularly delicate in affairs of love and friendship. One of them, suspected (as it appears most wrongfully) of many amorous intrigues, swore he never had and never would have one with a man's wife or daughter. Richelieu admired his primitive chastity. Among his friends, however, was an elderly gentleman who had meditated long upon the declaration, and felt certain there was some blunder in it. At supper he found it out; and when they were alone, "Faith!" said he, "Marcus, your mischief will lie then in a mighty narrow compass." Being locked up in logic, and unable to put his head through the grating, he agreed at last that the expression, to a man not very acute, might require an explanation. "I meant," said he, "a friend's, — at dinner or over a bottle; for in my mind, whatever others may think, that would be very base."

"You must come among us, duke," said her ladyship.

"I must indeed," answered he.

"Sir Firebrace, you are witness to the promise."

"I am," said Sir Firebrace.

There is no person in the world upon whom idleness hangs so heavily as upon a minister of state dismissed. Reprehended for sighing when he only yawned, and ashamed of being thought to yawn when he really sighed, he accepted the invitation, on condition that he should live privately. "For," said he smiling, "your government would watch me; and I should be sorry to be under martial law in Ireland, my skin being none of the toughest, and suspicious as my character must be, both as a catholic and a minister out of place. I will be colonel — colonel — I wish I could think of some colonel among my old friends who would consent to lend me his name."

"Oh," said Lady Glengrin, "if you want a name and are resolved to be a colonel, I have one for you, now you are so good and tractable: you shall be Colonel Le Doux."

"On receiving our commissions we kiss hands," said he; and by the gracefulness of his action, if Madame de Genlis had been present, she would have fancied herself in the Louvre some years before the last century.

They embarked. Of all the coasts in the universe of the same extent, those of France for nearly their totality in three seas are the least beautiful, and those which the eye tires the worst upon are in the vicinity of Marseilles. When you are at sea, the hills above the town appear like little mounds which some children have been just whitewashing. Here the party was becalmed two days. The regular beating of time by the waves against the sides of the vessel; the regular creaking as she moved slowly on, heaving and nodding like some bulky churl half-asleep; the flapping of the sail against the mast; the monotonous and wearisome song (there was only one) of the sailors, who being Englishmen could neither dance nor fiddle, and had not even a monkey nor a cat among them for the strangers to joke about and play with, — rendered the colonel and his companions sad and silent. Sir

Firebrace was flat and smooth as a billiard-table. Lady Glengrin having no object to attack or defend, at least no person known to Le Doux, turned, as we read of scorpions, upon herself; and her features and conversation languished equally. To relieve her listlessness, she sometimes made a spring at some friend of Sir Firebrace; but alas! she really had lost her elasticity. Le Doux smiled when he should have been serious, and was serious when he should have smiled. "One would think he hardly could have been attentive, though he seemed so," said her ladyship to herself. Sir Firebrace often begged leave to set her ladyship right upon the character of very good fellows, if she knew them thoroughly, and worthy women enough, — at least he always believed so. He never went beyond in word or thought; excepting that, if he was mistaken, as any man might be, he was certain from her goodness of heart that her ladyship would pardon him.

There was not a book belonging to the party. She asked the captain whether he had any interesting one: he brought her the log-book. Tossing it aside, "Oh that we had a book! though it were the Bible or the Peerage," said the countess; and observed for the first time a young man whom the duke had noticed before, and whom he had taken for a runaway barber, — his beard being always close-shaven, and his linen and face quite clean. He smiled with somewhat of concern and sarcasm. "Well, my friend," said she, "let us hear the joke."

"Really, madam," he replied, "I have no joke worth hearing."

"Favor us, at least," added she maliciously, "with the fruits of your reflection."

Sir Firebrace now began to brighten. "They might not please you, madam," replied the sailor.

"Oh yes they would: I insist upon having them."

"In that case, madam, there is no denial. I was thinking it strange that, of all the books in the world, you should pitch upon either of those. On the contrary, I wonder that petitions are not laid before parliament to suppress them, and signed by every person of the first distinction."

"Why so?"

"Because the one shows us their vices, and the other does worse."

"What does the other?"

"It shows us their ages."

"The fellow would be witty," said Sir Firebrace, "as all ignorant people would."

"All?" said the man submissively. "I think I have seen some too modest; but one cannot judge of character in a couple of days."

"Sir Firebrace," said the captain, "you would better let that chap alone: he is too much for you and me. I have no power over him: seaman he is and a right good one; but though he lends a hand at any time, he takes nothing, not a can of grog. The lemon he puts into his water is to blame. He is the quietest and silentest man in the world; but if an oath escapes, you would fancy it was a leak, so quickly is he upon the plank. He has been a scholar not long ago, I mistrust, though he has dollars and better things in his box. As for madam, clever as she is, I would not have her fish for sting-rays."

From his calmness and self-possession, Le Doux now imagined there was something in the man announcing high birth, and thought him for an Englishman well-bred, though satirical. He approached him; and first expressed his sorrow that a person of an appearance so prepossessing should put forth *so much strength* where homage is best becoming. "The changes in my own country, sir," added he, "make me think it probable that they may have partially occurred in others."

"Sir," said the sailor, "your observation, I perceive, is but a delicate and discreet inquiry. There is nothing romantic in my history. I never was what you call noble: I never was better than a school-master in a small market-town. My education has taught me to reprove any open disrespect to the Bible. If the lady had spoken where only her equals were present, I should have gone away quietly; but sailors may be corrupted."

"Without doubt there are good things in the Bible," said Le Doux. "Bossuet has quoted it in the place about the white cemetery. Then you read Latin?"

"No, sir!"

"How! Oh, I forgot: you have a translation of it — have you not? A little — it does not quite correspond with the original?" This he spoke, not so much in his own character as in his country's. One would have supposed that he understood Greek and Hebrew, yet he did not understand a sentence even of Latin. One would have supposed that he had collated the original with the English version, yet it was by an old and obscure report that he knew of its existence.

"I was zealous for my Bible," said the sailor. "I love my country and am proud of my language: the Bible is the best thing in both. Often have I thought of those who translated it, what they were, what their fathers were, what were their friends and teachers. Sir, I would have given my life, when it was a life of hope and happiness, to make by such holy means as this book the English language known through the world. And yet my love of it has done me for a time some harm."

Le Doux was desirous of hearing what it could be: indeed there are few who are not so of hearing any harm, — some from sympathy, some from malignity, some from curiosity, the rest from a wish of excitement. Lady Glengrin beckoned him away. "Favor me another time," said he to the sailor; "I am deeply penetrated."

Lady Glengrin nodded again, and asked him how he could be so ill-natured, when he had a musician with him, as not to call forth his talent. "Oracles are obscure," replied he. "Mac Arthur tells me," she rejoined, "that Michael showed him a flute, made out of a broken cane which he picked up in Genoa." "We will have a dance then, please God!" cried he. "Life is at stake, general! You and I must draw lots for the lady, since I dare not leave it to her choice, and she would not make mortal enemies." This he spoke, bowing in turn to each, appealing to her solicitously, and awaiting with deference her determination.

The proposal was sanctioned: the three stood up. The Russian was commanded to bring out his flute; the seal-skin that contained his clothes and his treasure was unstrapped; he ran upon deck with it in his hand: but this and the other too were raised upon his head and tearing his black bear-like hair; tears ran down his cheeks; and now for the first time after many years was heard from his lips the Russian language.

"What is the matter?" said the Swiss, his comrade, with perfect composure, to the Irish butler, Mac Arthur. "The son of a — is a woman!" answered the butler. "Did you ever hear such a soft language as she makes of her Russian?"

He had not finished when his lady, indignant at some word in the sentence, walked toward him fiercely from behind, and seizing him by the collar gave him a hearty kick in the bull's eye of the pantaloon, with, "I will teach you decency, you reptile!" He retired and sat down by a sailor, who asked him in the universal silence that had succeeded, "Pat, how do you like the new fashion of sharp-toed shoes?"

"Sir," answered he, "I would have you to know my name is not Pat, nor any thing like it; but Agrippa Mac Arthur."

"No offence, I hope, Mr. Agrippa Mac Arthur. It would have been uncharitable and unchristianlike, if I could have seen such a sad mischance befall a fellow-creature, and hold my tongue upon it. Suppose you try a pickled herring while the hurt is fresh: a rare thing to bring out the fire that flies from a witch's toe-nail!"

Agrippa was consoled by friendship. "No, thank you," replied he; "she shall never have the satisfaction of seeing it." And then whispered in the sailor's ear, "What a marksman the vixen is!"

We must now endure the griefs and tribulations of the poor Russian whose flute was broken.

"Cannot you repair it, Michael?" said Le Doux, humanely.

"St. Nicholas could not!" answered he, with a sigh from the bottom of his heart. And he crossed himself as rapidly as possible, that his contrition might be observed by the saint at the first glance after the derogatory words, and before they could well be written down against him.

"What is all this blubbering about?" said the captain to Le Doux.

"My servant Michael has broken his flute," answered he, "and the poor fellow is inconsolable. Indeed, we could have danced if we had it; the loss is no trifling one to any of us, and heavy to him who made the instrument."

"He made it!" cried the captain incredulously.

"Yes," said Le Doux, "I saw him cutting the cane, now I remember."

"Why then, sir," replied the captain, "he could make such another out of this sugar-stick: let him try his hand."

Joy played upon deck like the sun. Even Lady Glengrin grew calm, and said to Le Doux, "These cursed Irish must be treated like dogs, colonel. I hope, nevertheless, you will excuse my anger."

"Madam," said he, dissembling that he had seen the *voie de fait*, "if you were angry at the accident, I do assure you your servant was not in fault. Renault slept upon it (as I saw) last night, and perhaps cracked it. I would not tell Michael, to make the man more uneasy, and turn friends into enemies."

"But that fellow's impudence, my butler's!"

"He has been sitting among the sailors, and if indeed he laughed a little, Michael did not see him probably; and I do assure you, if he had, poor Michael is a good creature. They will live again in harmony."

Her ladyship was persuaded that the castigation she had given was unobserved. The flute was made; panniers of grapes and peaches stood ready for any of the three who might be thirsty from the dance; and there was a cask containing the wines of Lunel in bottles, covered over with wet leaves and sail-cloth. In the whole ship there was but one rueful face. An old seaman, whose arms and breast had various marks upon them punctured and inlaid with gunpowder, and whose back too bore sundry transverse white stripes probably from his mother having dreamt of a zebra, was very officious in keeping the leaves and sail-cloth wet. At last he crept away, and whispered to the messmate in whom he placed the most confidence: "Things may happen beyond our reckoning. I have known many such, and have heard of more; but none like this. The 'Hecla' has passed us in the night! Captain Parry has been aboard! As I am a Christian, there is ice among the bottles!" Le Doux had ordered a small provision of it, enough for a day or two, and this was only the morning of the second; and Renault had exerted his utmost skill in preserving and preparing it below.

The Biblical sailor was much amused at seeing the colonel, who left him an hour before so "deeply penetrated," dance delightfully. After a few compliments to his partner, who was incommoded by the sea and went to lie down, he returned with a countenance full of interest, just as when "life was at stake."

"I have always heard the Bible," said he, "called a very dangerous book in the hands of the laity, and I am most anxious to know what was the peculiar harm it did you."

"Thomas Paine," answered the sailor, "had written something against it. I had not read this, nor thought of reading it, when I saw in a gazette which I took weekly the advertisement of an *Apology* for it. *An Apology for the Bible!* and by a *bishop!* The word in Greek, I am informed, does not convey the same idea as with us: but I knew nothing of Greek, and was shocked at what I thought an intimation that the Book of Life required an excuse. I bought it, together with the strictures which provoked it. The fierceness and effrontery of the one, the smooth insincerity and flat yewberry sweetness of the other, equally disgusted me. I had only a single shelf for my books, in all about forty-five or fifty, and never did I think it necessary to conceal one. A neighbor asked me what I thought of these: I answered that I would rather have Paine's pen than Watson's crosier. He entreated me to lend him the volume. Unwilling to propagate the seeds of scepticism, I said, 'I am sorry I cannot; I have lent it.' This deliberate and cowardly falsehood brought its punishment. I never had refused a book to an acquaintance, or any thing else in my house; and until that moment I had always thought myself as incapable of a falsehood as a denial. In most of our towns and villages the system has now commenced of that which you Frenchmen call *espionage:* we had no name for it, and have none yet. Before the war we were somewhat different from other nations. This convulsion of Europe joined, morally speaking, the island to the continent. We then began to talk a language we had never learned or heard: we had *aristocrat* and *democrat;* and, what is worse, our aristocrats and democrats were just like yours."

Le Doux bowed and smiled.

"I am afraid I have said an uncivil thing," continued the sailor, "and I beg pardon. Injuries in one respect hurt the memory; that is, by contracting it to the narrow point they spring from."

"My friend," said Le Doux, placing his hand with gentleness under the elbow of the apologist, "I have as little reason to be pleased with either of these parties as you have. Continue."

"The story, that my shelf was filled with profane and seditious and indecent books, became current in the parish. My scholars were taken away from me; even those who came upon the charity disappeared. Parents who had known me from my childhood visited me now only to obtain a glance at my library. They found no other work of ill repute than Paine's, which from a sense of honor and openness I had replaced. Nevertheless, all who were in business were threatened with a loss of it unless they removed their children from my tuition; others removed them, as they declared to me, that they might not quarrel with their customers, 'for they loved,' they said, 'peace and quiet.' Elias Halliday, that friend who had asked me for the *Age of Reason*, went to the Reverend Mr. Chisholm, now curate to his father; and he, immediately on the intelligence, drew on his boots and came to me.

"'Mr. Christopher Normanby,' said he, 'I never thought you taught lads blasphemy and sedition.'

"'Sir,' answered I, quietly, 'you, being our spiritual guide, should have inquired into it; for the report, I have reason to believe, is a fortnight old!'

"'A damned pretty fellow!' said he, striking his spur with a switch. 'Well, I must be back to the glebe.'

"Mr. Chisholm was never my friend, from the strangest of motives,—from possessing what he thought should have been mine. The rectory was presented to his father by Lord Sandyhurst, who resides in another part of the county, and to whom that gentleman was steward. He had been an attorney; but for some wrong erasure, which he made perhaps by candle-light, he was induced to abandon his profession. My father was educated at the expense of the late lord, for having saved his son from drowning in the Trent; and not only was indebted for his education to that worthy peer, but for a legacy of five hundred pounds, bequeathed to him in his last words almost. Never was there a tenderer heart, a humbler soul, than my father's. At Oxford he had made great progress in the mathematics, which brought him many enemies, that study being in his time much discouraged there. He was suspected to be a good classical scholar, but his shyness would not let it appear: those who knew him best were not certain of it, for they could judge only from what they saw at lecture; and to those who knew him little there appeared to be a proof to the contrary. When he was about to take his degree in order that he might be inducted to the rectory of Sandyhurst, one of the examining masters was resolved to pluck him."

"A very uncivil interruption!" said Le Doux. "Are the masters themselves so rude?"

"You do not understand the term, sir; you do not know perhaps that any single master can prevent a person from taking a degree. A student a year older than my father, and in competition with whom he had carried off a college-prize, discouraged him so at the examination that he lost his degree. He returned into the country, and told his young patron (for the father was lately dead) what had happened.

"'Pooh, Kit,' cried he, patting him on the shoulder, 'go to Glasgow, man! Jim Towne, my farrier, was made a doctor there in the twinkling of an eye: the rascal was starving on horse-flesh. At present, by a good intelligence with the resurrection-men, he holds up his head like a heron half-a-wing from the marsh, and looks askance in your face fiercer than a caught polecat, as he passes.'

"'My lord,' answered my father, 'their church is different from ours.'

"'Go to Cambridge, then. My word for it, with your figures and two little straight lines betwixt, they will send you back nicked and cropped and spruce enough for the deanery of Durham. Remember, the rectory is a good eighty a-year; — by the bye, would you like the perpetual advowson? At the end of the twelvemonth you have five hundred, you know; and we can sign and seal thereupon, — ay, Kit?"

"'It would be simoniacal,' answered my father.

"'Simoniacal!' repeated the peer with grave mimicry. 'The word itself in any man's mouth is enough to make him a hypocrite for life. A sand-boy, who does not know the meaning of it, has only to say it, and it turns him into a pickpocket or swindler. Why, thou cursed fool, simony is every thing in form and nothing in fact! Is there a Father in God upon the bench that has not committed it, if you put the thing in place of the letter?'

"My father's health declined. 'I tell you what, young man, unless you take a wife it is all over with you,' said the doctor. My father could no more take a wife than he could take a city. He was acquainted with no young woman: he declared it. 'Egad, I thought as much!' cried the doctor: looking at him, nevertheless, as he would have done at an ibis or crocodile just unboxed. 'We will remedy that, too: the drug is as easily found as buckthorn.'

"Doctor Broom had been surgeon to a ship in the fleet under Rodney, and was the intimate friend of his captain; who, after being in constant service for fifty years, was made an admiral, and, as they call it, *laid on the shelf*. To kill time, when he had nothing else to kill, he married a barmaid at Torquay. They both drank hard, and were so affectionate a couple that one did not survive the other above a twelvemonth. They left an infant daughter, ill provided for: the doctor took it, and sent it to school. She was now sixteen: he rode over for her, and told her she must come and help him. His garden joined my father's; and he thought of hedges as lawyers think of laws. 'I have no notion of a hedge,' said he, 'without a gap in it.' His boots were thick, he was strong and corpulent; he soon made one. 'Have a care!' said he, 'grasp my coat-pocket! mind the onion-sauce!' He arrived at my father's with his ward, holding a dish in her two hands, and cried, 'Kit, my hearty dog, hast any appetite for a young rabbit, clean as a penny, out of my own cub, fed upon bran and sowthistle, and smothered in onions?'

"My father thanked with much courtesy his kind friend, and really felt a good appetite.

"'If this young lady and yourself will favor me.'

"'Not she, nor I either: we have just eaten the fellow to it.'

"'Miss will at least sit down.'

"'No, thank you, sir: I must go.'

"'Who told you that?' cried the doctor, glancing his eye athwart the back of his chair. She looked out of the window, and answered, 'She did not know.'

"'Sit down, then,' cried her guardian, in the same authoritative tone as before. She was walking toward the only vacant seat, one with a wooden bottom, when my father (an absent man on many occasions) rose hastily, and placed his, which had his pillow upon it, before her.

"'Oh no, sir!'

"'I beg and entreat you will, miss!'

"'Oh no!'

"He took her gently by the arm, soft as a flower, and the coolness of it refreshed him to the heart. He seated her: he spoke to her, only that he might stand near her. Was he then so feeble that he could not be heard across a chamber of fourteen feet by twelve?

"When he wanted me to marry, he told me the tale; and added, 'Christopher, there is no such preservative against vice as the recollection of these events. I do believe that beauty, in its early innocence, has something of what, for want of a better and more definite name, we call ethereal; something pure and rapid, something that stands impassably between us and evil, and holds our little world from ruin and corruption; something that unites us here in love and amity, inasmuch as what is mortal can be united, and converts us at last to itself in fulness and perfection.'"

Le Doux heard the sailor with wonder, and looked at his rigid throat, his reddened breast, his hands covered with wiry and inverted hair.

"I am at home again," said he; "I am with my father, and talk freely. If you are tired of me, leave me."

"My friend," said Le Doux, "I hear you with interest: pray proceed."

"Alice hardly ever would enter the bedchamber again, but she was fond of walking in the garden, steep as it was and short and narrow, and containing but one cherry-tree, some gooseberry-bushes, and a Virginian sumach that darkened the casement of the lower room. My father must go down and talk to his little maid.

"'Go,' said the doctor; 'I get fond of reading, and you have a power of books here.'

"Alice had been long below; she must now go and see what her guardian was doing: he might want her. She tripped upstairs; my father stopped breathless in the middle. 'Are you coming too, Mr. Normanby? Come then. What is the matter? Are you tired, you sly romp?'—for he had thrown a gooseberry at her bonnet.

"'No, little Alice; the only fault of this house is that the staircase wants air.'

"'What! with the door wide open and the windows too, and only the twenty-fourth of May? Indeed, Mr. Normanby, I cannot but think you are a very discontented man: you always want something.'

"'Who makes that noise there?' cried the doctor. Alice ran down, and found in her turn an inconvenience in the staircase to complain of. If my father had not caught her, who knows what might have happened! It was providential.

"'Alice,' said my father a few days afterward, 'I have often seen you eating my gooseberries and cherries, and, what is worse, before they are half grown.'

"'It is very true,' replied she, blushing, 'but I protest it was not in malice, and that whenever I caught myself doing it I stopped.'

"'You must pay me.'

"'How can I? I have only a sampler.'

"'I will have that, then.'

"She ran like a greyhound through the gap and brought it. It was neatly worked.

"'Really, Alice, these letters are formed divinely.'

"'Some of them,' said she, 'are better than others.'

"'I cannot see that,' said my father.

"'Oh yes they are: but what do you men know about work?'

"'Come, my little Alice, show me now the best.'

"She looked over them, and sometimes drew one straighter, and sometimes another, across her fore-finger.

"'They are not much amiss,' said she.

"'But show me the difference.'

"'I think the N is rather better than those on each side.'

"'Oh you deserve a coronet for such a present,' cried my father, seeing her embarrassment; and, running before her that she might not suspect he saw it, leaped up at a flower on the sumach. She laughed that he had missed it, and leaped at it too; nor was it at the first attempt that she reached it, nor without help.

"'Alice,' said the doctor one afternoon, 'you sit working all the day, and work worse than ever; where is your sampler, child? What do you color at?'

"'I thought I might give it, sir, to Mr. Normanby; I took so much of his fruit whenever I went there.'

"'Alice,' said he, 'you are seventeen the first of October: I cannot treat you with green gooseberries and pale cherries, but the grapes against the kitchen chimney will soon be ripe, and I have such a rarity for you as you never saw in your life-time.'

"'Oh dear, sir, do not think of it! And you have patients in the fever who care more about grapes.'

"'I have one indeed who has such a fever on him, he would play the devil with the best fruit at table, and have it all to himself.'

"'Let him have it, my dear sir.'

"'So I will.'

"Alice ran and kissed the doctor. 'Poor Kit!' cried he. Alice, in the act of starting back, had fainted in his arms. 'Why! how now, girl! art in love with *me!* 'sblood? I'll bring thee to thyself again.' He had no more scruple with her than a child has with a doll, and his remedies were within reach. 'Simpleton!' whined he in derision, when she began to recover, 'he has just as much of a fever as you have.'

"Sir, it is time I should stop," said the sailor. "I am relating these things of my mother, just as if she had been an heiress of a thousand a-year, had lived in a turret and run along a corridor from her birth, had married a marquis, and had been presented at court."

"She was a pretty girl, I am persuaded," said Le Doux; "and we will suppose in her favor that she had those advantages. Go on, Mr. Normanby; there is little to add, I fancy."

"'If,' said the doctor, 'he should have a small matter of ailment, which by neglect is one that might grow violent, would you sit by him?'

"'Willingly.'

"'All day long?'

"'All night too. I have a good deal of courage when nobody frightens me.'

"'And quite alone, you timid thing? Remember how you shrieked when the kitten the other evening purred and rubbed against your legs. Could you stay quite alone?'

"'Quite.'

"'Whether he slept or woke?'

"'I would pray God he might sleep, and would make no noise.'

"The doctor at this burst into what he called a horse-laugh. 'Come, now,' said he, 'you are a good girl, and I will shew you the curiosity I mentioned.'

"He walked to my father's with her, and found him pruning his cherry-tree; he stepped down joyously and ran toward them. 'Have you done?' asked the doctor. On the affirmative, 'Give me the pruning-knife, then: it is a shame to see that thief of a sumach getting in at the window.'

"'Oh my dear sir!' cried Alice, 'show me the curiosity. Mr. Normanby, I never saw that pruning-knife, — do let me see it.'

"My father placed his back against the sumach, looked tenderly and anxiously at Alice, shut the knife, gave it to her, and whispered, 'Don't let him!'

"'I will disappoint you, my dear guardian, in your pruning, for frightening me.'

"'What frightened you, Alice?' said my father, looking with great solicitude.

"'He knows,' said Alice, shaking her head.

"'And Normanby shall know too, deceitful whisperer!'

"'Oh dear, dear sir, don't let him!'

"'A truce with pruning,' said the doctor, 'I have other things to do. And now for the curiosity.'

"'I know what you mean,' said my father: 'several boys were after it.'

"'And will be, if I don't secure it,' said the doctor.

"'It was late, I suppose,' said my father, 'for that sort of butterfly; yet it was only a butterfly after all.'

"'Oh, foul mouthed-fellow!' cried the doctor.

"'Really, I never troubled my head about such trifles,' replied my father in vindication.

"'Here is the curiosity! Come and take it, Alice. A man who can hardly live a day without you, and dares not say he loves you.'"

Le Doux. And you are the only fruit of this marriage?

Normanby. A rough-flavored and worthless one! I had a sister, three years younger than myself, whose birth caused the death of my mother.

Le Doux. Whom you do not remember then?

Normanby. I do, and well. I have before me her clear colorless face, which I have heard was always so; her quiet blue eyes, which she turned on me when I ran out of my bed the morning before her death, hearing her sigh and ask about me. The infant was born weakly, and my mother being weaklier still, it was recommended to find another nurse for it. "The child is mine," exclaimed she in desperation, "she shall not have two mothers."

"And would you rather she should have none, my blessed Alice?"

"I know not, my Normanby. God protect her!"

God did; and, when the parent could not hear her, took her.

Soon after the marriage, Lord Sandyhurst pressed my father a second time to enter on the living, which he remarked was holden in trust for him. "Or if you do not like it," said his lordship, before any reply could be given, "you shall have the charity-school instead; it is worth as much within a trifle, and there are no quarrels or trouble about tithes: added to which the house is kept in repair by the trustees." My father thanked him, and accepted the school. Five hundred pounds were paid by his lordship's house-steward, and Mr. Chisholm, the land-steward, became rector impropriator of Sandyhurst; the bishop having ordained him at the recommendation of his patron, and every necessary preliminary having been legally observed. He was soon appointed his lordship's chaplain, and within the year was doctor of laws. People found that they had been much mistaken in his character. He was a pious, humane, and liberal man; so averse from litigation that no wonder he had not succeeded as a lawyer! He visited the farmers separately; told them he would leave all questions to their discretion and goodness; that they might give him a tenth or a twentieth, as they pleased. Some indeed had pretended, while he was agent, that they from time immemorial had paid a modus or composition: he smiled at that, and said he should be truly sorry to prove the contrary.

"Come," said he to the richest of the tenants, whom he had always favored most, "what have you paid me?"

"Don't you remember, doctor, you never took more than forty-two shillings, saying that forty-five was too much?"

"We must give and take," said the rector, "like good Christians. You shall pay me forty-eight for fourteen years, or during your residence and your son's; and here are two ten-pound bank-notes."

"A bargain!" exclaimed the farmer.

The rest sent him chickens and ducks; and, finding him wary, said plainly they did not see why one neighbor was more neighbor than another. He declared that he would encourage the civil and industrious; and he would see who was grateful before he carried his liberality much farther. They brought him their waste paper, — such they called the old receipts; he altered (it was said) such figures as were changed the easiest, and laid them by. In the new agreements those who had large families paid less, those who had none or smaller paid more. Lord Sandyhurst, at the recommendation of his new steward, went over to the estate. The steward was of opinion that it could be doubled: the tenants were ejected. The good rector received them like a father, and consoled them. They lent him their teams, they sold him the manure: they would rather give it to him than leave it on the ground. The steward and a surveyor recommended an enclosure of the common and the warren. The doctor would not oppose any plan conducive to the public good, and would be contented for his share to accept the worst part of the common and the poor barren warren, rather than have litigations about tithes. He gave notice, however, that for the future he should take them in kind, until the commissioners had made their award. Lord Sandyhurst threatened to litigate; the rector would feel the deepest sorrow at any such thing, and would refer the matter to arbitration: nay, his lordship should appoint both arbiters. Blight and another, who came by accident to visit him, were nominated. Chisholm submitted: he had given his word. On the return of the arbiters they were very melancholic.

"Well, what have you done with him?" said his lordship: they shook their heads. The commissioners, who were neighbors, had left the tithes as they found them. Dr. Chisholm had consented to exchange a part of his glebe for only half the common, and that nuisance which in its present state brought so many foxes about it, — the warren.

"He must have seen your lordship's receipts and other papers."

"Surely: he was my steward, you know."

"He should not have taken advantage of his knowledge, if indeed he did; in other respects nobody could have acted more liberally. His warmest wish was the harmony of the parish."

"A lawyer turned parson," cried Lord Sandyhurst, "has the devil by both horns, and can dance him about as he pleases: however, I will eat him up with my game."

"My lord," said one of them, "I am sorry to inform you he has a right of free warren, which is dependent on the warrener's house. He showed us the document."

"I myself gave him with my own hands that long musty scroll about the warren, to prove the extent and show him his advantages. The rogue said my word was enough, and would hardly throw his eyes over the parchment. I observed that his horse was frightened at it, and went off at full speed."

My father heard these particulars, and thanked God that his lordship had relieved him from such heart-burnings and such imputations.

"A pretty thing to thank God for!" said Dr. Broom; "you might have netted a third of what Chisholm does, and have been deemed an honest man. You have now only your school and your five hundred."

The school he had; the five hundred he never had. Dr. Broom, of his own accord, went to remind the peer that Mr. Normanby of the school had a small matter left by his lordship's worthy father.

"He did say something about five hundred, but he was light-headed in a manner, as you must remember, Broom; and besides I gave Normanby the school. If he had not been the greatest booby in the universe, he might have been rector of Sandyhurst, and kept his carriage."

"My lord, it is easier in our days for a man to keep his carriage than his word I find."

"I shall not ask you what you mean, my friend Broom; but you shall presently see what I mean."

He walked away and returned with a horsewhip. Broom, outrageous at the indignity, forgot that he was by thirty years the older man, and, running at him, knocked him down.

Le Doux. A peer of parliament! that is grave!

Normanby did not attend to the observation, but went on. "Such, sir, is the custom of our country, that a man once down is sacred."

Le Doux. You are the strangest people in the world! The very opposite of the rest!

Normanby. His lordship rose, and, casting aside the whip, became the pugilist; and, not without a long and doubtful contest, threw his adversary. "Do you know who keeps his word now?" cried he. "Who is the best man now?"

"The greatest rascal, I must needs confess it," cried the doctor; "but every dog has his day."

As the late peer had no other child, and was a widower, he made no will: the bequest was verbal. My father could never be induced to apply for the money, and indeed (what he did not know) Lord Sandyhurst swore he never would pay it, lest he should seem to have been bullied out of it. Broom, thinking that he by his rashness had been the cause of this resolution, lost his admirable flow of spirits; gave up his gun, sat and mused with my parents, whom, he told them, he had ruined, went late to bed, and some say indulged in mild ale. His health, however, did not visibly decline. What then was the astonishment and consternation of his friends, when Phineas, who had taken his boots to his bedside, found him dead from apoplexy! No work was done in the town that day. He left the little he possessed to my mother and her children, trusting that she would take care of his two servants, who had lived with him all their lives. It amounted to a few hundred pounds, for the tenement was not his own, and he always had been generous. My mother wept over him as over a father, — she had known no other; my father as over a friend, — no other had he known. They found a better place for their maid, and took his domestics into their house.

My mother followed to the grave her parental guardian before she had completed her twenty-second year. My father lived till I was almost of age. The loss of his companion, of whom he talked to me every day from my sixteenth year, shortened his innocent and useful life. In my earlier boyhood I do not think he ever mentioned her. "Christopher," said he on his death-bed, "I have borne up more manfully than you are aware of. You are now old enough to keep the school; and see here the kindness of our patron."

Lord Sandyhurst, at the entreaty of the parish, had been prevailed on to appoint me to the place of master, vacant by reason of my father's ill health.

"The day is sultry," said he, "open the casement. I have kept my bed three weeks. Look out, and see whether the sumach is in flower: it ought to be, or near it."

"There is one."

"Go down and cut it, and bring it me. — Stop a moment. — Yes, I must have it, Christopher."

I ran down and brought it to him. "How sweet it is!" said he, laying it on his face, and smiling as if refreshed by it.

"Father," said I, smiling too, — for he seemed much better, — "I did not know that there was any sweet scent in the sumach;" and would have taken it to smell. One breath shook its feathery flower. It was his last.

The colonel pressed the hand of the mariner; for there are workings of the heart that cast down all distinctions.

Le Doux. Lord Sandyhurst, I am afraid, can have but a very bad heart.

Normanby. I am unwilling to suppose that his heart is a very bad one; which would be a heavy accusation, since every man who has received the rudiments of culture is in great measure the framer of his own. I am more inclined to believe that there is something in his brain defective or amiss, — an evil which no man can remedy or control.

Le Doux. Why do you think so? What you have related is no proof or sign of it, but shows rather that sort of brain which most people have, and which they call the soundest.

Normanby. My reason for thinking as I do is this. When his maternal uncle died, who was doatingly fond of him, and at whose house he had passed the greater part of his boyhood and his youth, he received the congratulations of his acquaintance on his increase of fortune.

Le Doux. Surely: ought he then to exclude them?

Normanby. I should have said, if it had not seemed malicious, that he received their congratulations with pleasure and satisfaction.

Le Doux. He inherited as much as he expected, did he not?

Normanby. I imagine so; every one knew that Mr. Eward spent his whole income: but the land was unencumbered by debt, and worth about four thousand a-year.

Le Doux. Well then! he might fairly rejoice at coming into possession.

Normanby. Good God! into what possession did he come, which was not his more amply and more delightfully before?

He gained nothing: he lost the hand that gave him it, the heart that welcomed him to it, the voice that cheered him in his use of it, the dispenser that kept it for his sake, the friend in whose conviviality and converse he could and did enjoy it. On what account do the wise and frugal, on what account do even the idlest and most unthinking, wish for property?

Le Doux. To spend it among their friends.

Normanby. Are then those who plunder them at the gaming-table, those who sell them an unsound horse or such as they themselves are afraid to ride, those who recommend to them a cast mistress or a cashiered steward, those who seeing them in sickness call them in their tenderest mood "poor devils," and whose most anxious inquiry is, "What! alive still?" — are those the friends that a rational soul should prefer to the guardian of his infancy, the director of his adolescence, the crowner of his energies at the goal of manhood, whose eye stiffened on his harder features (and did not find them so) ere it closed in death? Men have been the richer; but no man, thinking as he ought, ever inherited a *fortune* from parent or from friend. What mine produces them; what labor can acquire them; what regret can recover them once lost? And shall the only thing worthless that they leave behind compensate us?

Le Doux. My good friend, you did not find any great difference in your fortune, or else perhaps —

Normanby. Go on, sir! — Then let me. I possessed so few things that every one of them gave me a distinct sensation, and a painful one, reminding me of him who had left them. In this alone had I to regret the humbleness of my condition. The regret was, however, of such a nature that by degrees I placed myself in its way voluntarily, and even went after it above-stairs and below. When I had nothing else remaining to look at, I looked at the knots in the deal unpainted door, and conned over one of my early lessons on the cause of their transparency in the sunshine.

Le Doux. If we retain these weaknesses too long, we are good for little.

Normanby. True; and, if we never have them, we are good for nothing. Neither our weaknesses nor our strength should come into play incessantly. Both were given us wisely; which I should say, even if I could think of no other purpose than the necessity of moderating them.

Le Doux. I do not think, my honest friend, a man like you could reasonably be suspected of disloyalty or irreligion.

Normanby. And if you did think it, sir, my mind would be the same. I have opened my heart to you because it is long since I have seen a countenance I like so well, and because it is a pleasure to be heard attentively.

Le Doux. Pity! that your father did not teach you the languages he had acquired.

Normanby. He taught me gardening and geometry, which, he used to tell me playfully, are the washing and clear-starching of the mind; while other things for the most part he considered as the rags or ruffles. When I had acquired from him the elements of Latin, he said to me that I was now able to teach as much as was enjoined by the statutes; and that if ever I had leisure I might extend my knowledge. After a pause, he added that he had seen some who had gained nothing from the classics but the right (as they imagined) of repining, when they found those who had made no greater progress in them raised to vicarages and rectories, and even higher; and that he would rather leave to me a moderate sustenance than a defective and fallacious title to one more plentiful.

Le Doux. I am charmed at his just views of society, which many men, less prudent than yourself, might turn away from. I must make you better known to my fellow-passengers.

Normanby. Sir, I beg you will not bring them hither.

Le Doux. Have they offended you past forgiveness?

Normanby. They have never offended me at all; but my heart closes at them, — as there are some flowers which, without being delicate, close against insects.

Le Doux. I ought to be much flattered at your reception of me.

Normanby: Flattered! no, sir. That is a phrase of your country, and fit for it: let me hear it again, and we converse no longer.

Le Doux. A phrase has lost many a man a friend: I will be more cautious in future. I have listened with due attention to your father's history, and now am anxious to hear the rest of yours, which you abandoned as soon almost as you began.

Normanby. The ashes were hot underfoot. I flew from myself to my father: my wrongs rose up before me. I have now again lost sight of them, partly by the memory of that saintly man, and partly by your encouragement and compassion. Yes, sir, I am like a child who runs behind its parent, — a child little used to be caressed and fondled, — when at last a stranger bids it come and sit beside him, and is ready and well-pleased to listen to the idle rill of its discourse.

I was pained excessively at the fathers of my boys refusing to visit or receive me; some because they had been so much mistaken in me, and others because, as they said, it really would hurt them. My grief was intolerable when the boys themselves, who had revered and loved me, hissed me on my way home from church, calling me atheist, jacobin, and regicide. I had taught them to love their neighbor, and had never seen in them any thing cruel or unkind. Several of them, on my father's decease, said anxiously to me, "And what shall we do if we lose *you?*" awaiting my answer in tears. Mr. Chisholm, who had been present at their altered conduct, came up to me just as I was entering my door, and said he hoped what I had heard would be a warning to me. As I returned no answer, but invited him to walk in, "Oh your humble servant! many thanks; is it come to this? It is well for you that there are no press-gangs up the country: they would teach you loyalty at the mast."

Never had I thought to receive a hint out of church from Mr. Chisholm, of which I should be likely to make any use in my conduct. Another aided him unconsciously. Phineas Pooley, my old servant, placed the roast veal upon the table, and asked me whether I was satisfied with him and Martha, as my parents and Dr. Broom had been.

"Yes, my good Phineas, perfectly."

"Then, sir," said he, "I shall be sorry (God forgive me!) to leave you, though you are now become an enemy to God and man."

"Leave me, Phineas?"

"Both of us. We have places for life in the county hospital: we are fitted for the work, and ready to go when you can spare us."

"Dear honest Phineas! who persuaded you?"

"No matter: there are good who were thought bad, and bad who were thought good."

"What evil have you ever seen in me, Phineas?"

"None, sir; unhappily."

"How!"

"We cannot see the heart."

"Ah then, Phineas, you are in the right to leave me. If you have not yet been able to see my heart, I am to the full as bad a man as any one would represent me."

"You have been kind to me, as I told them, in sickness and in health, and never said a cross word to either of us. 'Nor did the Tempter to Eve,' was the reply for this; 'nor again on the exceeding high mountain.' At these words, master, I felt how little I was of a scholar (though I heard them a hundred times) and how entirely in the snares of sin and death."

Le Doux. There have been people worse treated than you have been, Mr. Normanby, but none more undeservedly. The civility due to your fair countrywoman does not suspend my interest in your recital, yet it obliges me to make inquiries, and, if she is awake, to receive her commands. You will allow me to join you again: you will acknowledge an old acquaintance?

Normanby. At any time, and with pleasure.

The colonel found Lady Glengrin just waking. She hoped he would by degrees be fitted for the society it would be his destiny to find in Ireland; and some other such pleasantries passed, which were commented on and explained by Sir Firebrace. They spent together the whole evening. Two of the party never rose before noon; Le Doux was of opinion that the only thing tolerable at sea was the rising sun, and always was prepared to greet it.

Does any one remember (ah! who does not remember?) the first time he ever saw myrtles in blossom on the bleak heath, where they spread the most widely and bloom the most profusely? Does he remember the jolts and jerks, the sands and sudden stops, among the poor cultivation just before he reached them? How gladly folded he his arms upon his breast, and drew the pure air from amid their starry stillness! Not unlike his feeling was the feeling of Le Doux. He had noticed for the first time a neglected plant, capable of becoming the ornament (if chance had placed it there) of domestic life in an unthrifty station. He had lived, it is true, among the Russians; but they present no variety: there is a Tartar flat along the whole people. Potemkin and Orloff differed from cooks and porters only in strength of limb, — the pedestal of their greatness.

Uniforms and diamond rings are useful, since without them I should often have forgotten the personages I conversed with, and have ordered them to bring me a glass of water and a biscuit. Resolute to avoid peculiarity, and to conquer that abstraction which is called *absence*, it hardly ever has been my failing unless in the company of such people; and I have usually felt a listlessness to amend, or even to apologize for, my fault.

Normanby saw the head of Le Doux mounting from the cabin, and saluted him. The conversation was on various subjects, light and uninteresting. Both felt it. "Come, Mr. Normanby," said Le Doux, "I am still your persecutor; I hope your last. Let us take our old places, and then to Phineas again and the exceeding high mountain."

Normanby smiled and continued.

"Determined to sell my furniture and leave the country, I gave notice of my intention, and sent for the auctioneer, a civil man. He said he owed me no ill-will, and would do as much by me as by another. Looking over the volumes, of which about eight were Greek authors, and fewer Latin, he found hardly any thing else than our old English divines. As you have acquired our language, and as these contain three-fourths of what is excellent in it, you must have read them, and must know thoroughly those I am about to mention."

Le Doux bowed, and left no doubt whatever on the mind of Normanby, who thus reported to him the discourse of Edgeware the auctioneer.

"'These fetch nothing, Mr. Normanby, I do assure you. Let us see: *Lucas on Holiness*, — *Lucas on Happiness*. Lord help us! we have newer things on them by years and years, living as we do in an age of discovery. *Leighton's Sermons*. The style seems mighty low and wretched.'

"'It was once a good one,' I answered, 'and will be again when we are fit for it. But crooked thoughts are to be supported by stiff sentences. Let no writer be solicitous of Fame; she is more uncertain and more blind than Fortune: let them do for the best and be prepared for the worst. There are few readers and indeed few critics (we must call men by the names they assume) who tolerate Leighton.'

"'Why, Mr. Normanby, you talk like your father,' said the auctioneer.

"'I believe, Mr. Edgeware,' said I, 'they are his very words. He used to call the book his milk and honey, and said that if Leighton had lived in the time of Christ he doubted whether John would have been the disciple best beloved. He sighed, I remember, as he added, taking me aside by the sleeve, although we were alone, "We are nothing now but sounding-board and cushion."'

"'Taylor — Barrow —'

"'Stop, Mr. Edgeware,' cried I, 'do not throw those aside so carelessly. My father, who knew the ancients intimately, said, "Kit, that couple are worth all their philosophers put together, and would be though they all were Christians. Plato and Xenophon, as men of thought and wisdom, might walk without brushing their skirts between these two covers," striking his hand on a volume of Barrow.'

"'May be,' interposed the auctioneer; 'but this Doctor Hugh Blair, with his noble cassock and five-guinea wig, close, trim, and hard as the feathers round an owlet's eye, outsells him twenty to one. What did your father say of him?'

"'That he was a comely man, a well-conditioned Christian, and fair writer; but that he was so unfriendly to what he called involutions and parentheses, and so fond of straightness and uniformity, that he would straighten a fish-hook, and prefer a file of pins in smooth stiff blue paper, to a diamond crescent with its knobs and bends among a set of such riotous curls as it cannot keep in order and subjection.'

"'The expression is nobler,' replied the auctioneer, 'but the matter is not unlike in the main what I heard from Squire Prew, to whom I knocked down a copy last year. "It comes cheap," said he, "and I know who wants one, or I would never have bought it. I have read the doctor once; and what such a genius says once is quite enough. He is indeed a neat handy sort of a person; but he washes his butter so, and in such saltless water, that one cannot tell whether it is butter or bear-grease. First, he would persuade you that verse has nothing to do with poetry; then that Ossian wrote what M'Pherson fabricated. When you have swallowed this, he thinks you drunk enough to believe it is excellent, carries you across his shoulders to bed, and whispers, 'Well, God bless you!' that is, if you lie quiet, and believe you have found a treasure worth more than Homer and Milton." I made bold to answer: "Then, Mr. Prew, you doubt these battles of the *car-borne*—" "Hark ye, honest Edgeware; I believe the stories of few battles,—for where there are two that fight there are ten that lie,—but I believe that in some way or other they were fought. I will admit that these were fought too, when my coachman drives four-in-hand along the eaves of the houses in Sandyhurst: he would do no more than they did, unless he stormed the belfry with 'em." As I knew of Ossian only what I had heard Mrs. Edgeware read in a rainy day,—the day before I knocked him down to the Squire,—I could make no answer; but I felt hurt at hearing this ridicule at what she distinctly told me was the finest thing in the world,—adding that men in those days were men indeed.'

"The conversation about my books might have gone on, if some one had not tapped gently at the door. It was the servant-maid of Miss Penelope Haynes, the lady of whom my father had rented his cottage. The girl desired to have a word in private with the auctioneer. He returned to me and said, 'I am going to speak against my interest; you may have a guinea for your books.'

"'No, Edgeware,' said I, 'the three bibles and three prayer-books I never sell; nor this Epictetus.'

"'You cannot want three bibles and three prayer-books; beside, they are alike, even to the binding.'

"'And yet,' answered I, 'sometimes I read in one with more pleasure, and sometimes in another.' It was so; for often did I think whose manuals two were, and whose gift the third.

"'Well,' said the auctioneer, 'I fancied now one was too much.'

"'Do not let Miss Pen be disappointed,' said I; 'take the list; leave the price to her.'

"He went and acted faithfully. She looked over the catalogue, and said with peevishness, 'I do not find that bad book which contains such stuff: I wanted to burn it.' Edgeware ran to me with the answer.

" 'Tell her,' said I, 'that I burned it myself; that Martha covered the veal yesterday with the last pages.'

" She sent for Martha, and asked her.

" 'No, Miss Haynes!' cried Martha.

" 'See the effect of such publications!' ejaculated Miss Haynes. 'Until the present time, Mr. Normanby, I am certain, was incapable of a falsehood.'

" 'Miss,' added Martha, 'I have no grudge against my master, an upright man until now; and never shall it be said that, whether he ordered it or not, I covered a loin of veal for him with a poisonous book. I threw the remnant of it into the kitchen fire; and even that did the meat no good: he could hardly touch it at dinner.'

"Miss Haynes sent Martha back to me, in order to confer about the library. I waited upon her. She said she was happy to see me, which she could do without the slightest impropriety in the presence of witnesses. Then she added, she was sorry that she might have been thought uncivil to my father at the decease of his worthy lady, particularly as he had given her a fine magnolia; but people might talk, and she should think long before she changed her condition.

" 'Madam,' said I, 'few persons have lived so irreproachably as you have done; and I cannot imagine you have to blame yourself in regard to my father. The magnolia was not a present: you admired it, I have heard him say, and he carried it to your house intending to request your acceptance of it; when seeing a sumach on the gravel-walk, he asked Tobias whether you would make an exchange: you did so.'

" 'It was only the stump,' replied she.

" 'I preserve it still, madam; and of all the things I leave in the country I leave it with most regret.'

" Penelope blushed deeply and looked timorously. 'You are then really leaving us?' said she.

" 'Yes, madam.'

" 'And what do you do with your furniture, Mr. Normanby?'

" 'Sell it.'

" On any other day of her life Penelope would have bargained about it; for she was shrewd, selfish, and the only parishioner of the landholders that did not suffer in some way by the enclosure. She had thirty acres of freehold: four more were stipulated from the waste; and the rector whispered in her ear, 'I should not wonder if, with the little knoll you set your heart upon, they throw the green lane in. Do you know? the hollies are worth twenty pounds!' The rector prognosticated wonderfully: it turned out exactly so. She enlarged the cottage and garden, and called it Eden-place, in preference to Eden-villa, Eden-lodge, or Eden-house, and would have painted the gray stone brick-color, if my father had not designedly lent her a treatise which prevented it. 'We may sometimes pick up an idea from a book,' said she.

"To return. 'As to those volumes, I will take care of them for you, if you please, Mr. Normanby, on your giving me your word of honor that there is no indecent print in them — nor blasphemy — nor sedition.' I did so, at each pause, and thanked her warmly.

"'If you should not be able to dispose of your furniture, I have room in my barn for it.' I accepted this offer, too, in favor of an arm-chair covered with white dimity, and a bed of crimson-moreen, with two watch-pockets fancifully embroidered, requesting her in my gratitude to accept any volume she chose: she thanked me and declined it. I took my leave, paid my two servants a year's wages, gave them what clothes and linen I could spare, and left my house an hour before sunrise the next morning. Neither I nor my father had had any acquaintance out of Sandyhurst: I never had been twenty miles from home. When I had walked about that distance, and must be near Nottingham as I fancied, I found myself in a park, in the midst of old pinasters, trees I had never seen before, and observed a water of vast extent. Even this was to me a strange country. I began to feel a desire of wandering; I went toward the water, and (was I awake or dreaming?) I saw before me a monument erected to the memory of Captain Riou, — a naval officer of high merit, as we know better than you can; but not better than some of you do. The sun grew hotter, for it was near mid-day, and I went to lie under the pinasters. I was watching the squirrels on them, playing their tricks and leaping from tree to tree, when a prodigious herd of deer galloped past me. Another strange sight! although I had remarked the same creature in books of natural history. My eyes were pursuing them, when a gentleman on a pony, seeing me cleanly and well dressed, saluted me very courteously, and asked me if I was looking for the road to the house. I rose, answered in the negative, and told him I had been induced to rest there for the pleasure of observing the squirrels. 'It must be a humane man who suffers them to riot here, seeing the number of holes they have made in these trees.'

"'They began to make the holes long ago,' said he, 'and the property is now theirs.'

"'But the trees are every day growing worse and worse, and here are many thousands: are they all bored so by these little animals?'

"'I believe every one.'

"Ah, spare yon emmet—"

"'I beg your pardon; you were making a remark: have I interrupted?'

"'Sir,' answered I, 'if I had not been here, perhaps I never should have remembered two verses which my father taught me, I am afraid on some childish act of cruelty, and which I began to repeat, and checked myself. They are ill applicable to the occasion.'

"'What may they be?' said he.

"Ah, spare yon emmet, rich in hoarded grain!
He lives with pleasure, and he dies with pain."

"'They are from the Persian,' said he, 'and, if we dropped the "hoarded grain," are among the best thoughts in that poetry, which contains few, and those trivial and distorted. Like the food of the country, they are in themselves the most insipid things in the world, and, to make them palatable, the most highly spiced.'

"'Our own poets,' said I, 'are more original, I am inclined to think, and more natural.'

"He replied, 'We have two schools of poetry: one is kept at the milliner's, the other at the workhouse. At the former we find imitations of Turkish carpets in moth-eaten plush, Persian robes and Scotch fillibegs, claymores, and scymitars, the sheaths of good varnished kid-skin, and the blades of the best waved paper, with every sort of dress that janizary and spahee, lowlander and highlander, fairy and kelpie, witch and houri, ought to put on in gala. There is also the most elegant assortment of tombs, and the sweetest poisons one's heart could desire; with wax-candles of peeled elder, and flambeaux of red hair, and polygraphic transparencies (the oil indeed rather rancid and fishy), to be had for next to nothing.'

"'I perceive, sir, you are not a patron or trustee of this school.'

"'Nor of the other,' answered he: 'I prefer Gray.'

"'Sir,' replied I, 'the other must at least be acknowledged to be nearer to truth and nature. Can poets too much avoid the artificial? We prefer what is past. Gray in his time was less considered than even our tavern toasters, crowned with the parsley of the kitchen and sitting on the tripod of the tap-room. In what manner has the greatest of critics (to pass over the public) treated the greatest of writers?'

"It was my custom in my walks to carry an Epictetus in one pocket, and a Pascal in the other: on a blank leaf of Pascal had my father written these words, which, not being able to pronounce them correctly, I gave to the gentleman on the pony. And I now present them to you in the same volume."

Le Doux (*reads*).

"Paschal est un gentil personnage; il ecrit bien; il a fait de si jolies prieres; il a esté nourry à Genes; il est conseiller d'estat."

Who wrote this?

Normanby. Joseph Scaliger.

Le Doux. A German critic, was he not?

Normanby. I rather think, a French.

Le Doux. He writes then as if he lived a hundred years ago. I have seen exactly such French in an old treaty. Now let me hear more about the gentleman: his remarks are admirable. But you, I imagine, were in the midst of your reply; pray indulge me with it.

Normanby. "I have heard my father say thus," continued I, "when he lent me Potter's *Æschylus* to read. 'Christopher, I doubt not that Thespis was preferred to him by the graver critics, — there was something so unaffected in a cart, and so little of deception in wine-dregs; and yet, Christopher, the *Prometheus* is the grandest poetical conception that ever entered into the heart of man. Homer could no more have written this tragedy than Æschylus could have written the *Iliad.* Mind me, I do not compare them. An elephant could not beget a lion, nor a lion an elephant. Critics talk most about the *visible* in sublimity, — the Jupiter, the Neptune. Magnitude and power are sublime but in the second degree, managed as they may be. Where the heart is not shaken, the gods thunder and stride in vain. True sublimity is the perfection of the pathetic, which has other sources than pity: generosity, for instance, and self-devotion. When the generous and self-devoted man suffers, there comes pity: the basis of the sublime is then above the water, and the poet, with or without the gods, can elevate it above the skies. Terror is but the relic of a childish feeling: pity is not given to children.' So said he; I know not whether rightly. For the wisest differ on poetry, the knowledge of which, like other most important truths, seems to be reserved for a purer state of sensation and existence. Seldom have I doubted my father's judgment; but as he was not a poet, and as none but the very greatest have a voice on poetry, here I hesitate."

I had paused: the gentleman on the pony looked at me attentively. "If you will take any refreshment," said he, "I shall have great pleasure in accompanying you to the house."

I thanked him and told him that I was on my road to the sea, hoping to serve my country, and impatient to reach my destination.

"I myself was of that profession," said he. "Have you been fortunate in your promotion?"

"To say the truth, sir," answered I, "I never was in the profession, and wish chiefly to try whether the service will benefit my spirits."

"Have you any friend who has a command, or whose credit may recommend you?"

I mentioned my grandfather's name, as the only chance.

"He was a gallant and good creature, I have heard, and must have many friends still living among our older admirals. My recommendation is less weighty, but such as it is you may command it."

I requested to know the name of a person to whose benevolence a stranger was so deeply indebted.

"Not at all," said he. "A few lines are written while you take a sandwich, and Lady Newark will be charmed that I present to her the grandson of so distinguished an officer."

"It is Lord Newark, then, who has condescended to show me this kindness — "

He bowed. "It can hardly be called so, though you accept it; as I trust you will do."

I thanked him; but added that, as I did not intend to remain at sea long, and as my studies had not been nautical, I must decline an introduction which might procure for me eventually what could not belong to me. Whether my words, my resolute but respectful manner, a faltering in a voice that seemed little apt to falter, or the bow, so unlike what I could make again or ever had made, while I placed my right hand upon a breast enlarged with gratitude, — whether one of these or all of them interested him, as I walked fast away he sat quietly upon his pony. Soon however he came beside me. "I perceive, sir," said he, taking off his hat again, "I have done very ill the honors of the place: we have not always the same presence of mind, seamen or landsmen. You will not favor me with your company, nor permit me to make a trial whether I have a friend in the navy who may recollect me," — he paused. I was silent. — "If however at any time you should happen to think of our short conversation, allow me to tell you that this place is called Thoresby Park, and that the post town is Ollerton. I wish you a pleasant journey, a prosperous voyage, and a speedy recovery of your health."

Every thing I had seen this day, every thing I had felt, was new and strange to me. Unkindness had pained me; kindness, in such swift succession after it, overthrew me. Little did I then imagine how highly I should have gratified the most amiable and friendly man living, by affording him an opportunity of assisting me! Little did I consider, or know indeed, that I should be the means of enlivening the sweet sense of obligation in some one among the many whom his care had educated, his bounty had fed, and his interest had promoted.

I was hardly on the public road when I perceived a magnificent coach at the door of a public house, and a gentleman in scarlet uniform, whom I supposed to be the general of the district, particularly as he was giving some orders to another in uniform, who held a horn. On seeing me, he cried proudly but invitingly, "Are you for the Opposition?"

"No, sir," answered I indignantly and sharply; "I do not rejoice in the misfortunes of my country, nor triumph in its misrule, nor exalt its enemies."

He lifted up his eyebrows scornfully, and addressing himself to a lady in the coach, "The merest fool I ever set eyes upon!" said he aloud. And looking at me again, "What, in the devil's name, has the Opposition to do with politics? Out with fifteen shillings, man, and you sleep at the Swan with Two Necks to-morrow night. Come, jump up; we are off." The passengers explained; I mounted; I arrived in London. The next morning, on the road to my banker's, I bowed to those who looked at me. One returned my civility by the words, "I am surprised at your assurance: I never knew you." In fact, sir, what is a civility in other countries, in England is the reverse: we have a national antipathy to courtesy and politeness.

Le Doux. I would not have ventured to make that remark. Allow me to congratulate you on your candor: you have given me better occasions to pay my compliment on your originality. I attend you.

Normanby. On reaching Lombard Street, a place excessively thronged, I stopped several times, begging the persons to pass. One asked me whether I took him for a pick-pocket; I could not imagine why. Unfortunately I did the same thing, in a gentler tone of voice, to a young lady of great beauty, who had just alighted from her carriage, and who in some confusion took the arm of her brother. He filliped me under the nose, threw a card at me, which from the spitefulness of his manner I thought might be some combustible, and said, "Another time you will know a modest woman."

Finding my banker, I told him my business. He inquired if I wished to go as school-master. I answered, "No; the active life of a sailor is necessary to my health and spirits." He went away and conversed in almost a whisper with a gentleman who often looked at me in great good-humor, insomuch that I was on the point of making my obeisance to him, in despite of the lessons I had received. The banker came to me, and said if I would return in three days I might hear of something. I requested of him to inform me where

I could find a private lodging. After a few moments of reflection, he spoke to an elderly clerk, who replied in a low voice, "You think then, sir, he may be trusted?" He nodded: the clerk took me two miles off, across the river, stopped at a small house, and speaking to a decent woman called to me, and said, "Would you like to dine with the family?"

"Beyond all things," I replied, "for I do not know a soul within a hundred and fifty miles, and would rather go without a meal than look for one."

The mistress said she had only one spare room; that if I remained a week the price was one guinea; but that if I disliked the apartment I should pay the proportion, and not be obliged to keep it. She then asked me when I proposed to come. I told her, if she permitted it I would begin from that moment; for one hour's walk in London had tired me more than four in the country. She consented. Shortly came my clothes: I placed them on the little white tent-bed, with my bibles, prayer-books, and my father's black pocket-book, containing some maxims, some reminiscences, and a sampler. Believe who will that there are no amulets against evil, against the very worst of evil, — mad resentments and desires. Never did one of them touch me the day I had but looked upon that sampler. My landlady said that her sitting-room was always at my disposal; that the bed-room was too dark to read conveniently; and that she perceived I had some books. She went downstairs again, and shortly afterward the dinner was served. Two young women entered, courtesied, and took their seats: they were pretty; silent, but not shy. Immediately after dinner they retired. The lady then said, "Those are my daughters, Mr. Normanby. I did not introduce them: such is my way; excuse me."

"Madam," said I, "I must blush at my rusticity. I never was much in the society of ladies, and my spirits make me unworthy of theirs. I hope I committed no peculiar act of inattention."

At tea they both spoke to me, and with such gentleness that I was happy. I retired to bed early, and observed over the chest of drawers two little shelves suspended by a green cord, and filled with books. Different were indeed the authors, far different in manner and merit; but those who read them seldom know that; and I hail the family where I find them. Milton, *The Spectator*, Young, Parnell, Hervey's *Meditations*, and Thomson's *Seasons*. Translated from the French were *Telemachus* and the *Travels of Cyrus*.

I returned to my banker at the time appointed: he showed me a letter from Edgeware, by which I learned that, after the sale of my furniture, an addition was made to my fortune of nearly eighty pounds. Incredible! I had in the whole some hundreds; and yet I went to sea!

"Well," said my banker, "you go down to the 'Nore' and sail with Admiral Gambier." I went down, and sailed. The gentleman I had seen at the banker's was commander of the fleet. We made on this cruise the greatest nautical discovery that ever had been made by our countrymen.

Le Doux. I never heard it: you were before Brest, surely, and blockading the harbor.

Normanby. We were.

Le Doux. Well, then, how make any discovery?

Normanby. We found that we could fight, when occasion was offered us, just as well without the damnation of our eyes, or any limb or faculty about us, as if we had been splitting or blasting the whole day long, and even though we believed that God was with us and helping us. Peace was concluded. The admiral was pleased to say that he had been a witness of my coolness and intrepidity on a service of some enterprise, and thanked me. Perhaps I should not have mentioned this, unless it were to illustrate an observation I made at the time; namely, that a single good word is quite sufficient to compensate for all the bad that ever were cast against us.

We had two Frenchmen aboard our ship: one of them taught me to pronounce the language so as at least to be understood, and I had permission to go ashore with him at Morlaix. He was a fisherman of St. Servan; his father had been shot by the Republicans at the attack on Dinan, and he himself was thrown among the dead and wounded from the summit of those lofty walls. His brother had been the playfellow of Lazar Hoche, and, ignorant of his father's fate, accompanied that general in his campaigns, and rose to the rank of colonel. This he learned at Morlaix, and that the regiment was at Paris, where Bonaparte was about to be declared consul for life. The two brothers, though always most brotherly, had taken opposite sides in politics. The sailor was devoted to the cause of Louis, from having heard in his boyhood a little fisher-girl, while she was mending a net, sing a stanza in praise of Henri IV. The colonel was a Republican, because a thumb and finger quite as active, and belonging to a lacemaker quite as pretty as his brother's brown siren, had sewed the tri-color in his hat and bitten off the thread. They who argue and write and fight about politics have seldom such good reasons or such fixed principles.

I accompanied my messmate. The meeting of the brothers was ecstatic, and the colonel swore to me that the next to Lazar Hoche, the truest of Republican hearts, he loved his Pierre. I left them and looked for lodgings, it being agreed that we should dine together. The colonel then begged my address, put it into his pocket, and called on me early the next day. "You have done well," said he; "one likes one's own countrymen."

Singular, that my lodgings should, within a few houses, be opposite the very man's whose book had caused my exile! Curious to see so celebrated a character, on the departure of my visitor I went across to the door. An old woman met me at it, and on my inquiry said, "Go up, my friend; the third story: he will be at breakfast when I return."

"Oh! I will call another time then."

"Go in, go in."

Saying this she closed the door. I mounted the steps, and saw in the antechamber a somewhat elderly man brushing a gray coat.

"Friend," said I, "is your master at home?"

"Whom do you wish to see? Mr. Paine?"

"Yes."

"He will be with you shortly: pray sit down."

He put on his coat, and followed; and, lifting off some leaves from a plate of mulberries, invited me to partake of them. I took two or three, while he waved a clean folded cravat over them, to drive away the flies. He was robust and fresh-complexioned, but every hair was white: his appearance, I thought, was military. The old woman returned, with half a small roll of bread in her hand, passed us, entered the next room, and in answer to a question which I did not hear replied: "I know he is, — your eyebrows are adjusted in a manner quite different from ours, — and he speaks villanous French, like a Low-Breton; otherwise he is a pretty man enough, and does not look so like a fool or an otter as the rest."

Paine entered. His knees were unbuttoned; he had neither coat nor waistcoat on; the white was worn off his shirt; it had recovered the original hue belonging to it before it saw the bleaching-ground, from the flowers of which, if they have any fragrance, it was innocent of stealing any. He was uncombed, unshaven, and unwashed. He looked at me, and returned my salutation not ungracefully.

"Mr. Paine," said I, smiling, "you owe me some reparation."

"If I do, and can make it, I will."

I repeated my story, during which he dipped his bread into a glass of brandy, and eat it: his hand and head trembled. It was noon: martial music was heard in the street. He pushed away the better part of his roll and brandy; his countenance was inflamed; he looked steadfastly at his friend, and said, "I think, Tate, if I may judge, you have heard military music you like better."

"You judge rightly, Thomas!" answered General Tate.

"Wonderful it appears to me," said I, "that a nation of late so enthusiastic for liberty should voluntarily bend to despotism."

"You have not lived among us," answered Paine. "The whole nation may be made as enthusiastic about a salad as about a constitution; about the color of a cockade as about a consul or a king. This fellow has done advisedly in calling himself consul: it will hold for a couple of years; he will then change the name, and be tribune or emperor, — tribune, if prudent, as the more popular, and as the people see emperors in the vilest of their enemies: urchins whipped and promising to be good, very good, for ever good, by Christ and Peter! but spitting at the flogger on being let loose, and holding out one fist at a distance, while the other draws up the waistband. Bonaparte wants conduct, foresight, knowledge, experience, and (the Council of Five-hundred knows it) courage. He will do harm, but not long. He lives in terror. — What are you smiling at, Tate?"

"My mother had a proverb of her own," replied he, "that a frightened cat throws down most pewter."

"You will shortly see," resumed Paine, "the real strength and figure of Bonaparte. He is wilful, headstrong, proud, morose, presumptuous. He will be guided no longer; he has pulled the pad from his forehead, and will break his nose or bruise his cranium against every table, chair, and brick in the room, until at last he must be sent to the hospital."

"He has the finest army upon earth," said Tate, "and his enemies are down."

"If it were possible," Paine replied, "to be hurt by such enemies, he would point at them, nettle them, shout in their ears while they were sleepy, put crumbs in their beds, shorten their sheets, and empty foul water down their throats, till they contrived to break his shins for him by some machination or other. The army, with such means of recruiting it, with Glory for his crimp and Plutus for his paymaster, seems indestructible. If the earth cannot do it, he will throw it into crucible after crucible; he will melt it in water or evaporate it in air. In other words, navies and climates can and will shake and dissolve it."

"Thomas," answered the general, "I never thought you a visionary; but now, indeed, I must think you one. I do not estimate very highly the man's abilities, and less highly still his prudence; but he is no fool: he will not throw away what he has."

"I will retract my words," said Paine, "at the first wise thing he does. Smile, sir! it is rarely that the wisest man can do any thing better, or any thing on some occasions more difficult.

"Let gazetteers and hawkers be dazzled by the emblazoned names they wave about their ears, and hold out to us with fierce vociferations; but let calmer men ask themselves whether they really think Bonaparte would have surmounted the difficulties and dangers that environed Three-fingered Jack; and whether Three-fingered Jack would have thrown away fifty thousand soldiers so inconsiderately and fruitlessly as Bonaparte? There is not on record one who has committed so many faults and crimes with so little temptation to commit them. There is not a leveret three months old that does not shape its course more sagaciously. Tyrants in general shed blood upon plan or from passion; he seems to have shed it only because he could not be quiet, and from no stronger motive or better reason than he would have had for going to the theatre or the chase. Depend upon it, this giddy and insensate man, deserter of his armies and of his principles, will finish no better than he has been going on.

"There are few who form their opinions of greatness from the individual. His sword, his mantle, his strut, his swagger, and even things which constitute no part of him, are his greatness; such as his porters, his guards, his soldiers, and the gilding on the ceilings of his rooms. Not those who need the fewest, but those who have the most about them, are the great; as though people, like bars of iron, could be mended and magnified by adding one to another. Even in quieter scenes than where such excrescences spring up, if you see a gentleman go out fox-hunting in his scarlet jacket and his velvet cap, on a spirited horse, with merry dogs, and a couple of grooms behind him, you consider him as a personage far more worshipful, than if, ignorant of his condition, you found him catching a rabbit in a hedge-bank with a ferret. Ovid says, 'The girl is the least part of herself': of himself as certainly the man is. I should not wonder if Bonaparte, by his intemperate use of power and thirst of dominion —"

Le Doux. I never heard before of this Mr. Paine: he appears to be a stanch royalist, an enemy of usurpation; but his language in regard to the emperors is deficient in that decorum with which we are in the habit of treating friendly powers. What were his prophetic words?

Normanby. "That the people would wish for their old kings."

Le Doux. Excellent!

Normanby. The words that follow injure them materially.

Le Doux. Impossible! so clear-sighted a politician! — But let me hear the end.

Normanby. "Forgetting what beasts they were."

Le Doux. The English are much in the practice of using this language, speaking of our kings; and the same bad taste begins to be imitated on the Continent. What did Mr. Tate reply?

Normanby. "They may eat their white beans while turkeys and truffles are before them; but they will never run and take down the carrion they have thrown aside and left stinking on the hedge."

Le Doux. Two fools! — ignorant of French loyalty, of the veneration we bear toward our kings. The Revolution was the work of half-a-dozen philosophers over their coffee; and its enormities were committed by about as many lawyers and literators, followed by thirty or forty miscreants from Marseilles. The nation was not guilty of it.

Normanby. Strange, that the good did not put down the bad!

Le Doux. Panic, panic! We are subject to that and the *migraine.* Mr. Paine and the other might have conversed with you upon subjects they understood better than politics, which require a peculiar tact.

Normanby. Indeed they left off where I did. Mr. Paine expressed his regret that he himself was not the only man persecuted for his writings. He offered me brandy. I declined it. "Tate," said he, "you have some flavored with orange-flowers: bring it."

Tate rose for it. I declared that I never had tasted brandy, nor any other spirit, and could not.

"You are a young man," said he, "and may find perhaps a better remedy for your misfortunes than I could offer you: brandy is mine."

"I wish, Thomas," said the general, "I had been able to persuade you that a glass of claret would have done better. A bottle between us, which is enough, would have given us time for conversation, and warmed us gently and genially as we went on."

"Tate," answered he, "wine is for the indolent and the happy. Say no more: I am not quite well: that cursed music has hurt me. I might go so far as to complain; I should then lose your esteem, and my own." He raised his head, which for the first time did not tremble: a short silence ensued. I took my leave, requesting his permission to return. He told me that he should be glad to see me, but that he must claim a privilege which literary men and invalids possess in common, and to which, therefore, he had a double right, — an exemption from the obligation of visiting; adding, "No man who visits can do much, or any thing, well."

On the following day (for I was little disposed to look at the strides of a usurper) I went again to Mr. Paine's. "Never mind my face," said he; "water makes it blister, — there are blisters enow already, — and soap cracks the skin. I needed not have written that book; they tell me the arguments are found in others: I had no money to buy, nor time to read them. Gibbon was pensioned, I was prosecuted, for one and the same thing: but he was a member of Parliament, and wore powder."

"And if neither you nor he had written any such things, would you or the world have been the worse?"

"Certainly," said he, "the world would have been the worse, because the less wise."

"Ah, Mr. Paine! he is not over-rich in knowledge who cannot afford to let the greater part lie fallow, and to bring forward his produce according to the season and the demand. Wisdom is only a good as being an instrument of happiness. There have been great masses of it in the world, collected by experience and approved by experiment; we only survey the fragments, most of which are preserved by religion. The ancients had their sacred groves: pirates and philosophers laughed at them as they passed; they were cut down: pestilences followed. Experience had evinced their utility to simpler and calmer men. Whenever people meet — "

A grave decent-looking man now entered, whom the general saluted in silence, giving him his hand; and Mr. Paine said, "Take a seat, Zacharias. This young man is as religious as you are, and you will hear him with as much pleasure as I do. There are two good things in the world, reason and sincerity. I am convinced he has the one: we will try him on the other. — Go on, go on; let us lose no time."

I continued: "Wherever people meet and bring with them good intentions, they humanize more and more at the sight of common wants and common sufferings; they warm in sympathy, they strengthen in forbearance. You think no religion good: I think all are, from which cruelty, fraud, lucre, and domination are excluded. We mortals want supports: some require a crutch iron-cramped, some are contented if it is well-cushioned, others are kept up fearlessly by the weakest walking-stick. If there is only the probability that a man will be the happier or the honester by one belief than by another, would you hesitate to leave him in possession of it? Wisdom is not to be hazarded with the same levity or indifference as wit. We may acquire the name of deep-thinkers at too high a price; which price, like the interest of money, is limited or illicit, rendering the transaction void, and subjecting us to the forfeit of the little we have been toiling to establish. Shall so acute a reasoner, so clear a writer, rub off his hide and canker his flesh to the bone against a tree, striving to push it down, because some people sit beneath it on a Sunday, and return to their supper the more contented?"

"That is unfair," said he; "the motive is misstated."

"The fact remains," replied I, "under the parable; and I thank you for correcting me on the abuse of language. No man ever argued so fairly as he might have done. We pour in more or fewer words, and weaker or stronger, to gratify our organs, according to our warmth and excitement."

"Carry that home with you," said he, seizing my hand, "and tell the twelve judges, and the score or two of bishops, that they never have said any thing so just. Eloquence is the varnish of falsehood; truth has none!"

"What!" said I, taking from my pocket and giving to him my Pascal and Epictetus. "Are not these eloquent?"

"Neither of them," answered he; "they are only the best-written books in the world, being the plainest and fullest of ratiocination. That is eloquence which moves the reason by working on the passions. Burke is eloquent; I am not. If I write better than he does, it is because I have seen things more distinctly, and have had the courage to take them up, soft or hard, pretty or ugly, and to turn them on their backs in despite of tooth or claw. Plato would give as noble a description of a rhinoceros as Aristoteles could do; ninety-nine in a hundred would prefer it. The only difference is this: while the one has been confounding it with the camelopardalis, the other has been measuring its joints, counting its teeth, inspecting its belly, and anatomizing the whole animal."

Le Doux. He spoke of the celebrated Mr. Burke, who wrote that great letter which excited such a strong sensation? Did not he?

Normanby. The same.

Le Doux. A fine noble letter! full of facts and inferences!

brilliant imagination! I must read it. I very much approve of your argument in favor of revelation. Mr. Paine can be little short of a Quaker, or Socinian, or Free-thinker.

Normanby. I am afraid he remained one.

"O Mr. Paine!" said I, earnestly, "let me bring you a few good books: let us open the *New Testament* together!"

"What service will that do?"

"It is the plantain," cried I, "which the reptile man may creep to and chew with advantage, while the venom is yet fresh in him."

Le Doux. Mighty smart allusion! He ought to have been affected: was he?

Normanby. He replied thus:—

"Good books, as you call them, make you comfortable: good brandy makes me so. I have the twelve apostles in this bottle, and they never shall complain that I hold them long imprisoned."

Le Doux. Charlatan!

Normanby. I was discouraged.

"At least, Mr. Paine, leave others their habitudes while they are harmless, and think it equally so to love God as to love brandy."

"Ay, ay," said he, "jog on quietly, and let your neighbor be robbed and plundered by any rogue who may have the impudence to call him 'my son,' or 'my brother,' or 'my sheep.'"

"No, sir," answered I indignantly: "there draw the pen and cry, Stand! For such let there be an *Age of Reason* and *Common Sense.* A branch of a fruit-tree may be so covered with insects, and these insects may have eaten into it so deeply, and have so sucked and blighted it, that the best gardener would cut it off totally."

The general left the room on business. Mr. Paine seemed as if he grew tired of the conversation; the gentleman who had entered, and who had taken no part in it, said he would (if I pleased) accompany me. When we were in the street, he thanked me for the defence I had made.

"I wonder," said he, "what motive Mr. Paine can have for his good actions, since he avoids society, and disbelieves (I am afraid) the pleasure God takes in virtue. As for conscience, if that alone were sufficient, and perhaps it might be, he deadens both the bad and the good of it with liquor."

"To speak plainly," answered I, "much as I have heard about him I never heard of his good actions. That he is strictly honest and just I have reason to believe."

"Sir," said he, "let me tell you what he did for me. My name is Zachariah Wilkes.* I was arrested in Paris, and condemned to die. I had no friend here, and it was a time when no friend would have served me: Robespierre ruled. 'I am innocent!' I cried in desperation. 'I am innocent; so help me God! I am condemned for the offence of another.' I wrote a statement of my case with a pencil; thinking at first of addressing it to my judge, then of directing it to the President of the Convention. The jailer, who had been kind to me, gave me a gazette, and told me not to mind seeing my name, so many were there before it.

"'Oh!' said I, 'though you would not lend me your ink, do transmit this paper to the president.'

"'No, my friend!' answered he gayly. 'My head is as good as yours, and looks as well between the shoulders, to my liking. Why not send it (if you send it anywhere) to the deputy Paine here?' pointing to a column in the paper.

"'O God! he must hate and detest the name of Englishman: pelted, insulted, persecuted, plundered —'

"'I could give it to him,' said the jailer.

"'Do then!' said I wildly. 'One man more shall know my innocence.' He came within the half-hour. I told him my name; that my employers were Watt and Boulton, of Birmingham; that I had papers of the greatest consequence; that if I failed to transmit them, not only my life was in question, but my reputation. He replied, 'I know your employers by report only; there are no two men less favorable to the principles I profess, but no two upon earth are honester. You have only one great man among you: it is Watt; for Priestley is gone to America. The church-and-king-men would have japanned him. He left to these philosophers of the rival school his house to try experiments on; and you may know better than I do how much they found in it of carbon and calx, of silex and argilla.'

"He examined me closer than my judge had done; he required my proofs. After a long time I satisfied him. He then said, 'The leaders of the Convention would rather have my life than yours. If by any means I can obtain your release on my own security, will you promise me to return within twenty days?' I answered, 'Sir, the security I can at present give you is trifling, — I should say a mere nothing.'

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* This anecdote was communicated to me at Florence, by Mr. Evans, a painter of merit, who studied under Lawrence, and who knew personally Wilkes and Watt. In religion and politics he differed widely from Paine.

"'Then you do not give me your word?' said he.

"'I give it, and will redeem it.'

"He went away, and told me I should see him again when he could inform me whether he had succeeded. He returned in the earlier part of the evening, looking fixedly upon me, and said, 'Zachariah Wilkes! if you do not return in twenty-four days (four are added) you will be the most unhappy of men; for, had you not been an honest one, you could not be the agent of Watt and Boulton. I do not think I have hazarded much in offering to take your place on your failure: such is the condition.' I was speechless: he was unmoved. Silence was first broken by the jailer. 'He seems to get fond of the spot now he must leave it!' I had thrown my arms upon the table toward my liberator, who sat opposite; and I rested my breast and head upon it too, for my temples ached, and tears had not yet relieved them. He said, 'Zachariah! follow me to the carriage.' The soldiers paid the respect due to his scarf, presenting arms, and drawing up in file as we went along. The jailer called for a glass of wine, gave it me; poured out another, and drank to our next meeting.

"On the fourteenth day I returned to Calais in an American brig. Approaching to Montreuil I saw the girls begin to dance in the meadow; and party after party came tripping down the declivity that leads from the town to the bridge. Some were sitting on the parapet, and communicating a printed paper to many auditors, who however mostly quitted them when they heard of a private letter on the side opposite. Passing the arch and entering the town-gate, I saw the ruined monastery on the left hand covered with garlands; and men and women were levelling the floor for the reception of several great tables that were standing on the outside. The youths were better dressed than I had ever seen them, although their coats were old-fashioned. The moment my carriage stopped I cried, 'What festival is this to-day?' The answer was from fifty voices, 'The monster is dead! the Constitution for ever!' People flocked round a young man, half of whose hair was hidden under his shirt collar, the other half flowed over the shoulder in long ringlets. It appears he was the poet of the city; and he ran along the streets singing this song, which, before I left the place, was presented to me in print: —

"Come, let us dance upon the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears, oh bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule.

"If you abuse the power you have,
If you are cruel, know
We too may make the light look grave
And lay the lofty low.

"Frown not in heedlessness or haste,
If any step go wrong;
If too far circled be the waist,
Or hand be held too long.

"In knees yet tottering from a rod
Let failures be forgiven;
Slippery with sunshine is the sod
With tufted flowers uneven.

"Away! in bonnet, coif, or cap, —
To fear it is no use;
Whene'er you meet with such mishap
We'll make the best excuse.

"I cannot dance nor sing alone, —
Haste, haste, my heart Lisette!
Manon! what are you at, Manon?
That frill not plaited yet?

"Nay, never mind what people think,
Too sorrowful Elise!
Let the black skirt be trimm'd with pink,
Lilac, or what you please.

"But put it on and trip away, —
My life! the violin
Never was play'd so as to-day,
Nor was the mead so green.

"Come, let us dance then on the grass,
Ye maidens of Montreuil!
Sorrows and fears, oh bid them pass!
'Tis better Love should rule."

"If in my circumstances I could have been amused at any thing, it would have been at the boasts, the resolutions, and the schemes I witnessed in the groups about me. One swore that, if nobody else had killed Robespierre, he would have done it; for he had formed a plan impossible to fail. Another said he had inscribed his name among the conspirators against the tyrant, which greatly encouraged them, and that he could exhibit a copy to whoever doubted it. A third declared that nobody alive should hinder him from putting on a clean shirt every fourth morning; that he would call Sunday *dimanche*, and would bow to the curate the first instant he met him. 'Happy days, good old times, are come again,' cried an enthuasiast; 'one may exclaim *bon dieu!* on this side the guillotine; and one may address one's mistress by the title of *angel*, or even *mademoiselle*.' 'What do you think the girls care for that?' cried his companion, who still wore the red cap. 'Pretty girls,' answered he, 'are aristocrats, and will be so while there is one upon earth. The Goddess of Liberty herself would smile more graciously, if you addressed her, "Madame the Goddess of Liberty."' The republican heard and pondered, and, contrary to my expectation, cried boisterously, 'By Marat! I believe it. — A bitch! she should be watched.'

"Robespierre had shot himself, was the intelligence brought by the postilions; a few lines to a few families and a few hand-bills announced the same. I hastened to the capital, to the house of my benefactor.

"'You could not have heard it in England?'

"'No,' replied I, 'I heard it at Montreuil; is it true?' He did not answer me; but, turning to the general, said, 'Tate! there is yet English blood in England, though it is run and contraband, and found among people who have no right to it. I wish it may do you no harm, Zachariah! Come, while we are well, let me give you joy.'"

Le Doux. Did Mr. Paine live to the Restoration? I am certain his Majesty would have rewarded his services, and have pardoned the indiscretion of his former speeches, — the result of inebriety.

Normanby. He died before the king's restoration, and was not altogether so good a royalist as one could have wished.

Le Doux. Pity! but he might have written some loyal books: nobody asks about opinions. Do you imagine that Soult is a royalist, or Chateaubriand a Christian, or Talleyrand a believer in Providence? They behave well, and abandon their errors; or, if not abandon, abjure them. This in conscience is all that government and society can exact. You must have been charmed with Paris?

Normanby. Remaining there eleven days, I wrote to the good lady at whose house I had lodged in London, and told her I should be happy to send any models she might desire for her daughters to copy. I had discovered that they gained their livelihood by working in their own house for the first milliners. She returned me a kind letter, containing the substance of a conversation with my banker, to whom it appears she was related. He was surprised he had not heard from me, if living: it was a proof, however, that I wanted no money. Miss Penelope, who had been treated like a princess from her infancy, offended the Chisholms by telling them that the parishioners began to regret me, and that I had afforded them ample means of judging whether I was disaffected, by becoming a sailor. The curate, now about to marry a woman of distinction, lost common decency in her presence, and told her his father would no longer take three shillings in composition for his capon; that capon was the word, and capon he would have, though she herself made him. "Oh, brute beast!" exclaimed Miss Penelope; and then shrieked, and would have fainted if there had been any one else to support her. Soon after she caught an erysipelas, by sitting in a grotto she had constructed just opposite the door of her new farm-house, and between the cow-pen and cart-shed. There was a weeping willow on each side, and there was water in it, preserved by means of a dripping-pan nicely sanded, with a large sea-shell at every corner. She was so delighted at this rural and romantic scene, that, on the day of its completion, she sat an hour or more in it, and did not dream that the coldness of the mortar on the floor could penetrate the moss; but the moss had been wetted to fasten it. When she returned home she shivered; the apothecary said he did not like it: the Chisholms would yet be neighbors if a visit should be agreeable. "No," said she, "and if I die to-morrow I will show them how little I value them." She had no idea of dying, and perhaps, if she had lived, would have made a different will from what she did that evening. She bequeathed her library, plate, and china, her house, furniture, and estate, to me; she willed that the remainder of her property, being in money, should be possessed by her nearest male relative, unless there happened to be in the family a female whose Christian name was Penelope. The younger Mr. Chisholm was vexed and confounded. The elder was at first silent: at last he said, "The laws of the land will look to that. — The Christian name of Penelope! I hold that there is no such Christian name, and that the name is called Christian by abuse. This is not a misnomer, or it might be good and valid and got over: misnomer means, when a man's real name is Nicholas, for instance, and you call him Nicodemus, having proven, or proving below, that you intend the man, or child, or adult, so mentioned."

His reasoning, if right, was useless: no Penelope was a claimant. The property, amounting to six or seven thousand pounds, went to a day-laborer, who, by the blessing of God and a mandate of a justice of the peace, had eight children. He swore he would bury Miss Penelope as no queen was ever buried, though it cost him ten pounds.

"Say guineas, Giles!" cried his wife; "the charge comes but once."

He drew back, as one who is about to take a leap; admired her high daring, and, rising up from his chair at the decision he was about to pronounce, "Guineas then let it be!"

I returned and took possession of my cottage and free hold. The first door I opened was the barn-door. My arm-chair stood opposite me: I sat down on it, looking on the crimson bed until its colors were absorbed in my eyes, and the form itself had vanished. I did not meditate; I had no thoughts: sensation carried them away half-formed. I did not resist it, nor attempt to alter or direct it. I felt as if I were in the presence of those I loved, and as if any fresh motion of the mind or body would deprive me of it.

Few years had elapsed, and yet what changes! The death of Penelope and the marriage of Mr. Chisholm occurred in one week.

There was no turnpike road near Sandyhurst; and the people were much surprised, as they were conversing from window to window one Saturday evening, at the arrival of an elegant chaise and four post-horses at the public house, — which is a very cleanly and commodious one, there being no fewer than six charities the trustees of which dine there yearly, and the commissioners of two inclosures had met there daily for eight months. From the carriage alighted a young lady and her aunt, evidently a woman of fashion, and retaining the remains of beauty. The innkeeper showed them his apartments; they chose two rooms, the aunt remarking that the delicate state of her niece's health made her resolve to attend her, whatever might be the consequence to her own. She desired that her under-butler and her niece's maid might have a parlor to themselves. The innkeeper, curious to know the history of his inmates, went backward and forward in the servants' room; but they paid no attention to him, which produced an observation in the passage that servants are prouder than masters and mistresses. He himself, as he had already done upstairs, brought in a pair of candles, and lighted one. The lady's maid smiled somewhat scornfully, and presumed that the wind had blowed out the other. "Comfortable or not, Edward, we shall at least be beyond the reach of that old housekeeper. It is well that you (instead of the butler) did not drink the Madeira; but the malicious old creature could not get him discharged. I wish my young mistress was half as good as yours: good she is, only that she minds her money. Hardly a gown a month; and of what use are silk stockings to me, if I must not wear them; and shoes, if they are too big?"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, miss," said the innkeeper; "but really I cannot do my duty unless you or this gentleman inform me of your lady's name."

"You may look for it," said the girl, and continued her discourse. "No, Mr. Edward, I don't let men put their arms over my chair. Talk and welcome, but I don't see why you should do in the country what is more than your place is worth if you did it in London."

He begged pardon, and hoped she would say nothing; then turning to the landlord, "Her ladyship is particular: I trust you will not hurt me."

"Not I," said the landlord; "but surely you will have the civility to inform me who the ladies are."

"My mistress," answered he, "is Lady Fosset;" and whispered in his ear, "She is only the wife of a knight, let the girl say what she will, a proud minx!"

"And what would you have? Is not a knight enough for you? Do you think I have no ears in my head? Had you such a table, I should like to know, at Lord—the Lord knows who's — the one you served last; he whose face is so like a camel's?"

"I did not complain," said Edward submissively. "Sir Nathaniel kept a better; but —"

"Go on, go on; never be satisfied," said the maid. "Say at once he left your mistress a beggar, — but hold your tongue upon the score of mine; and now I warn you."

"Miss," replied Edward, "I entreat and beg you not to speak so loud: I am as reasonable as any man, and never said that the same can be done with eighteen hundred a-year as with four thousand."

The landlord, when they were silent, hoped he did not interrupt them, but requested the lady's maid to inform him at her leisure (since the ladies were in their bedroom) when they would like tea.

"Have you not asked them?" said she, apparently much surprised.

"No, Miss," he answered; "I have been waiting here."

"God forbid! you poking, prying creature! Well, I said no harm of anybody. And now, Mr. Edward, if you catch it, thank yourself: you have always a bad place, have you?"

He left the parlor; the landlord followed. He turned round and whispered in the landlord's ear, "Evil came into the world with the first woman, and will go out with the last, and, by my soul! I believe against her will. What malice in this little black-and-tan terrier! — always on the watch and alert to catch and snap me."

"She is a pretty little creature to my mind," said the landlord.

"Pretty!" cried Edward.

"Her complexion by candlelight is the sweetest in the world," said the innkeeper; "and such eyes and eyebrows I never saw in my born-days. What teeth and lips! psuh! and that slight shade of down on the upper one."

"Zounds!" cried Edward, "kissing her would be like playing on Pan's pipe. Slight shade of down! Why, then a box-coat is a satin slip, and a fox-cover is a grass-plot."

"Do you always ride on the dicky with her, Mr. Edward?"

"Ah, woe is me!" replied Mr. Edward, and there was an echo to it in the passage, — "there is so little room on our dicky!" The innkeeper sighed again, — "and such jolting roads, and such light short-legged creatures!" said Edward discontentedly. "It requires all one's patience."

"Egad, does it?" cried the innkeeper, drawing his breath, — "and more too!"

After some silence, he invited Mr. Edward to taste the liquors in the tap-room. "If you please, Mr. Edward, — I beg pardon not to know your other name."

"Horton, at command," answered he.

"Mr. Horton, if you please, as I was saying, we will drink to the good health of Miss."

"The poor child!" said Edward. "She is not long for this world."

"I did not mean her," said the landlord; "though methinks her lips and eyes promise to let alone graves and tombstones for the present: I meant the sweet little creature that was so sharp with me."

"Ho! Rosaly Rouse, — so the ladies call her: she expects that we should call her Miss Rosaly; the housekeeper and butler may call her Rouse. She has good kin; that must be said for her: but an arm across her chair is a liberty. If you caught her asleep in it — one has a right then, you know — you would sooner dare to kiss a leopard or tiger. Every thing would be topside-turvy; you could not rest for her. You would have laughed if you had seen her coming down the hill into the town here: she was frightened at the horses slipping, and, in spite of the ladies behind, threw her arm round my body; and I verily believe it made her hate me worse than ever; for, to do her justice, I never saw her so bad before, never so desperately proud and capricious. She loves her mistress and my lady, and would go through fire for them: drink a little wine in the cellar, and you might as well drink black-strap at the Crown and Anchor."

"Really!" said the innkeeper in great surprise, — "then I misunderstood every word about the Madeira."

"Sly creature!" drawled Mr. Edward. "Faithful she is," added he smartly, "and acute, and prudent: her only fault is that she never forgives what she calls a liberty, and it puts her out of humor with all the world."

"The very woman!" cried the host unguardedly; and, being disconcerted at his own exclamation, desired his companion to help himself and spare not, and went upstairs. He had forgotten to take up the tea, and was much relieved at finding the waiter in the act of removing it, and the ladies at cards, — they having thrown a shawl over the table, when the waiter informed them, on their inquiry, that there was no green cloth. He saw several pieces of gold, no silver. His heart was disquieted; he knew not what to set about; even his curiosity was enfeebled; yet he went up again to ask what they would please to have for supper. Lady Fosset desired him to wait a moment; she then said to her niece, "Come, child, take those five guineas back; I do not approve of high play, and you could not attend to your game."

"Excuse me, madam," replied the niece, rising from the table, and putting the money in the aunt's reticule.

The landlord was up early the next morning, waited on Dr. Chisholm, and told him and his son the curate all that had passed; adding, as was true, the last thing her ladyship asked was, "At what time begins divine service?"

"Samuel," said the doctor, "I shall preach."

"Father, if you will, you will," replied he; "but the fairer thing would be to cut for it."

They did: the doctor won. Samuel cried, "By God! sir, there is no dealing with you. I make no doubt all was fair. What I have to say is, you have always good luck."

On returning from church, Lady Fosset thanked the doctor for his very admirable sermon, and declared she never had heard the service read so impressively as by the gentleman who assisted him.

"My son, madam."

They both bowed, and attended the ladies to the inn. Her ladyship invited them to tea in the evening, expressing her deep regret that she had no gentleman with her who might do the honors of the table at dinner, if they could have pardoned her so short a notice.

"Father," said Samuel, just out of the door, "did you ever hear so strange an excuse? None to do the honors of the table (as she called it), when there are two of us! You might have had the ducks put down."

On the road to the rectory, "Eighteen hundred a-year!" was the exclamation of both at once. "Well, father, on this occasion I hope you will not cut."

"Samuel," said the rector, "I soon enter on the grand climacteric; her ladyship is not five-and-forty."

"True," answered he, "I suspect she has a filly's tooth in her muzzle, and would fain pulp a bean or two yet."

The rector shook his head. "I believe you must have her, Samuel. I have nothing but the rectory: the money is gone in house and improvements. You were born to less than a hundred a-year, and that from the sweat of my brow: I shall leave you a thousand. I will nominally make over the living to you, on your giving me such security as can be drawn up between us."

The son thanked him; was unremitting in his addresses to Lady Fosset; and at last declared his passion, from the utter impossibility of restraining it. She replied that she was sensible of his merits, but that, if he imagined her fortune to be so considerable as it was represented, he was mistaken; that she had retired, in part for the health of her niece, in part for economy, and was sorry to inform him that her *thirds* (her husband having died intestate) were barely eighteen hundred a-year.

He protested that fortune was the last of his considerations; that he himself had somewhat less; that after his worthy father's decease he could not expect many thousands more, beside the rectory.

The rector united them by license, the third week of her ladyship's residence in Sandyhurst. She condescended to give away, with her own hand, Rosalia Rouse to Mr. Freeman of the Star and Garter, making her a present of a pearl necklace, the finest and evenest pearls ever seen in Sandyhurst, — which Mr. Edward Horton said he did not so much wonder at her doing, now that she had resolved to forget poor Sir Nathaniel. He added, "I remember how nobly her ladyship looked in these pearls when she was in full dress, as persons of quality in London are, stark-naked down to the navel."

"Mercy upon us!" cried the host. "Are they taken then for pigeons and plovers? — are folks helped only to the nether parts of them? Why should they neglect themselves? Do not they meet their lovers in this full dress, as you call it? The men must cry out shame upon them, finding them in good company so slovenly and sluttish. Our ladies here in the country are educated on other principles. When Squire Alvanley of Beachencroft saw Miss Arabella give Captain Barrowdale, who was fain to marry her, a few maidenly kisses, he said not a word about it; but when he observed, another day, that the captain was desperate to lower the tucker, he called her to him off the green bench, pretending all the while to have seen nothing, and kept her a matter of half an hour in lecture. Nobody knows on what he discoursed in the outset; but Mrs. Snipe, the housekeeper, told me that, hearing some grave words, she looked through the key-hole of the study-door, and saw Miss in tears; and saw the old gentleman, relenting a little, pat her cheek with the back of his fore-finger; and heard him say, partly in comfort, partly in counsel, 'Be liberal of the cherries, girl, but chary of the peaches.' Whereat Miss wiped her eyes, and rose upon tiptoe and kissed her father, and promised to do always as he had bidden her."

"I have her ladyship's commands," said Edward, "to take her your account."

In an instant, "Take it!" said Mr. Freeman.

"You have written received in full," cried Mr. Edward Horton; "how is that?"

"It would be a burning shame to act otherwise," said the publican, "after those pearls; and look ye what are these?"

"Oh! they are only garnets: nobody would give you five pounds for them, without the gold."

The niece whose health was surprisingly restored, and whom it was thought indecorous to make the witness of connubial felicity in its first transports, was taken away just before the marriage by her brother, a young ensign; and Mr. Edward Horton two days after returned to London, strongly recommended, — for her ladyship would rather reduce her establishment than increase it, accommodating her taste in every thing to her dear Chisholm's.

"Samuel!" said the old rector to the new, "while we think of it, suppose you resign to me that instrument of the advowson."

"Father," said Samuel, "I would gladly do it if my conscience would let me. I repent of having committed one action very like a fraud, and nothing upon earth shall make me commit another. If the bishop heard of it we should be ruined."

The father had seldom lost his temper or composure; for as other extremes meet in their effects, so do honesty and roguery in this. He felt assured however, in the midst of his resentment, that he had so drawn up the agreement as to make it voidable, although he hardly had thought Lady Fosset was so noble-minded as to accept his son without referring the title-deeds to her solicitor.

There was a young girl in the parish, the daughter of his laundress, whom he condescended to teach the catechism. He often told her in what manner to hold the book, and often said, "Let me see where you are," and sometimes, "Do not be so frightened," when nobody but himself could see that she was frightened in the least. He went to her, and said without prelude or preface, "Sally, will you marry me?"

"Lord, sir," cried the mother tremulously, "what do you mean?"

"Ask me no questions, or I leave the house," said he, more firmly than impetuously. "Will you marry me, child, or will you not?"

She looked at her mother. "Sally, if the doctor is in earnest, you must not say no."

"Put on your Sunday clothes then; and, Rebecca, while she is putting them on, come you with me."

The mother went out with him.

"Step into that carriage."

"With my shoes on, sir?"

"Step in. — Will the girl come or not? What a quantity of clothes she must be putting on!"

The mother, holding up two pins to hint that she could stick them in if requisite, as they went along, called her thrice with an admixture of coaxing and reproof. She descended the staircase with timidity, and would have walked by the side of the carriage; but the rector caught her up and (somewhat asthmatically) lifted her in. He followed;

and, putting his arm partly round her, although on the cushion, that he might not be indecorous, he ordered his coachman to drive to Mr. Gamaliel Shark's at Elvington. Alighting there, leaving the daughter and mother in the chaise, he told Mr. Shark that he came for a license; and, after the necessary questions, he received it.

"And now, sir," said the doctor, "are you ready to unite us?"

Mr. Shark assented: they were united: they returned home at the moment of dinner-time. The mother was left at her own door very carefully, with an affectionate kiss from the daughter, and not without a generous declaration from the doctor that he would really have made her a present, if he had found in his pocket any less piece than a half-crown. The bridegroom placed Sally by his side quietly. The son was civil, and said on their arrival, "I suppose, Sally, you have said your catechism better to-day than usual?"

She looked at her husband. "Yes," answered he placidly, "and read a page more."

After supper he called for his bed-candle, and, wishing Lady Fosset a good-night, conducted Sally upstairs. The elder bride and younger bridegroom at top and bottom looked steadfastly at each other. "Let him go!" said Mr. Samuel, "let him have his way and will. I did think better of the wench: she had hardly a courtesy for me. Rectory or laundry, barn or stable, what matters it: it comes to the same thing at last."

"Oh fie, for shame!" cried her ladyship, looking at him and smiling through her fingers, "I cannot sit and hear this." She tripped across the room, opened the door, turned round again and cried, "Positively I have a great mind to lock you out, you rude creature!" Mr. Samuel ruminated.

Early the next morning a bailiff entered the rectory, accompanied by two police-officers. The doctor and Sally were fast asleep; for they had been (backward and forward) eight miles the day before. Mr. Samuel was examining the heel of a horse; he heard the visitors, and, without looking at them, asked them roughly what they wanted. "Margaret Pollock," said one in a clear voice; another said, "Parson Chisholm."

"What have you to do with me, pray?" shouted he furiously.

"Nothing, sir, if you pay these trifles. You have married Margaret Pollock."

"Not I: no such woman has been married in my parish."

"Mr. Chisholm, you have taken as your lawful wife Margaret (otherwise called Peg) Pollock."

"Sirrah!" said the divine, going up to him with clenched fist, "I would have you to know I led to the altar Lady Fosset."

"You could not have done better," said the officer, "but she wanted no leading that way. Howsoever we take possession of the rectory."

Mr. Chisholm ran to his father, whom he awakened. Sally still slept, as being little used to the motion of the carriage; and I hardly know a rougher road than the road to Elvington, considering it is so flat.

"Father," said Mr. Samuel, "take the resignation," — throwing it on the bed. While the bailiffs were in the house, he mounted his horse, rode into Rutlandshire, and exchanged his curacy with a sporting friend whom he had known at college. The doctor was surprised to see a neat young clergyman introduce himself the next Friday, and to hear a eulogy on his son's liberality in giving a curacy of a hundred a-year for one of seventy, when the hounds were at equal distances; and in return was never so uncivil as to gainsay him until a whole twelvemonth had elapsed, when he complimented him on his horses and sermons, his bold leaps and impressive delivery, and on fifty pounds going farther at Sandyhurst than seventy at Grantham. "I believe, sir, you will find," added he, "that here are five ten-pound Bank of England notes: do me the favor just to cast your eyes over them, and to give me a receipt."

Lady Fosset, by the account of the bailiff and his attendants, had been a street-walker, a kept mistress, and an actress. Her associates at Sandyhurst were of the same strolling company. She escaped by putting on the riding-coat of a groom; exercising first the functions of a butler, taking care of the plate; and not forgetting in the performance of this service that her husband had presented her a brilliant ring and some other ornaments, rich almost as any of those which had devolved on the family of Sir Nathaniel. Seeing her husband gallop off on Blaze, she was contented to mount the horse whose fetlock or hoof had excited such suspicion in her lord, and which he was examining when his guests entered. They obtained nothing from the rector. "My son was my curate," said he; "of his wife I know nothing. Take him; take her; but touch a tin-kettle on your peril. This is the rectory-house, and the rectory is mine." They grumbled; they begged a breakfast, as nobody was up: the rector held his spread hand before his face, and looked aside.

After the harvest, a company of players applied to the magistrates for permission to open a theatre at Sandyhurst, one night only: it was granted. They acted a farce entitled *The Two Rectors*, and were committed to Bridewell for an attack on the Church.

Not long afterwards, it was discovered that the stratagem introductory to the marriage had been devised by a young gentleman who was fond of theatricals, and no less fond of the young lady who played the niece. The inexperience and giddiness of this prodigal Mr. Chisholm had turned to account at the university two years before, not without a few sarcasms on his folly, and the inauspicious boast conveyed in the words, "I shall make him remember his rubbers." Hearing that the reverend gentleman was now resident in a village near Grantham, and well surmising that, on market-days and fairs he would be bustling about the town, he drove his curricle thither on the great horse-fair, accompanied by his mistress, the niece; and, meeting Mr. Chisholm in the crowd, he drew up his horses, inquired after the health of Lady Fosset, and expressed an earnest wish to pay her his respects.

"Look ye now, Mr. Randal," said the curate, "if you aren't off the ground in a twinkling, I'll make the place too hot to hold you."

"I don't doubt your interest in a place too hot to hold me, Mr. Chisholm; but I appeal to the gentlemen here present whether my language was other than civil and friendly." The fashionable young traveller was cheered heartily; he was declared to be an over-match for the parson, and his shrewdness in a minute had drawn the clerical mouth awry. Observing the advantage he had gained, he appealed to every lady who did him the unexpected and unmerited honor of listening to him, and who by such politeness had rendered the present hour the brightest of his life, whether a syllable had escaped his lips which could possibly shock the modesty of the most delicate among them, or could justly wound the feelings of the reverend gentleman, whose sensibility was surely too acute for the occasion.

"Cute!" cried a farmer with thin yellow whiskers and white eyebrows. "Cute! 'Sblood! but you have the parson under the short rib there, master! You've doubled him up with that wiper."

"Permit me, gentlemen," said Mr. Randal, "permit me to relate the few facts I have collected on the road concerning Mr. Chisholm's adventure."

"There's a cross-buttocker for ye!" cried again the same orator as before. "*Venture* you may well call it. The parson has mettle; but what a main did he throw on your game! My eyes!"

Mr. Chisholm would have returned homeward, but he had promised to meet somebody at the ordinary, to receive a guinea which he had won in a wager, and which he feared he might lose by want of punctuality. At dinner he told the company that, whatever they might think of it, he never in his "born-days" was the man to be abashed by anybody, and that he defied any "soul alive" to prove he had been choused of one penny by the old carrion.

"But, parson, can you marry again?" was the interrogation of the feeder next him. "Who the devil has the stomach to eat after such a choker?" squeaked a fat man opposite. "Right!" said his son. "Nevertheless the spring physic has sweated you, parson!" "Damned ungenteel!" cried Mr. Chisholm, "to talk about physic at dinner-time. I'll take the sense of the company upon it: is it not so? It would cost a young hound his best appetite. And so, gentlemen, I'm off." At which word he emptied his bottle; and rising (as the cloth was being removed) stiffly and sorely, whistled, wiped his forehead, and drew up with two smart twitches the buckskin from behind.

Toward the end of the year the doctor sold the perpetual advowson of the rectory. He did not calculate on the grand climacteric or its effects, and died about fourteen months after his marriage, leaving only Porphyrogenitus the fruit of it. He called his infant by that name, declaring that among all the names he knew he never knew one but had many rogues under it, and that he was almost out of humor with his own. He bequeathed his whole property to his children by his last wife, to be equally divided among males and females; reserving a maintenance for his widow of one hundred pounds yearly, on condition that she never married again.

I found his successor an unaffected, quiet, good young man; rather idle, and therefore he often visited me at my cottage, and was surprised to see how straight I drew the lines for my winter cabbage, and thought the string a most ingenious contrivance. His sister was fond of walking in the green lane, and said to me the second time I found her there, "Oh, what a mercy it is, Mr. Normanby, that Miss Penelope left the hollies: they are so covered with woodbine and travellers'-joy! It seems never to have been a lane; here are no marks of wheel or horse-shoe: it is as hollow as an apple-scoop; and a sheep could not lie crosswise on it comfortably."

Le Doux. The story would end abruptly if it ended thus.

Normanby. Yet thus it must end. She has twelve thousand pounds, like her brother.

Le Doux. Indeed, my dear sir, I did not ask about the fortune. I have no designs upon her, and will abstain from mentioning it in the country to which I am going.

Normanby. I could not walk but I met her: she has done me as much mischief as an *Age of Reason.* A second time I left my country; and it was for her.

Le Doux. And, if I am not greatly mistaken, it is for her you are a second time going back.

Normanby. What can be done? Her brother will have me in the parish.

Le Doux. I wish Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace were ready for breakfast: I am starving now you have concluded.

— The Swiss, having seen the sailor and his master twice in conversation, and unwilling that any but himself should be familiar with so great a personage, whispered to Mr. Normanby the secret of his lord's dignity, and rejoiced at the impression of his whisper. Afterward there always was civility, always frankness, but never confidence, never conversation. Le Doux on his part was just as a man is who has read a novel: he has done with it. Princes and kings are often kind, both from constitution and from fulness of power, in which they usually are without fear and jealousy; but I doubt whether there ever was a minister in the world capable of sincerity and amity, or who, having conversed for years together with any one, cared if he were drowned or hanged when he no longer could amuse or serve him. The possession and maintenance of power occupy such men totally. If the horse they ride will go on with patting, they will not feed him; if he cares little for patting and much for provender, they curse him heartily and fill the rack. All cunning men who wish for power may have it: but all cunning men are men of narrow views; and here, when they take possession of power, they must leave some places vacant which are incompatible with it. They are jockeys that sweat themselves to ride light; and, after they have changed their greatcoat for a calico jacket, they discover that their heart is too large, and must be swathed and contracted. The habit of haranguing is in itself pernicious: I have known even the conscientious and pious, the humane and liberal, dried up by it, and have watched the mind growing black and rancid in its own smoke.

During the voyage the conversation was usually on Ireland. No people talk so much about their country as the Irish; not because they are more patriotic (I beg pardon for using a word out of use in that acceptation, and should have said more *national*) than others, but because they are less capable of conversing on literature and science. Le Doux was surprised at exalted eulogies and vehement invective, used by the same persons on the same, as high spirits or low prevailed. "Surely," said he to himself, "this is the conflict of light and darkness, of the good principle and the evil, of St. Michael and Satan!" On the whole, however, Lady Glengrin and Sir Firebrace agreed on the wretched state of Ireland; but Sir Firebrace insisted that, although the fact was incontrovertible, no fault whatever *attached* to his Majesty's ministers (meaning the king's) or those employed under them, military or civil; and that the clergy and gentlemen of Ireland, resident and non-resident, had done every thing in their power to alleviate the distresses and promote the prosperity of the people. Le Doux was aware, from the roundness and fulness of the period, that the sentence could not be Sir Firebrace's, and attributed it rightly to a minister, — who added that he must also do justice to the *people* of Ireland, in general as orderly and loyal as any in the United Kingdom; that if a little excess had been committed, it was rather the result of conviviality than of discontent; and he trusted that what he had risen to state, was a triumphant answer to the malicious and disaffected in England. He then told a story about a mail-coach and a fur-cap, so convincing to the simplest understanding that the House of Commons voted unanimously any inquiry into the state of Ireland quite unnecessary and useless. Unfortunately, he added that it might be dangerous at the present juncture; which, *out of doors*, raised some alarm.

"For my soul," after a pause ejaculated Le Doux, "I cannot comprehend it: no one is to blame, and the blame is large enough for all." He meditated; and he found what at first appeared the grossest mismanagement, to be in reality the finest stroke of policy. "What admirable calculations of loss and profit! None but a commercial people is capable of this precision and exactness. It costs a great deal of money to keep the Irish in subjection; but to whom does the money go? — To the friends of ministers, to the supporters of government, to the loyal and the rich. Again, if they did not make a very large portion of the people discontented, how would they find soldiers? Who will leave his family if he can feed it and enjoy it, — unless he has such a sense of honor as a Frenchman, who flies to arms the moment a mayor orders him to be carried off, and a handcuff unites him to a comrade? The English are wanted to labor and pay taxes; the Irish must be kept as they are. Even Cromwell with all his cunning did not see this: his son Henry was the only governor who has made them quiet and contented these six hundred years. The policy now revived is more complex: we cannot attribute the glory of the invention to fellows who never learned, from a dictionary and a smuggler, that Walcheren is a pestilential island and Antwerp a fortified town. O my country! my first wish is that thou mayest have no enemies; my second is that, having them, they may be men like these: but it would be unfair to deny them the merit of walking firmly and undeviatingly in the footsteps of their predecessors."

It was on the seventh or eighth morning that Le Doux, rising from the cabin, cried, "Mr. Normanby! Mr. Normanby! what vast harbor are we entering?"

"This is the Strait of Gibraltar," answered he.

"Oh yes," said Le Doux, "so it is. We are far from the Barbary coast, yet how wild it looks even at this distance! See the difference between Christian industry and Moorish apathy!"

"Great indeed, sir," replied Normanby; "but that rock is Gibraltar, and this beautiful country to the left is Barbary. In fact, the Moors are industrious, and always were intelligent on agriculture, even before the Romans, into whose language their books on that science were translated, and at a time when no original one on the subject had appeared at Rome. The Africans on the coast of Mauritania had a custom, claimed as an invention by the Tuscans, of interring corn for its preservation. The writer * of Cæsar's war in Africa mentions the practice, but mistakes the cause. Spaniards never were cultivators, in modern times or ancient: they only sow in the furrows ploughed for them by the Moors. The southern parts of the Peninsula retain the traces of Moorish enterprise; and the kingdom of the Moors in Spain, if they had been Christians, would have exhibited the most perfect model ever existing in the world of industry and civilization, gallantry and glory. The men were valiant, and the women were chaste; robberies and murders were unknown; music was heard from road to road, from castle to castle; wars were the sports of valor, jousts and tournaments its idle recreations. At last, divided by faction, they were oppressed by numbers, leaving such monuments behind them as the powerfullest of our empires never will erect."

Michael heard this, and whispered to Renault, "I should not be surprised to see our Englishman turn renegade, if the ship draws nearer the coast."

It was then about one mile off. The harvest was gathered; still the country seemed a garden. Several boats approached the vessel with pomegranates of unusual size undetached from

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* "Est in Africâ consuetudo incolarum, ut in agris et in omnibus fere villis sub terrâ specus, condendi frumenti gratiâ, clam habeant, atque id propter bella maximè hostiumque subitum adventum præparant."

their bright and glossy leaves; and the late fig; and grapes of various forms, sizes, and colors; and live quails and partridges and doves; and little kids, that leaped back among them from the deck again, and would not leave them. Suddenly the ship tacked, and a fresh breeze blew them into Gibraltar, where they must take in water.

"This long point of land could surely be cultivated," said Le Doux to the captain; "it is level and not very rocky."

"Sir," answered the captain, "the inhabitants of the city are three-fourths Jews, and most of the rest Spaniards. These people will never work if they can help it. Monopolies and privileges and exemptions furnish the greater part of the governor's emoluments, which are about five hundred guineas a week in time of war, and in peace little more than fifty a day; and he would not like to see plantations: they bring no tariff."

"It is nearly a mile in length," said Le Doux; "and shady walks might be formed upon it for the convenience and health of the garrison."

"No tariff for the governor from shady walks," replied the captain.

Le Doux and Sir Firebrace went ashore in uniform, in order to leave their cards at the governor's.

"Precede them with flambeaux, for they are persons of distinction," said the governor to his valet.

"My lord, it is mid-day," answered the valet.

"Go down then," said his lordship, — "it is time I should think of sleeping." *

For the distance of many miles inland, and many along the shore, there was hardly a sign of cultivation. "How do the people live?" asked Le Doux.

"By means of the Moors," answered the captain.

Different were the colonel's exclamations all the way from Cape St. Vincent to Cape Finisterre. "Is it possible that sea-coasts can be so beautiful? Oh how fine! oh how pretty! superb! magnificent! brilliant!" There were rocks that were charming, and villages that were minions, and vineyards that were tapestry, and meadows that were carpets.

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* The sages of antiquity have each left an aphorism on human life, and there seemed hardly room for another; but this our sage, if he has not given, causes one: *Vita somni breve intervallum.*

"These countries have very worthy kings," said he; "they only want good ministers." A thousand plans in an instant were ready for the consummation of their happiness.

"Oh heaven! this must be France!" exclaimed he one day in ecstasy.

"No, sir," said the captain, "it is the coast of Asturias."

Le Doux thought the rocks prettier even than those of the Petit Trianon. He expressed a second time his admiration of the coast. "We have passed a better," said the captain, "and you never noticed it. There are no harbors in Asturias like Ferrol and Coruña."

Off the Scilly Isles they found themselves in the midst of fishing-boats. Normanby took leave; sailed in one of them to Bristol; two days afterward reached Sandyhurst; and had the courage to walk directly toward the green lane, just as if he had never met an intruder.

The vessel that conveyed Lady Glengrin, Sir Firebrace, and Le Doux at length cast anchor in the bay of Dublin, not without another subject of wonder to Le Doux at seeing a pestilential marsh under one of the finest cities in Europe. "If this had been at Odessa, it would have been converted into docks," said he to himself. He passed the Parliament-house, and lifted up his hands in astonishment. "An Englishman I met at Genoa," said he to the general and the countess, "at an old minister's, fond as he was of extolling the public architecture of his country, and preferring the cathedrals and abbeys to any thing antiquity has left us, never said a word about this noble fabric. It was perhaps too modern for him. He was a sort of half-author, a creature so devoted to antiquity that, when he snored, he seemed in drawing his breath to say *grec*, and emitting it to say *romain*. I had the personal proof of it; for whenever he was disposed to sleep he slept, and would have done so had he been called to the levee or to the ministry. I never saw him quite decorous but in church, where he always seemed immersed in the deepest meditation; and if a person but whispered, even during the music, he fixed his eyes upon him with a stern rebuke."

The society introduced to Le Doux was the most select. The beauty of the women held him breathless. "Am I in Poland, or in Paradise?" was his soliloquy. He paid his principal attentions to those who put on a clean pair of gloves every day, because he considered it a test of civilization. Even among these, within the first week, his suspicions were confirmed by his valet that the linen was not always changed so often; but he thought it a scandalous tale, when he heard that some of them came to breakfast in a part of the apparel in which they had slept.

"Do not tell me such nonsense, Renault! Depend upon it, the girl that gave you the information has been discharged: you will see her off soon." "Well, sir," said Renault, sighing, "would you believe it? a few years ago there was not a bidet in the kingdom of Ireland. The duchess of Rutland, consort of a lord-lieutenant, brought over the first. The duke (some say it was satirically) ordered one from London for the lady of the lord-chancellor. It was of porcelain, as you may suppose, being the present of a lord-lieutenant; and its inauguration was in the centre of the table, filled with green-pea soup, at a cabinet-dinner given to his grace the lord-lieutenant." "A cabinet-dinner!—and a vengeance!—with its green-pea soup, rogue!" cried Le Doux, laughing immoderately. "Sir," said Renault, gravely, "nobody laughed: everybody admired the contrivance for the ladle, and the maker had made his fortune, if the duchess had mystified as well and reasonably as the duke had done."

Opposite to Le Doux one day at dinner sat a nobleman of high rank, a member of every administration for forty years, placid and pliant, and attentive to nobody but him, into whose history he had been admitted by the countess. "Colonel," said he, "in all countries there are discontented; there are even in this." "Is it possible?" answered Le Doux, lifting up his eyebrows with surprise and concern. "But," rejoined the peer, "such is the kindness of Providence the sounder part of the people is perfectly tranquil, and assured of its being well governed." "His lordship means those that govern," said a worthy major: "none are more open to conviction; the fact stares them in the face. Every country is rich and flourishing if you look at it through claret."

Politics on this occasion were discussed in few words. The illustrious visitor could collect, however, that most complaints were ill-founded; that those who complained of any specific grievance were unfair and partial in not considering the whole; and that those who took a view of the whole, and who proposed an inquiry into it, should state some specific grievance.

In another house, after several glasses were drunk with great cheerfulness, the whole company rose up to a mysterious toast, in silence and sadness. He sipped the wine in doubt, and found that it was the same as he had been drinking from the first, and excellent Bordeaux. He could not conceive what had saddened at a single moment so many vacant and rosy faces. The next morning he heard that two of them had been shot by their antagonists in a quarrel arising from this toast,—the "Immortal memory" of some one they had never seen or thought about. He imagined that silence and sorrow would have come better after; that wine should make men joyous, and duels serious. On reflection he feared to be "compromised," and suspected that the "immortal memory" so religiously observed, and with such awe and taciturnity, might be the memory of Bonaparte. To relieve his suspicions, he joked about it with two of the youngest, whom he found at billiards the succeeding day. They laughed aloud at his mistake. "It was King William," said one. "It was William Pitt," said the other. "It was no more Pitt than it was my pointer," rejoined the first. In fact, the "immortal memory" in eighteen hours had as much obscurity and as many thorns about it as the tomb of Archimedes.

Le Doux was walking one day in the streets of Dublin, when the appearance of perfumery in a window reminded him that he wanted a tooth-brush. He went into the shop, and asked for one. The master, a tall, florid, well-dressed, genteel-looking man, took up several, and rubbing them against the extremities of his fingers, recommended one particularly. "Take this: it will keep your teeth clean twenty years at once using. You are a Frenchman, sir, I find by your way of speaking, and I see you have hardly three hairs on a side. In your country they make good pomatum: try mine; but—take the word of a friend—wash your hands well afterward in soap and warm water, or you will have hair upon the palm an inch thick before night. And no razor can touch it."

"What is the price, sir?" "Ah now! is it the price? I never sell for lucre of gain: a half-crown contents me, — and, just for the peg-polisher, a thirteen-penny. Recommend me to your friends, if you have any, and I'll thank you." "Favor me with the number of your shop." "*Magazine*, if you please. The poor beggar of a schoolmaster over the way calls his *seminary;* and sure, then, I might call mine so; but I would be modest: *magazine* does for me."

Le Doux was leaving the door, when he was met on the threshold by a young clergyman, who, flapping his lustrous boot with a thin whip, and drawing up his shirt-collar with his left hand, red as a pigeon's claw and broad as an ostrich's, pushed rudely by him into the shop. Le Doux bowed and begged pardon. At the same moment, the hairdresser, for such he was no less than perfumer, caught him by the arm, and taking the clergyman's too, said, "Brother Joe, I must introduce you to this gentleman, who dines with us."

"A thousand thanks! excuse me to-day." "To-day or never! Now for your name." "My name is Le Doux, sir: but really —" "Le Doux!" said the clergyman, eying him suspiciously; "I'm damned if it is: that's a 'neger's.'" "I would not incommode you, my kind friend," said Le Doux to the hairdresser: "have the goodness to liberate my arm. Another time —"

"Another time I may not have upon the spit a 'cock o' the mountain,' ruddy and lusty as any eagle. You shall have him 'piping-hot,' with his best feather through his nose. Lady Clench gave him me, with a Bologna-sausage, and a note (I would read it you) under. Hams and double-Gloster are plenty. I could tell you too what houses these come from, after dinner; and bright whiskey that widens your nostrils when you smell it, and finds water enough in your mouth for twenty glasses. Honest folks gave me that; who might not like naming. 'Cocks o' the mountain' of another breed; ay, Joe? — you live among 'em. Come, stay; we shall dine gloriously. Joe has a voice, and a song for it. Look at the windows of nine houses on each side, when he sings; and you shall see the old women lug the wenches down, and shall catch many a crimped cap and red wrinkle over the blinds." "Hold your wild colt's tongue, Matthew!" said the clergyman, rebuking him privately; and then in a lower tone, "Sure, are not we two enough for a 'cock o' the mountain,' ay, and a sausage as big as a bolster?"

At the commencement of this pastoral charge, Le Doux, finding his arm released, made his escape. At which the brothers, much as one of them had wished his absence, agreed that he was a *blackguard* and a scamp, and unfit for their society. "Providential!" Joe ejaculated; "you would have talked first about your sausages and cocks o' the mountain and countesses, and then about the whiskey, letting it out by degrees that I had a trifle in the concern. And now, Matthew, about these women. Can't you meet with better and honester?— why then I'll lend you a guinea. My sacred word for it, they all make a fool of you; and with more than their husbands, mind that. If you *must* have such sluts, why then have 'em, in God's name! But prythee be sober-minded and decent; for I am sated and sick of hearing of 'em."

"Only one word, Joe!" said Matthew mildly, and interlacing his arm. "Brother Joe, now, my life and love, who presented you to that little tight pretty living there of Ennisgalcraig? And what for?" "Stuff!" cried Joseph. "True enough!" said Matthew. "Are you hungry, brother Joe?" "Hungry as a wolf-dog." "Give tongue upon the women then another time, and not when you would eat what they send us."

Invitations to dinner were frequent; among the rest was a long and elaborate one from Captain Phelim O'Mara: it was accepted. Le Doux was placed at his left, and was informed most politely by the captain that he liked foreigners above all things, and that he himself was half a foreigner.

"Oh no, Captain O'Mara, you are a true Irishman, bred and born," cried Lady Glengrin; "we must not lose our title to you!"

"I am so by father's side and mother's side, and by uncles and aunts," replied the captain; "but I have travelled of late, and the ground makes the foreigner, not the — pray, if one may make so bold as to ask, what do you see in that to chuckle at, ladies and gentlemen? And what made you touch my arm, sir, while I was speaking and had not said the word?"

"Without the slightest idea of offence, I do assure you, Captain O'Mara!" said Le Doux; "on the contrary, it was done in my extreme impatience to second you in so just an observation. You were at Paris, I presume: how long did you remain there?"

"A week," replied the captain. "I had taken my lodgings for a whole week, or I should have gone away directly. Our minister there — would you believe it? — made a difficulty of presenting me to the king. It was explained to me in that way; although, to do him justice, he only said he should embrace some future opportunity."

"Indeed!" replied Le Doux from his heart, and with an expression of deep sorrow on his countenance. "His Majesty has borne many misfortunes: I hope no one will tell him of this."

"I will myself, by the Lord! if ever I go over again and catch his eye," said the captain, striking the table. "I went on to Italy, and at Florence my Lord Burghersh knew better what stuff my coat was made of, and what color this is. The Grand Duke treated me like his own son, and came behind my chair at supper, and hoped I might find at table something to my taste. I replied to him in Irish, — which I had a better right to do than he to speak in French; for Irish is my own language, and French is not his. As there was nothing to be seen at Florence but statues and pictures and other such childish things, I proceeded to Rome in company with a gentleman who said we must have four horses, if we expected clean linen at the inns. 'As for clean linen,' said I, 'let those look to it who are to lie in it; for my part I sleep all the way in the coach.' Howsoever, to show him that I did not mind my money, I agreed to the four horses."

"Well, captain," said Lady Glengrin, "what do you think of the fair Italians?" "You smoke me then, my lady, do you? Who told you about it?"

She protested she knew nothing of the matter: he continued. "The whole way from Florence to Siena I thought every girl prettier than the last: for which reason I kept the blinds up, not wishing to understand my fellow-traveller, who declared he suffered so violently by the sun that he was giddy and could see nothing. On some exclamation of mine, he told me that nearer Rome, on this side of the city, I should not find the females so handsome.

"I do not believe in any thing supernatural, excepting a ghost or two; but there are things that puzzle one. I fell asleep from the violent heat, and from the incessant and intolerable noise of a creature they call 'grillo,' against which all the carriage-wheels in Christendom would not defend you; and I did not awake until night. This monkey-faced black devil, of an inch or two in length, with his 'grill, grill, grill,' makes one hotter than twenty suns could do, bothering and never aisy. We slept at Siena. In the morning, instead of vineyards and corn-fields, a vast barren country cracked by the heat lay wide open before me. It looked like some starved monster, from whose powerless bones one still wishes one's self away. No hedge was there, no tree, nor bird of any kind to inhabit them if there had been. I saw no animal but one long snake, lying in the middle of the road. Then again, instead of well-dressed, smiling, beautiful girls, joking with you innocently or wishing you heartily good-day, female devils could not be nakeder nor bonier nor uglier than those wenches who ran before us begging and screaming, and scratching their heads and blade-bones, and writhing like the damned. I remarked it to my companion, who calmly and indifferently answered me, 'I told you so.' 'Were you ever here before sir?' said I. 'Never,' he replied.

"I trembled — that is — not from fear — but faith! it almost made me say my catechism in the coach; for he threw himself back, as though he had given the order that things should be so, and knew they were so. We entered Rome. He ordered his luggage to remain at the gate, alighted, saluted me. Nobody has met him or heard of him; the people at the gate are afraid of saying a word about him if you ask them; never have I seen him from that hour to this, and God forbid I ever should in future!"

"You must have been highly gratified, sir, in that city, by the noble specimens of the fine arts," observed the colonel. "Oh Lord bless you!" cried the captain, "they make finer lace and cambric, and frippery of all sorts, in your own country." "We have indeed some pretensions," answered Le Doux. Lady Glengrin remarked to the captain that his noble guest only meant statues and pictures. He winked at her, and whistled in a low key, and then whispered, "Why, indeed they do dress out their old dolls in the churches with a sight of finery, as for that." "But," added Le Doux, "their pictures in the

Capitol, in the Vatican, and also in many private collections, are master-pieces."

"I do think," replied the captain, "they are up to most of us in painting a face or body. But the devil a notion have they of putting the one in good humor or the other in good clothes. They are all old-fashioned; and most of the men are in dressing-gowns: I have seen some half-naked, and some quite, and others that had never been at the barber's. Then what ruins and rubbish about the *demesne!* Scythe and whetstone never thought of! More gravel than grain, more mountain than clover-field; and ne'er a potato-plot for love or money. No rich water-meadow; no hay-stack nor turf-stack; no tight little cabin, with its window kept nicely in repair with strong substantial paper, and the smoke curling neatly through the doorway over the back of a comfortable pig, black or yellow, blinking at it pleasantly. But I will tell you what there are instead. There are rotten trees, and blighted and blasted ones. There are broken-up roads: you would swear at first sight that they lead to no magistrate's or grand-juryman's. There are ugly broad weeds just before you; and farther on there are cranky old towers covered with pantiles; and there are rivers that are suffered to go undermining them. In all those pictures I never saw a cow fit for the butcher, or a horse that had been groomed, or a sheep with wool about her too good to wipe my boots on. Plenty of goats: but who likes their company? Gentlemen's houses seem quite deserted. Where do you find a hot-house? Where do you find a garden-wall? By my soul! I think the best painter in the whole set would fight shy of a gooseberry bush."

Lady Glengrin then asked the captain whether he had been presented to the Pope.

"As soon as I had put on a clean shirt, and got my boots blacked, I went," said he, "to Cardinal Gonsalvi, as the shoeblack told me I should, and desired to be presented to his master: he recommended me to a countryman of mine, Father Taylor, who did it."

"The cardinal is a man of great politeness and extensive information," said Le Doux.

"Politeness enough," replied the captain; "but information is another thing. The devil a word of English or Irish had he to throw at a dog; and when I tried him at Latin, by my soul! not a syllable could he put down to it, although it is in the breviary, — which I borrowed on purpose to learn it, from the waiter."

"Did you try the Pope at it, captain?" said Lady Glengrin.

"Madam," after a pause answered he, "I beg your pardon; but it is uncivilish to speak to a lady with the leg of a turkey in limbo between the gullet and grinder. Now then at your service. I told his Holiness I hoped I had the pleasure of seeing him very well, drawing up my pantaloon, and putting my hand at ease in the fob, like a man of fashion. The Pope knows all languages under heaven, they tell me, but he did not hear me at first; and, when my words were repeated to him in Italian by my countryman, he replied, with a smile as hearty as mine, that he was always well in the presence of worthy men, and that he suffered as little as could be expected from his age and infirmities. He continued to smile upon me for a moment when he had done, and then said something quite as obliging to another, who had made no inquiries after his health at all. My free noble Milesian manner gave general satisfaction: people were surprised to see how easily and spiritedly I did it; and an English lady was encouraged to ask him for a lock of his hair, not wishing to be outdone by an Irishman."

"Did he give it her?" asked Lady Glengrin.

"He could not well have made any woman jealous, yet he thought he might; and said gravely that after his death those who esteemed him might wish for such memorials, but that he could not give them, in the grave or out. He seemed to be much affected at the mention of dying, and went away. The English lady was vexed and angry, and said aloud, 'A stiff old prig! I would not give a farthing for it.' Nobody applauded her: women and men looked in her face coldly and fixedly. I began to feel for her; and, to show her that I did, I told her if she drove that way it should go hard with me but I gave her a lock of as good a man's. She stared at me as if she doubted my word. Upon which, to lend her confidence, I said, 'By my soul, miss! I say only what I mean; and you shall cut it your own sweet self.' In spite of every thing I could think of to pacify her, away she went, with old Holiness sticking in her gizzard; and the last words she uttered were, 'The horrid brute!' Now I do not think the offence she received from him warranted so fierce an expression."

Le Doux had offered many little attentions to the lady next him, from whom he sometimes had an answer, but often none. At last she was tired and impatient, and said to a girl on the other side of her, giving her an elbow-kick, "Christ Jesus! Bess; how this outlandish man does plague and worry me! Lord Almighty! will he never let me eat?"

Le Doux either did not hear or dissembled it; but the captain, who heard it plainly, was not aware of this, and said, "Let her alone, colonel; old cats will grumble over their meat, and mean nothing. If you intend civility, she is only my sister; you need not mind her; ay, Teresa?"

"I am as much to be minded as another, Phelim. Who soused you that sow's ear? There's no bacon where there's nobody to salt it. Mind that, and munch genteeler."

Universal approbation succeeded, excepting from Lady Glengrin, who neither uttered a word nor changed a feature. Le Doux declared that the lady was in the right, and that he himself was the only person to blame; no correction, he added, could make him moderate his attentions to wit, spirit, and beauty.

"Lord! he speaks as good English as the dean," exclaimed the pacified Teresa to her younger friend; "and when one does not eat, one can listen. Mind him; he is not so old as he seems: he may be forty."

"A fig for men of forty!" said the other in her ear; "and I do not much like him neither; for his nails are white all the way down, more like a beast's than a Christian's."

The last of these words were interrupted by a violent noise in front of the house; then at the door; then within it. Chairs rattled; imprecations and expostulations clashed, thickened, redoubled.

"Now for fun!" cried the captain, wiping first his hands with his whiskers, and then rubbing them together in raptures. "But better after our wine. — Moyle, run out and tell them to wait. Lady Glengrin, a thousand to one, among the rebels I find the fellow who stole your peacock, or some of his kin." "I hope, captain, if you do," replied her ladyship, "you will lay the lash on him smartly."

"Have you so many thieves about you, captain?" said Le Doux. "These, and three hundred thousand more of them," cried he. "We will whip them howsoever, till we find them out."

"What can so many steal?" asked Le Doux. "Steal!" replied the captain, "the thieves for the most part steal nothing; but nine in ten of the whole population are rebels, bloody dogs, fiery-hot papists as any in hell, enemies to church and king, tithe and orange; sly Scotch Presbyterians, earthed here; fellows who cry out so at the sight of a steeple, one would think you had poked it into the hollow tooth! I have flogged them myself until I have a rheumatism in my shoulder that will last me for life, and until there is a dearth of wire and honest hemp in all the midland parts of the country."

"You seem indeed to have been in active service," said Le Doux. "I have flogged this coat upon my back, and five hundred a-year into my pocket. I shall be major next Christmas, and die commander of a district. These things are not given for nothing."

"From your enthusiasm in your profession, you must have entered it early in life." "I was in the midst of the rogues at the outset." "You remember then the attempt of the revolutionary French, and of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald."

"Oh yes; I was then but a boy though. Often and often has he lifted me above his head, although I was as tall at ten as he was at thirty. He used to say, when people told him to take care of himself, that he had not an enemy that he knew or that knew him. Yet he found one here in Ireland who could do his business. He was such a merry, innocent, ingenuous little devil he could fidget a man's wife before his face, and no *blood-and-hounds* upon it, nor spit nor spade nor shillalah. And yet somehow he was the mischiefullest imp of all father Satan's fireside. Had he lived a couple of years, we should have had barefoot bishops and woollen epaulets; no army, all militia, — from bog to parade, from parade to bog, singing and whistling as who should care for any; and it would have been a month's labor to lift a hat. We have 'United Irishmen' in every county and township; and by my soul! if he had carried his plans into execution, we should have had none at all, at all, but 'United Irishmen.' Our people will always be bad when they can be, sir?"

An Englishman corroborated the observation by the words, "I believe it." At which the captain rose from his chair, and asked him what he meant by speaking ill of Ireland in his presence, which he swore no man should do while he had Irish blood in his veins.

"Nevertheless, they are most incorrigible rogues," said Lady Glengrin, remarking the silence and sorrowfulness of Le Doux.

"The vulgar are subject to error," said he, "and in these matters even the wise. Possibly your ladyship may find among them some who aspired to your countenance by participating your opinions on civil liberty."

"Civil liberty!" cried she indignantly. "What! among the bogs and mountains? Beside, these fellows have no more right to my opinions than to my property. Colonel Le Doux, I hardly could have expected in you the champion of robbery and revolt. If it were against a minister or king it might be well enough; but when one cannot keep a favorite peacock on the lawn, matters are carried too far."

There was silence for a moment, the first moment there had been hitherto, and this was violently broken by the obstreperous entrance of the cook, lifting up her ladle, which dropped the grease over the same-colored kerchief on her ample bosom.

"A dirty pagan! a dirty pagan!" cried she. "Because your Honor would not let a scurvy lieutenant come to table among the quality! 'What! forsooth!' said the polecat, 'if the daughter of Mother Jibbery is become a countess and picks her teeth here, am not I good enough to lift my jacket-flap upon the chair beside her?' 'No, you are not,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'no sucking-pig for countess or captain this blessed day;' and — oh the foul fox! with a devil in him from muzzle to brush — how do you think he began to baste the poor innocent?"

"Hold hard!" cried Mr. Roger Moyle. "Have you no decency, Turtulliana Trench?"

"Decency! the cockroach! I could skin him like an eel, out of the Suire, alive-alive. No roast pig to-day, by my salvation! as I am true to the Protestant ascendancy, unless your Honor spits the bloody traitor."

"Let me alone for that," said the captain calmly: "I shall see whether his ribs will crackle, and whether he has a handful of thyme and marjoram in his belly."

At this he said grace, and would have risen; but Le Doux took him by the hand, and, pressing it between his, submitted to his sounder judgment whether so trifling a matter were worthy of his exalted courage. The captain would have argued in the affirmative.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Moyle humanely, "the man was drunk; and drunken men are up to any thing, pretty nearly; aren't they, Miss?" She lifted up her shoulder, and said impatiently, "Let Phelim go his way. Sure we shall have a witty song from Tommy Moore upon it, ringing on the piano from Dublin to Belfast."

"Then let the whelp have both pig and fire for his own share!" exclaimed the captain. "I would rather be in a jail than in a song; and that witster's are never out of tune or out of fashion. Beside, we had all done with eating; and as for sucking-pigs, I know where the other seven are. But, right or wrong, I have something to say in Master Ralph's ear another time for his ill manners, and that won't lie like cotton in it, take my word."

The bottle was then pushed round; and it was announced to the ladies by the captain that they might sit where they were, as no smutty toasts would be given nor merry songs called for; and as coffee was fitter for Turks and tea for washerwomen; and, above all, as good claret was not to be had every day in the best houses. "Mine," added he, "never gets into the head, ladies! It passes like a guinea: don't be shy. 'Church and King,' if you please (what say you, colonel?); and then 'The Ladies,' and afterward, 'The Gentlemen,' from their fair lips; and now afore God, Roger Moyle, I do desire you will not favor us with any of your explanations."

"Lord help you, O'Mara!" said Moyle sneering, "they are no bigger fools than you and I. I wave the cap along the ground where the scent lies fainter round cover."

In despite of invitations and precautions, the party broke up early in the evening.

Lady Glengrin had alike sustained her dignity and her affability, and told the captain she did not wonder he was such a favorite at the castle. Her attendant, Lord Purlingstreamdale, was loftier. He looked hard, and did not hear Mr. Roger Moyle invite him across the table to drink a glass of claret. Mr. Roger Moyle appeared not to notice it at the time; but when they rose from table he took him gently by the sleeve and reminded him of it plaintively, in almost a whisper, saying he did not expect it at his hands, having left no less than eighty pounds for five weeks together in his father's bank, when his bailiff Sampson Haft sold the bullocks at Crookhaven. His lordship looked disdainfully.

"I am sorry you look so strange and modest and red, my lord," said Mr. Roger Moyle, "as there is a sort of kin between us."

"How so, Mr. Moyle?" said his lordship.

"Why, sure then," replied Mr. Roger Moyle, "and was not my father's kitchen-wench, poor Phillis, who died at eighty under my roof, own sister to Moll Harness, your grandmother, whom your grandfather, if he had lived, would have made an honest woman; for there was not one that scoured better nor harder in those parts pewter or brass, though Phillis was never slack.—No drawing up before me! no waistcoat-button against mine! I know your height without tape. I have some stray acres, my Lord Purlingstreamdale, and if you beat for me you may know where they lie, and where the house lies upon 'em; there's ne'er a tree hides it; it looks you in the face of day, erect and blithe as a bridegroom." Then, offering his hand, "Come, let us part friends, or we shall not sleep soundly; to-morrow every man to his fancy." He stooped a little and rubbed his palms, as men do before a good fire on coming from the cold, and in higher spirits than before ran to the carriage, the steps of which Lady Glengrin was about to mount, and invited her ladyship and Colonel Le Doux to Moylestown, where he told them he had dogs and some dirt for them if the weather should hold. They laughed heartily and drove off.

"Lord Purlingstreamdale, you do not enjoy Moyle's wit," said Lady Glengrin.

"I did not hear the man," replied he.

"Colonel, I should like to take you over," said her ladyship. "Roger Moyle is a man of ancient family. I may say it to you, although, when I mentioned it incidentally in the presence of O'Donohough, O'Dono told me that he was only a Saxon, if I called that ancient; and, being informed by a lady that the race was Norman, he scoffed and cried, 'Och! they are all one; the same thing top and bottom,' pitying the ignorance of his interrupter. Moyle possesses an estate of twenty miles or more in extent. At the beginning of our disturbances he was a great pacificator, although he commanded a body of cavalry; and the major of an English regiment told him that by such misconduct he had become suspected. 'I have one reason to be sorry for that; and only one,' said Roger Moyle. 'What is it, sir?' said the major haughtily. 'Because I shall be more so before night,' replied he. 'How!' exclaimed the major. 'By contriving a window on English ground that shall never pay tax.' 'I don't understand you, sir,' cried the major. 'Come out then, and bring your best pistols, looking first to flint and priming; and, by the grace of God, I make a loop-hole in that pantry there for a wiser man to look through.'

"They met; and he took the major by the hand" — here Lord Purlingstreamdale blushed and breathed hard — "and begged and entreated him, as a Christian, to retract his words. In vain. 'Any word, best or worst; only retract it,' said Moyle. The major told him to stand off, and not beg and pray there, after his insolent and braggart brogue. They fired; and the major fell. 'And now, gentlemen,' said Moyle to the seconds, 'as you have each your servant with you, do me the favor to take this uniform to headquarters, and to tell the general, with my best compliments, that it was Roger Moyle's.' And he stripped off his uniform and rode home in his shirt-sleeves, a distance of twenty-five miles, in the beginning of January."

"Captain O'Mara must be very intimate with him," Le Doux remarked. "He desired him at dinner to take a message out of the room."

"Do you wonder at any thing in O'Mara?" said the countess. "I never heard of a particular intimacy between them; but the maxim of Roger Moyle is to go wherever he is invited; for he says that nobody will invite him who does not like him, and that he has neither bad heart nor bad stomach. Obliging as he is, he would have been offended at such a liberty if there had been a servant in the room to deliver the message, or if O'Mara could have left the company. For although his conversation is coarse and clownish, there are certain points upon which, in common with the Irish in general, he is delicate and sensitive in the extreme. His moderation made him as much suspected by some of the insurgents, after he had laid down his uniform, as to the major. Toward the end of the same month he had been shooting, and was returning homeward when three armed men started up from among the gorse, and one of them advancing cried, 'Ho! Moyle! bring us your gun.'

"'Gentlemen,' replied he, 'it is easier for you to come and fetch it than for me to bring it. I have been out all day, with a brace of hares dangling, as you see, across my shoulder, and fifteen fat partridges in my pouch, if I counted right.'

"The man came closer, and cried, 'Off with your belt and down with your fowling-piece, straight forthwith, or —'

"'Or what?' cried Moyle. 'And now you threaten, friend, the play 's fair.' So saying, he discharged the contents through his body, and began to load again. The other two at first were astonished, but after a mutual exhortation, on seeing that the gun was not double-barrelled, they rushed forward against him. He drew a pistol, and shot one; the other begged his life until he could confess.

"'Draw your charge then,' said Moyle; 'and now give me the ramrod, — and now off my grounds in the twinkling of an eye, or you sleep in the kennel on raw horse-flesh no sweeter than yourself, and such whiskey as curs give curs.'

"He broke the ramrod, threw the pieces over the man's head, and, without looking after him, walked home."

"He appeared to me," said Le Doux, "a very ordinary man; begging his pardon, for my opinion was a most unjust one, and I am happy to correct it. Whatever he says is wrong, and whatever he does is right. Now of all things in a man's character this is the most uncommon, the most opposite to what we find or expect. I regret that I was not near enough to him to lead him into conversation."

"His conversation," said Lady Glengrin, "has usually a tendency to the indelicate, which produces the effect of wit among the uneducated, and which, I am sorry to say, in this country almost always accompanies it. In France and England the dinner-table is the theatre of decorum: in Ireland there are persons of rank and distinction who forget that the table-cloth is still before them, and that the defilement they suffer to escape them may run down and reach their daughters.

"Moyle entertains that contempt for reading and study which is general, not to say universal, among our gentry. Yet, from the little I have seen of him, I do not think him deficient in understanding or acuteness, although there is a story about him which, if true, goes to prove the contrary. On his return home one morning from some appointment with the justices about a road, to be carried (they told him) directly through his estate, his butler heard him repeat to himself by jerks and twitches some sharp oath-like interjections, as he walked up and down the dining-room; and took the liberty of saying, 'Master, what are you angry at?' Moyle's answer was, with a smile, 'Because, Nan, I was angry. If a man can't keep his temper, what is he fit to keep?' Andrew, who had lived with him from a boy, was satisfied; and only said he did not think wrath was worth carrying home, though a man rode.

"That Roger Moyle has not much reflection is proved by an occurrence well known and often related. His mother's uncle was the catholic bishop of the diocese: a learned and pious man. On his death-bed he was frequently visited by Moyle. One evening he said, 'Roger, you have an excellent heart, sound sense, and great influence in the county. I am sorry, on leaving the world, to think we shall never meet again.'

"'Don't think about that, Uncle Nol,' said Roger. 'I will remain with you, and lie upon a rug in this chamber, if you wish it.' The bishop groaned, 'Poor Roger! blind still! kind-hearted nephew! in another world then we never must meet!' and burst into tears. 'Uncle Nol!' said Roger, 'tears are good for the tooth-ache, but may do harm in your complaint. Let us be reasonable, and discourse it over.'

"The bishop pressed his hand, and thanked him for the only act of kindness he never had seemed disposed to. 'You will then hear me, Roger, upon our holy faith?' He brought forward all the arguments in its support, every one of which was irrefragable, and pure from the mouth of apostles, doctors, and confessors; and at the conclusion he cried, 'I have a cloud more of witnesses.'

"'The cloud we have had is quite enough, Uncle Nol!' 'Now, Roger, can you doubt them?' cried the good man emphatically. 'I cannot,' said Roger. 'You hold then these blessed truths?' 'I do.' 'And will stand firmly thereby?' 'I will.' 'You abandon then your own pernicious errors?'

"Roger hesitated; and then said tenderly, 'Uncle Nol, turn upon your back again and lie quiet. Sure I may keep my own errors, and take yours too.'

"'O nephew Roger! my last hopes are blighted!'

"'Pooh! pooh! no such thing. I believe all that you have said, Uncle Nol; but I may believe other folks as civilly. Men of honor may differ in opinion, and no harm in it, while they don't contradict. If you tell me what you saw and what you know, why then indeed I take your word rather than another's, as being my next of kin, and aware right well what blood is in your veins.'"

"Incapable as I have shown myself," said Le Doux, "of judging the other parts of his character, I will not hazard a word upon his prudence; but it appears wonderful to me that, in the vicinity of those whose relatives he has shot, he rides home alone in the evening, through a country so uninhabited."

"The same thing was remarked to him by Captain O'Mara," said Lady Glengrin, "and he replied that he was mounted on such a horse as no man need be ashamed of; that, if there were few, he would show them his head; and, if the bidders were too many, his tail. Neither expostulation nor experience have altered his custom. Nat Withers, called familiarly from this time forward 'the man of the broken ramrod,' told his story with a few variations, and swore in the presence of several that he would kill the first soldier he met, private or officer, in service or out. The declaration was made before O'Mara, who, in addition to his other offices, is justice of the peace. He watched his opportunity of surrounding Nat's house, which Nat had been just seen entering, and called aloud, 'Nat Withers!' Nat came to the door, and falling on his knees, 'Why sure, captain, your Honor cannot want me; you have so many other brave men about you. For the love of Christ! what are your Worship's commands?'

"'Nat Withers! only just come a step out and be hanged, and hold your tongue upon it. Leave the rest to me: witnesses are sworn; all is ready, just as you could wish it; sentence and service shall be read over you at once. Up upon your legs! be aisy!'

"Nat sprang up, and attempted to run off; but, turning the corner of the house, was shot. 'There may be more of them within,' said the captain; 'lose no time, boys!'

"They were entering the cabin, when the wife met them, and levelled one with her fist, and stabbed another to the heart with a knife. Surrounded and seized by the remainder, she threw it from her, and fixing her eyes upon the captain, 'Och, bloody hound! Och, that it was not thee!' 'Ugly witch!' cried O'Mara, 'who art thou?' 'I am Dinah Shee, Nat Withers's wife these nine years, whose blood be upon thy head!' 'Better there than upon this new pantaloon,' said O'Mara, 'where a braver man's is.' 'A lie in your hound's throat a stride across!' cried Dinah: 'there was no braver man in all Ireland than Nat Withers, though he was not always brave at the right time.'

"The captain smiled; she struck at him with her fist; he caught her arm, and said calmly: 'Dinah Shee! thou hast spoken fair, and done well and bravely. If any one bears false witness against thee on this little matter, I will appear in thy behalf and swear him down to the devil! mind that, boys!'

"At these words she fell upon the ground, and howled tremendously. 'Leave the poor soul in her cabin,' said O'Mara to his men; 'she cannot do less for the dead; and Nat there won't come again and bother her about it.'"

Le Doux was saddened at the smile on the countenance of Lady Glengrin, who asked him where were his thoughts.

"I would have reserved them entire for Mr. Moyle," replied he, "if your ladyship had not been mistress of them, and given them another direction. Really, I should like to see his town."

"Town!" cried Lady Glengrin with surprise.

"When he did us the honor to invite us, did he not say Moyle's-town?"

"It was always a lone house; although once there was another nearer it, which he pulled down because the tenant had poisoned a fox; saying that he who would poison a fox would, in proper time and place, at last poison a Christian, and after that a child. To explain the subject of your observation: our houses in the country we call *towns* and *boroughs;* we have *castles* and *forts* of one story high, comfortably thatched, but without wall or ditch, rail or pale, bolt or shutter, and with green sash-windows, in honor of the shamrock, down to the ground. Our lodges and cottages are at the gates of Dublin, in Merion-square, or Stephen's-green, or wings perhaps to the Custom-house."

During the remainder of their drive homeward, her ladyship commended the prudence of Le Doux, who fearing that some cruelty might be committed in the captain's house on the men arrested, and before the visitors had left it, requested her ladyship to remember that the evenings were damp and chilly; that perhaps more of the disaffected might be abroad; and that, in order to obviate any alarm to herself on the latter subject, and to him principally on the former, as her ladyship's health had been delicate, it might be better to give her commands about the horses. She began to apologize for introducing him to such a creature; adding that, as he had been presented at court, he was a person to be visited, but that still she did not like it. "However, he keeps the rabble in quietness," said she; "and we have had only one robbery in the parish, the most peaceful in Ireland, all the year. Unluckily it was my peacock. As for murders, there have been only seven or eight in as many months, chiefly of middlemen and tithemen, — beside a cow, which indeed died rather from hocking, and from having her tongue cut out unskilfully."

A few days after, Le Doux rode into the country to the distance of twelve or fourteen miles. He found the labors of the husbandman unremitted, his food of the coarsest quality, and proportionally less plenteous than, from calculation of profit, we give our swine and calves. He saw the Catholic faith in all its purity, but without its festivals. On his return he mentioned this; and here both parties and every individual agreed: namely, that the only good thing among them was the absence of holidays.

"The absence of a thing, a good thing!" said he, pondering. "And this absence, *among* them! That is more like an article of faith than an article of logic." He had been accustomed to such inconsequences; but never could he persuade himself that incessant labor is a blessing, or that what is individually bad is nationally good. "Can there be prosperity where there is no happiness?" said he within himself: and it was the first time that a statesman ever had revolved a question the most original and the most important. To be awake is well; but to sleep is well also. To work is good; but to cease from it is not less. Much is gained to a nation by handicraft and digging: is nothing gained by joy and gladness, and by rendering them the immovable Lares of the poor man's hearth? The assertion was uncontradicted, that there were in Ireland four millions of poor or oppressed. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Le Doux, "four millions! the remainder of the earth does not contain the half. Those educated in slavery are willing slaves. The Mahometans have expeditious, equal, and inexpensive laws, and for the most part a delightful climate, — the two greatest blessings; and they believe in fatality, — no small one! The Pagans hear of nothing better than what they possess and enjoy. The Irish not only hear of it, but are promised it, and have earned it. Fatalism is the only foolish thing they do not believe in. And their climate is such that, rather than bear its inclemency, they eat and drink smoke. What hovels! what food! what beds! what contests of their children and their swine for even these! Shall then their innocent festivals, — the best part of the best religions, and here so requisite as a solace, so acceptable as a compensation, — be forbidden them?"

O Catholicism! thou art verily a syphilis among the moral evils, eating deep into the political, and fatal where unchecked; but thou hast thy truckle-couch for thy sores to lie easy on, and something under it to catch thy drivelling. God help thee if these are removed!

To dance on Sundays, to enjoy the delights of music, — the purest of delights, the greatest, the most humanizing, — are things unlawful: the Catholic and Protestant are covenanters here. They may celebrate the Lord's-day, but they must be as gloomy as if it were the devil's. A gauger comes round, and measures every man's smile; and we may expect the Society for the Suppression of Vice to offer a reward for a gelotometre, which Johnson would have defined, "A diatonic instrument whereby the cachinnations of laughter may be mensurated."

In Ireland, as in England, Sunday is a festival; but he who presumes to enjoy the first course must chew the last in the stocks or in the House of Industry, or acquire an appetite for another such feast by the wholesome exercise of the tread-mill. If Sundays were holidays as they should be, and Christmas-day and New-year's day were added, the quantity of time devoted to idleness would be sufficient. At present they are days of dead languor, and make the tired laborer wish again for work. To scold is not forbidden on them; to sing is. He may quarrel with his neighbor; he must not play with him. Shall the religion then of no nation be free not only from gross and incoherent but from restless and insulting absurdities? Shall kindness be the basis of none, — loudly as Christianity hath proclaimed it, constantly as its divine and ever-blessed Founder hath practised and commanded it? Intolerant and self-sufficient bigots, the most impudent and crazy of mankind, legislate for churches and gloss for Christ. They do not trouble their heads in what manner the commutative offices of life are executed, the duties of every day, the interests of society in contact with us; and never are quiet on those which they call the *everlasting*, but which in fact are no interests at all, being mere dependences on belief or unbelief in matters incapable of demonstration, and inapplicable to practice. Much of fanaticism is seen in England, some in Ireland; but fanaticism here is among the lighter curses.

"It appears to me," said Le Doux, "that in this country the features of evil are harsh, the form indefinite."

"We must acknowledge," said Lady Glengrin, "that none of our statesmen has been capable of improving the condition of the Irish."

"What!" cried Le Doux, "does the plague rage perennially? Do the rains of heaven never fall among you? Have you no roads, no rivers, no harbors? Have you no herbage, no cattle, no corn?"

"Of these things," replied she, "we have plenty."

"Bear me witness, Heaven!" exclaimed Le Doux, enthusiastically. "To make men happier requires little wisdom, but much will. What was Odessa? What is it now? Madam, I do not pretend to greater knowledge than many possess in every kingdom: I wished to do good, and, being in authority, I did it. The Russians were not advanced in civilization much farther than the Irish; but the gentry were more humane, the clergy more tolerant, and in consequence the *serfs* more docile."

The Irish friends of Le Doux began to think him some a visionary, some an incendiary; and he, who saw only confusion and contradiction from the first, discovered that the same person was the most polite and the rudest, the most hospitable and the most sordid, the most contentious and the best-natured creature in the world.

"It is time to leave this carnival," said he. "The mask in fashion is half-white and half-black: every man finds its inconvenience, yet every man wears it. There is only one exception, and, strangest of contradictions, it is a minister of state. Let me fly from this scene of enchantment while the bristles are not yet out upon me."

XII. FLORENTINE, ENGLISH VISITOR, AND LANDOR.

Descending the staircase of Palazzo-Medici, which I inhabit, I observed the venerable old gentleman, its proprietor, walking up and down gravely before his own apartment. He seemed to avoid my salutation; whether the most modest of men did not wish to speak while a stranger was with me, or whether he was returning to his room for any thing. However, as he had seen me, I went up to him; inquired after his health, which has been long declining, and then after the Grand Duke's, who had been confined to his bed four days, as I learned the day preceding. I now saw the reason why the marchese turned away: tears were in his eyes, and running down his cheeks copiously. He took my hand, lifted it between his on a level with his heart, and said, "He is in his last agonies!"

While I stood silent, for I was affected deeply at seeing in tears an old man, majestic in gait and stature, and cordially my friend, I fancied I heard more footsteps in the street than usual, and that people walked faster and stopped oftener.

I heard no songs. It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague or under the Duke of Athens, that you could have heard none; for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers. I turned, and seeing the porter at the gate, who had been asking some questions, I called to him. He must have heard me, yet he went into his lodge and said nothing. I followed him, and wishing to hear a more favorable report, inquired how the Grand Duke was.

"Sir," said the porter, "I hope you do not think me wanting in respect: I can hardly tell you."

"Let us hope then he is better."

"He is with God."

He turned his back on me: his gray hairs glimmered with the tremulous motion of his head, until he rested his brow against the wall. Not wishing to pursue my walk, nor deeming it decorous, I proposed to my visitor that he should return and sit down again. At this instant a young man overtook us with a quick step.

"Better it had been me, ten thousand times," cried he.

"Luigi," said I, knowing his voice, "stop a moment: is it quite certain?"

"I am happy you stopped me," replied he. "I was running to my father: it would have half-killed him."

Few more words passed between us, and we went our way. When my visitor and myself were upstairs again and seated, "Really," said he, "I am now of your opinion: there is no sincerity in this people. I don't mean the old gentleman, whoever he is."

Landor. And what think you then of the porter?

English Visitor. I did not see him, nor hear what he said; you went alone into the lodge. But the young man carries it too far.

Landor. The Grand Duke has given him nothing; and which of his ministers, think you, is not proud of saying to himself, "I can withhold an office worth a crown a day from the descendant of our first Grand Duke"?

English Visitor. What! and are these two gentlemen of that family? Is it possible they can be thus affected at the decease of one who occupied the throne of their ancestors? I should as soon have expected it from you. And truly I never saw you less disposed to talk on the meeting of an old acquaintance, or less capable (you must excuse me) of saying something worth hearing.

Landor. I never said any thing in my lifetime so worthy of making an impression on the mind, as what you heard from that young man. Treasure it up in your recollection: lose nothing, as you hope for heaven, of that which may give you a better opinion of your fellow-creatures, a just and worthy one of God's great work. How good and glorious when the right affections are unsuppressed by the perverse; when love, pity, gratitude, are in vigor; when Death himself warms our hearts and elevates our affections! Then are we indeed redeemed from our fallen state!

English Visitor. You are coming round, I perceive. I shall see you a *king's friend* ere long.

Landor. God grant it!

English Visitor. Well! at least you have no hypocrisy. But, upon my soul, I did not think you so very — let me say at least — unguarded. You would really (don't be angry) be bribed then?

Landor. Really and truly.

English Visitor. Your smile is a fixed one; and must I believe you? I would have sworn that you never would have changed your principles; not even to be prime minister.

Landor. Swear nothing.

English Visitor. No, after this, indeed! You have acted very inconsistently; not only in the change of your principles, but in the management of your talents. In the time of Castlereagh, there was indeed but little hope from a fellow who never read a book through, even at school, and who was once proved by a friend in joke not to know the latitude of England by ten or any other number of degrees. Canning, however, is a scholar; and, what is more to the purpose, he is obliged to pick up *sad sticks.*

Landor. They resemble the dragon-fly. I see his hard eyes and heavy body (heavy it is for a fly), and see not what it is that bears him up above my hedge: so filmy and apparently so inadequate is the finer part of him. Such are the insects now in office. Canning is himself an understrapper; a Gil Blas turned sour, and with a tendency to the vapid.

English Visitor. What would you have? Public men and public women may alike be designated by one trisyllable. Ministers come into office by giving as a pledge their virtue, their judgment, and their sentiment. They resign themselves bound hand and foot to the faction that hoodwinks the crown, — a faction existing in every kingly government; and they distribute employments according to the lists presented to them, being permitted to insert out of their own families and partisans a limited assortment of names. Here they may stick in a bishop, here they may prick a judge, here they may cushion an envoy; but leaving room on each side of him for another to bench his secretary, and a third to boot his courier.

Florentine. The court of England has not been quite so observant of merit in its appointment of diplomatists to the smaller courts as, no doubt, it has to the higher. We Tuscans have been more amused by some of them than edified or flattered. One Sieur Dorkins, a secretary of legation, no sooner found himself in possession of his hundred pounds a year, than he bought a pony, hired the best saddle and bridle that were to be let out, presented a bunch of flowers (when the season was somewhat advanced) to the lady of highest rank he met at the *Cascine*, and manifested his resolution to be *cavaliere serviente* wherever he found beauty and cookery. He soon introduced himself to Madame Mozzi, a lady of great personal attractions, good-humored, witty, well-informed, and whose house enjoys the reputation of an admirable kitchen. The next morning he addressed a billet to her, declaring that she had pleased him, and desiring to know at what hour she would be ready to receive his visit. She answered him frankly, and proposed that the interview should take place in the evening. Sieur Dorkins ran to the milliner's, bought a frill; to the perfumer's, a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne;* to a friend's, and borrowed a cambric handkerchief. Observing that his gloves bore the marks of the bridle, he put them into his pocket before he knocked at the door. This he did once and softly. It opened as by magic; and a servant in a rich livery with a lively salutation ushered him upstairs. He passed through an ante-chamber filled with fine pictures: every countenance in the portraits seemed to smile on him, every landscape bloomed before him. He had little taste or time for them; onward he followed the valet; the folding-doors of the drawing-room flew open: the whole family were there assembled. Sieur Dorkins being loudly announced, all eyes were instantaneously fixed on him. Madame Mozzi and her *aja* rose from their seats; and the former, smiling graciously, turned again to the company, and presented "the Illustrissimo who would have done such honor to them all, had he not fixed his attentions on the least worthy of the family." They bowed to the sieur. "And now," said Madame Mozzi to the *aja*, "you will do me the favor, my dear friend, to read aloud the elegant note of the British secretary." The *aja* wiped her glasses, placed them across the slender ridge they befitted, and, without any change of voice or physiognomy, read it slowly through. The husband took Sieur Dorkins by the hand, apologized for the necessity he was under of leaving him so soon after his introduction, and wished him all possible success in his negotiation. The other relatives complimented him on the peculiar frankness of the English character, of which they protested they had never seen before so charming a specimen; the lady told him, with an air of sweet concern and tender reproof, that she only lamented to find him somewhat colder than his note had promised. In reply to the smiles that were lurking and trembling in the unsteady dimples of her lips, he bit his angrily, twitched up one side of his shirt-collar, bowed as well as he had learned to bow, and withdrew. He found the servants ranged upon the staircase. His conductor told him it was customary in Tuscany to give a *mancia* on the first good fortune, and hoped his Excellency would remember it.

English Visitor. I believe the story to be true in all its parts and circumstances; for I have heard it frequently, even in England: and indeed, wherever a tale of consummate impudence is related, the Sieur Dorkins comes forward as regularly as the sentinel in a German clock at the hour. But no man of the most ordinary attainments among us has reason to despair of office, if that man possesses a lucrative and a high one who came from Ireland half-naked, offered his services to the publisher of a periodical work at two guineas a week, and, writing in defence (as he tells us) of our laws and religion, shocked a good old woman in her hospitality, which at that time he found very useful, by seasoning her leg of lamb and pigeon-pie with the coarsest and stalest of irreligion. I dare not repeat the allusion to the "Lamb of God," nor need I remind you what and on whom descended the similitude of a dove. Referring to the ribald, the only friend worthy of Lord Hertford (Cumberland) said he was the most vulgar man in the least elegant and least decorous of nations; but that he could forgive him, if he were not also the most malignant in the least spiteful. I can account for it only from the facility with which his old associates despise him, and the violent effort he makes at mutual disdain. I dare to profess myself a Christian; in belief a very sincere, in conduct a most defective, one: but if any ratiocination led me away a fugitive from my father's house, and deaf to the reclamations of my dearest friends, still what could so harden me as that I should turn into ridicule one who had warned me of danger, and who had offered to accompany me in adversity? I leave him without thanks; I abandon him without regret; and am I never to be reminded of his innocence and gentleness, but when hunger or fortune has led me, "nothing loth," to the "warm precincts" of a pigeon-pie? Afterward I hear of him insulted by the ignorant, persecuted by the bigot, dragged before the judge, delivered to the executioner. What then if this person, whom (say I know no more of him) I know to be the purest, the gentlest, the most beneficent of men, should be ready to die, nay, should have died, for *me!* Do I want a godhead to shake my heart at this? Humanity, at the report of it, feels it through all her fibres, and drops on the earth in tears.

Landor. Preserve this character; foster and encourage these thoughts, which must render you happier and better than any other can do. Nothing of envy will follow them; much of gayety may; particularly if they assist you in recollecting of what materials our modern greatness is composed, and that the only thing in which monarchs now imitate God is in forming their first men out of the dust. Better stuff was required for court-equipage in ages esteemed far more barbarous. We had then our knights of the pink, or the lily, or the daisy; pleasant, alert, companionable, jovial; at present we have knights of the eating-house, baronets of the whiskey-bottle, lord-provosts of the letter-press, and lords of session at the gazette and magazine. Certain hands, patient (you would swear) of every thing but a glove, are armed with clubs and cudgels that seem cognate with them; and certain eyes are peeping forth from their lattices at every inlet of literature, that those who enter without the watchword may be well smitten or well splashed. Formerly titles were inherited by men who could not write; they now are conferred on men who will not let others. Theirs may have been the darker age; ours is the duller. In theirs a high spirit was provoked; in ours proscribed. In theirs the bravest were pre-eminent; in ours the basest.

English Visitor. One objection to your *Imaginary Conversations* is, that you represent some living characters as speaking with greater powers of mind than they possess, vile as they are in conduct.

Landor. It cannot be expected, by those who know of what materials the cabinets of Europe are composed, that any person in them should reason so conclusively, and with such illustrations, as some who are introduced. This, if it is a blemish in a book, is one which the book would be worse without. The practice of Shakspeare and Sophocles is a better apology for me than I could offer of my own. If men were to be represented as they show themselves, encrusted with all the dirtiness they contract in public life, in all the debility of ignorance, in all the distortion of prejudice, in all the reptile trickery of partisanship, who would care about the greater part of what are called the greatest? Principles and ideas are my objects: they must be reflected from high and low; but they must also be exhibited where people can see them best, and are most inclined to look at them.

English Visitor. You, by proper attention, or even by abstinence from attack, might have gone out among the Commissioners to America.

Landor. I go out nowhere: here I live, here I die perhaps. A sea-voyage of very few days, although I suffer no sickness, makes me weary of life itself. What a situation is that in which, next to the sight of port, a tempest is the thing most desirable! I would not be embarked two months, to possess the kingdom of Montezuma united with that of Aurengzebe.

English Visitor. You appear to have no ambition, at least of this kind; you live upon a fifth of your income, willingly or unwillingly, and live handsomely and hospitably: what do you want then?

Landor. That which I told you before, — to become a *king's friend.* Peace, freedom, independence for nations, — these shall buy me: and, if nothing but the humiliation of their betters can win the hearts of rulers, I would almost kiss their hands to obtain them. Had avarice or ambition guided me, remember I started with a larger hereditary estate than those of Pitt, Fox, Canning, and twenty more such amounted to; and not scraped together in this, or the last, or the preceding century, in ages of stockjobbing and peculation, of cabinet-adventure and counterfeit nobility. My education, and that which education works upon or produces, was not below theirs: yet certain I am that, if I had applied to be made a tide-waiter on the Thames, the minister would have refused me. In the county where my chief estate lies, — a waste and unprofitable one, but the third I believe in extent of any there, — it was represented to me that the people were the most lawless in Great Britain; and the two most enlightened among the magistrates wished and exhorted me to become one. It would have been a great hindrance to my studies; yet a sense of public good, and a desire to promote it by any sacrifice, induced me to propose the thing to the Duke of Beaufort, the lord-lieutenant. He could have heard nothing more of me, good or evil, than that I was a studious man, and that although I belonged to no society, club, or party, and never sat in my life at a public dinner, I should oppose his family in elections. The information, however probable, was wrong. I had votes in four counties, and could influence fifty or sixty, and perhaps many more; yet I never did or will influence one in any case, nor ever give one while Representation is either cheat or coaxer. The noble duke declined my proposal.

These bells recall my attention from what is personal and from what is worthless.

Florentine. How they clatter and jingle! The ringers are pulling every bell-rope in the whole city as fast and as furiously as they can.

Landor. The sound of one only, the largest in the place, tolling slowly at equal intervals, makes a different impression on the hearer. We are impatient of these, which are rung in the same manner to announce a festival: instead of impatience at the others, we wait in suspense for every stroke, and the pulse of the heart replies to it. No people but the English can endure a long continuation of gravity and sadness: none pay the same respect to the dead.

English Visitor. Here not only the poorer, but householders and fathers of families, are thrown together into a covered cart; and when enough of them are collected, they are carried off by night and cast naked into the ditch in the burial-ground. No sheet about them, no shroud externally, no coffin, no bier, no emblem of mortality; none of sorrow, none of affection, none of hope. Corpses are gathered like rotten gourds and cracked cucumbers, and thrown aside where none could find if any looked for them. Among people in easy circumstances, wife, children, relatives, friends, all leave the house when one of the family is dying; the priest alone remains with him: the last sacrament solves and sunders every human tie. The eyes, after wandering over the altered scenes of domestic love, over the silent wastes of friendship, are reconciled to whatever is most lugubrious in death, and are closed at last by mercenaries and strangers.

Landor. My children were playing on the truly English turf before the Campo Santo in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, walked up to them and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more such pretty little ones. He opened the doors of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained (I hear) several dead bodies, stark-naked; in the smaller were two infants, with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the foundling-hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither; but the elder said, "Teresa, who shut up these mimmi? I will tell papa. Why do not they come out and play till bed-time?"

The "mimmi" *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played — till bed-time!

English Visitor. And "papa," though he could not alter the thing, has been collecting a rod in every walk of his, in high-road or by-road, for those whose negligences and inhumanities are greater in greater matters; which rod some years hence will scourge many backs, and be laid on by many hands, amid the shouts of nations.

Landor. So be it! although he who tied the twigs be never thought of; although he be cast before his time into the cart-house.

English Visitor. The death of Ferdinand must be felt as a general and great calamity, thus fixing as it does, or strongly checking, the levity of the Florentines, — a people far indeed from cruel, the least so perhaps of any in Italy, where none deserve the name; but the most selfish, the most ungrateful, the most inconstant. Pardon me, sir, if you have any relatives in the city. A ruler of the Romans, sick and weary of their baseness, wished they had but one neck. I have often wished the Florentines had as much as one heart among them. To-day I think my wish is accomplished.

Florentine. Although there is hardly one of us who would not with whatever ignominy flee from death, were flight possible, yet the appearance of it in others has little terror, little awe. The reason is, the sight is familiar and unaccompanied by solemnity or decorum. The priests and family, even when the wealthy and distinguished are carried to their last home, walk rapidly along with the bearers of the body, and seem only to be thinking how they shall soonest get it out of the way, and do some other business.

Religion in fact does not demand much anxiety from us for those who sleep; and Philosophy is indifferent whether the pace with which the defunct are carried to the grave be quick or slow.

Christianity is so kind, that one objection to it, the worst indeed and the weakest, is the impracticability of performing all the kindness it enjoins. It demands no anxiety; it demonstrates on the other hand how every one may be removed.

Landor. Our English burial service is the most impressive thing to be found in any religion, old or recent: it is framed on the character of the people, and preserves it. I have seen every other part of clerical duty neglected or traversed; but I never saw a clergyman who failed in this, when he consigned his parishioner to the grave. As for philosophy, if our philosophy tell us any thing which shocks or troubles or perplexes our humanity, let us doubt it, and let us put off the examination of it a long while.

English Visitor. Did you know the Grand Duke?

Landor. I am the only Englishman in Florence who did not attend his court, and the only one he ever omitted to salute.

Florentine. Upon my word, you might have expected it. And yet I hear he received the exiles of Naples; and when it was told him that his Neapolitan Majesty could not be present at court the few days he was here, if such rebels were admitted, he replied, "It would be hard if kings had not as much liberty as their subjects."

Landor. Equitable, humane, incomparable prince! Whatever you hear good and gracious of him you may well believe. I saw him first at Pisa, where he resided in winter without pomp and state, and walked about the streets and in the country with his son or any other friend. The Pisans, accustomed to meet him every day, noticed him only as they notice a brother or father: he drew no crowd about him. At the extremity of the principal square is an ancient church, dedicated to St. Catharine; and in this church there happened to be a festival. As I lose no opportunity of hearing music where people are silent, observing the red silk festoons float over the church-door I went in. There were few present; within the rails I saw only the officiating priests, the Grand Duke, and Savi, the professor of botany, who had entered with him and was seated by him, and who spoke to him from time to time. The service being finished, the Grand Duke bowed with peculiar courtesy, and only to one person: it was in the direction where I stood. Two or three days afterward a worthy priest, who had thrown aside his gown and had taken a uniform, in the course of conversation with me said gravely, "But really, my dear friend, we may extend too far our prejudices and dislikes. If you could be prevailed upon to go but once to court, you would find him the best soul in the world. Savi tells me you did not return the salute of the Grand Duke."

My heart sank within me, deeper than ever any courtier's did, at the charge of inattention: for it has more room to work in, and takes it all. Ferdinand still continued to notice with his usual condescension and affability my wife and little boy, whom he met every day in some place or other; but always turned his eyes from me.

Nevertheless I persevered in repairing my fault, in my own eyes at least. I elevated my hat above my head long before I met him, and passed without a look toward him.

He soon forgave me, or forgot me: which answered the same purpose.

Florentine. Princes are more offended at a slight inattention than at almost the worst thing you can do, or say, or write against them.

Landor. A dead thorn or the smallest pebble may hurt or molest a Wellington for a moment, according to the part it acts upon; and I, who amid the powerful of the earth am no better, may have pained in my ignorance a tenderer bosom than beats among the surviving masters of mankind.

Florentine. May Leopold, who applies his studies to the history of his country in order to write it fully and faithfully, illustrate by his life the last pages of it; and, after a longer course, be succeeded by a son as virtuous and affectionate!

— A long silence followed. I was little disposed to converse, or my visitor to go away. We heard a voice of inquiry at the ante-chamber door, and I started to give orders that no person should be admitted, when there stood before me a worthy man who had offered my family a window in his house yesterday, to see from it the procession of *Corpus Domini.* After expressing the hope that no accident or indisposition had prevented it, "You have heard, no doubt, the distressing news," added he. "Even those who were unfriendly to Ferdinand and his government lament his loss, and speak becomingly of his character."

English Visitor. We are pained at hearing ill of the living, and at hearing good of the dead: of the recently dead at least.

Florentine. You do not appear to unite with us in our regrets; your mind is abstracted, your ideas and thoughts absorbed: you want stupendous men, prodigies of genius.

Landor. Not I indeed, my friend: I want honest ones; and Ferdinand was both honest and wise. If his wisdom did not fly off perpetually in sparks and splinters, it was only the better and the more useful for it.

The greater part of geniuses may be measured by pocket-rules; others require a succession of triangles, must be surveyed from stations upon mountain-heads, and the exact computation of their altitude is to be determined but after some ages.

Of these Alps and Ararats, in the various regions of the world there may be five or six perhaps. The heavy stick their poles in them, clamber up, and protest they see nothing extraordinary ; the lighter one, more disappointed still, cries, "I thought they were above the clouds! However, I will cut my name upon the summit, and break off something."

Florentine. I was about to mention that Ferdinand was not indeed a subject for trigonometry. In abilities he was on a level, or little more than on a level, with the greater part of mankind ; but I believe that no man living had so accurate a judgment where judgment is of most importance. His sense of justice and right was perfect. It was perfect from an exquisite fibre and most delicate tact, and from an early and uninterrupted practice of it. Sovereigns are thought not to have the whole of their *apanage*, unless they have some embossed pieces of wit placed beside them. Ferdinand was not facetious ; on the contrary he was rather grave, and would not have fathered the best joke in the world. And truly I know not how it happens, but we Florentines, who are famous for feigning all other things, never feign wit for any one.

English Visitor. Your Machiavelli, I think, cannot be fairly accused of doing it ; who, wishing to attribute a few smartnesses, practical and theoretical, to Castruccio Castracani, rather than invent them himself went back to the ancients for them, and poured them into his haversack dry as date-fruit.

Florentine. Valets and chamberlains, and other attendants on Ferdinand, have related to their friends and acquaintances many of his sayings, which would seem witty and sharp if good nature did not cover them from point to hilt. The other day, as you know (for I remember you laughed heartily at it), his remark was excellent. The wit was, like the ananas, sharp, sweet, refreshing, beautiful ; and it was safely tangible from its seasonable ripeness.

English Visitor. Sir, our friend Landor here is a fond lover of wit, but like many fond lovers is without the object of his affections. I am sure he will gladly hear the thing over again, if you will favor me by giving us it.

Florentine. When the only son of Marchese Bartolomei had taken a wife without the consent of his family, the father as you may suppose was indignant. He ran to Palazzo Pitti, demanded an audience of the Grand Duke and was admitted. After he had particularized the whole affair, with comments no doubt in abundance, "Well, my friend, how can I serve you?" said his Highness: "what can I do in the business?"

"Highness! it is against the law," answered Bartolomei.

"My dear marchese, now the thing is done and cannot be undone or altered, would it not be better to be reconciled to the young people?"

"Never, never, never, while I have breath in my body!"

"Patience! my good Bartolomei! Consider a little; reflect a moment; pray, of what age is your son?"

"Old enough to be wiser."

"We all are; people say so at least: and yet —"

"He is near upon eighteen."

"A mere boy: unfortunately for him, just one remove beyond boy's chastisement. I hope you would not punish him, as matters stand."

"I came for justice, Highness!"

"The laws, you say, will give it: you shall have it; do not doubt it. Be calm; be comforted; think again upon it."

"I have thought again and again and more than enough about it. I am resolved to punish him."

"Let him have her then. Come, Bartolomei, I am going to my piano-forte: would it amuse you?"

"Highness! I take my leave."

The last of his public acts, admitting to view the gait and whole gesture of his character, was displayed by him about a month afterward; that is, about a month ago. A person now in Florence had been expelled by their Holinesses of the Sacred Alliance from France, Spain, and Piedmont, and perhaps from other kingdoms. He came hither without a passport, and was ordered by the president of the *buon governo* to leave the city. Disconsolate, desolate, desperate, he resolved to present a memorial to the Grand Duke. "From the various States I have passed through I can show nothing," said he, "but orders to leave the country." The mild prince sent immediately for the president of the *buon governo*, who thinking, on such occasions at least, that expedition was best, would have banished the stranger. "If he is, or if you think him to be, a bad subject," said Ferdinand, "it is your office to watch him narrowly. Would you drive him out to save trouble? Shall the whole earth be interdicted to him because he has been troublesome in one part of it, or suspected in another? If he were worthy of imprisonment, there is little doubt that he would have been imprisoned; or if of death, that he would have been executed. They permit him to live, and would leave him no place to live in. He must be somewhere. To hunt and pursue the poor creature through the world is worse than any sentence of condemnation. Let him rest where he is, and be like others amenable to the laws."

Landor. At my arrival on the continent, it retained among its ruins two public men of worth, — Kosciusko and Gianni: the one I had seen in England, the other I visited in Genoa. He was in his ninetieth year, — an age to which no other minister of king or prince or republic has attained. But the evil passions never preyed on the heart of Gianni; he enjoyed good health from good spirits, and those from their only genuine source, a clear conscience. Accustomed, as I had been, to see chattering mountebanks leap one after another upon the same stage and play the same tricks they had exploded, first amid the applauses and afterward amid the execration of the people, I was refreshed and comforted by the calmness and simplicity of this venerable old man. Occasionally he displayed a propensity to satire; not broad-faced buffoonery, not washy loquacity, but the apposite and delicate wit which once sparkled in the better societies of Athens and of Paris. He has left behind him a history of his own times, which never will be published in ours. If any leading State of Europe had been governed by such a minister, how harmless would have been the French Revolution *out* of France, how transitory *in!* Patient, provident, moderate, imperturbable, he knew on all occasions what kind and what intensity of resistance should be opposed to violence and tumult.

Florentine. I will adduce two instances, in which my friend here will correct me should I anywhere fall into an error. Ricci, Bishop of Pistoja and Prato, had excited the indignation of his diocesans by an attempt to introduce the prayers in Italian, and to abolish some festivals and processions. The populace of Prato, headed by a confraternity, broke forth into acts of rebellion; the bishop's palace was assaulted, his life threatened: the church-bells summoned all true believers to the banner; the broken bones of saints were exposed, and invited others to be broken. Leopold, on hearing it, shocked in his system of policy, forgot at the moment the mildness of his character, and ordered the military at hand to march against the insurgents. Gianni was sent for: he entered the instant this command was issued. "What disturbs your Highness?" said he mildly.

"You ought to have been informed, Gianni," answered the Grand Duke, "that the populace of Prato has resisted my authority and insulted Ricci. My troops march against them."

"I have already despatched a stronger force than your Highness has done, which by your permission must remain in the city."

"On free-quarters until the madmen are quiet. But how could you collect a stronger force so instantaneously?"

"Instead of two regiments I despatched two crosses; instead of cannon and balls and powder, a nail-box, a hammer, and a napkin. If reinforcements are wanted, we can find a dice-box and a sponge at Corsini's, on good security. At this hour, however, I am persuaded that the confraternity is walking in procession and extolling to the skies, not your humanity, but your devotion." It was so.

The *maximum* or *assize* had been abolished by Gianni: lands and provisions rose in value; the people was discontented, broke into his house, drank his wine, cut his beds in pieces, and carried off the rest of his furniture. Leopold, who had succeeded to the empire and was residing at Vienna, decreed that the utmost severity should be exercised against all who had borne any part in this sedition. It was difficult to separate the more guilty from the less, as every man convicted of delinquency might hope to extenuate his offence by accusing his enemy of one more flagrant. Gianni, who could neither disobey nor defer the mandate of the emperor, engaged Commendatore Pazzi to invite some hundreds of the people to a banquet in the court-yard of his palace.

Now while the other families of those our Florentines, who in ages past had served the bustling little city, were neglected for their obscurity, shunned for their profligacy, or despised for their avarice and baseness, that of Riccardi was still in esteem with the citizens for its splendid hospitality; that of Pazzi for its patronage of the people. The invitation was unsuspected. They met, they feasted, they drank profusely; every man brought forward his merits: what each had done, and what each was ready to do, was openly declared and carefully recorded. On the following morning, before daybreak, forty were on the road to the galleys; but most of them were soon released. The people is never in such danger as from its idol.

Scarcely any thing is more interesting than the history of this central hive of honeyed and stinging little creatures, our Florentines. Although they have now lost their original figure and nature for the most part, and possess not even their own lily to alight on, yet they hum, and show wonderful instinct. They were not created for the gloom of Dante, but they are alive and alert in the daylight of Petrarca and Boccaccio. They live under a government not oppressive, nor troublesome, nor exacting; and in this warm security they inform us that there is in Italy a petty State governed by a woman, who constantly sends after the Opera to the innkeepers of her city, and demands a portion of what has been spent among them within the day by strangers. If many carriages have stopped at their doors in passing through the place, the same visit is made, the same tax imposed. She has forbidden the exportation of pictures, offering to purchase them at the value: she has taken several to herself, and has never paid for them. Is it not as proper for the Saints of the Holy Alliance to exercise the duties of high police in such instances as against the public, where great nations, and such as were never subject to them, rise unanimously and demand a reform of government?

English Visitor. England maintains a minister at the court of this woman, whose revenues from the territory are little more than his appointments, and whose political influence is weaker than that of one who keeps a gin-shop in Wapping.

Landor. What reed or rush, in its rottenest plight, but serves for the spawn of our aristocracy to stick on! Let us leave the thievish sister of the Rey Netto and return to a prince who had nothing in common with him but the baptismal name. It was feared by the friends of an eloquent pleader, whose conduct in the Parliament of Naples gave no party satisfaction, that at the instigation of the Austrian or French ambassador he would be excepted from the asylum granted here to the Neapolitan constitutionalists. Whereupon, although I seldom speak on politics, I could not refrain from saying in the presence of a court-lady, "Constitutionalists are unpardonable: we Englishmen have abandoned them in Sicily to the sword and dungeon, and we have deluded and betrayed them in Naples and in Spain; their ruin comes in all directions from us. Yet in regard to this gentleman, I cannot believe he will be expelled from Tuscany for thinking with every wise and honest man of his country — I will add, of Europe. True, he expressed his thoughts better than others; but it is as unreasonable to dislike a man because he is eloquent, as it would be to like one because he is a stammerer."

Florentine. It was mentioned to the Grand Duke, not in malice, but as the best thing or among the best said the day before. "*Dice bene,*" was his answer.

English Visitor. I never could discover the reason why people in authority should exert more power (in other words should give themselves more trouble) in molesting and plaguing their fellow-creatures than in helping them. This is too common in the world, indeed almost general; and I may say with hardly an exception in those who have risen to high station from obscurity.

Florentine. I would not voluntarily illustrate your thesis, if the reflection did not fall upon another admirable feature among his who now is lying under the canopy of death.

Our archbishop, three years ago, ordered his six best horses to be harnessed for the richest of his state-carriages, went in it to the palace, remarked to the Grand Duke that Lent was approaching, that luxury was enormous, that immorality was universal, and that nothing could arrest it but a rigid observance of the ancient fasts, which had of late times been grievously neglected. In fact, it pained him to report it, the Florentines were known in that holy season to eat flesh!

"The fault is in great measure mine," said Ferdinand, "who have enabled them to do it. Immorality, which I hope is not so universal as your lordship thinks, must be discountenanced and checked. Let you and me try — *legumes.*"

The archbishop, the fattest man in Florence or perhaps in

Italy, and accused of excesses which go beyond the stomach a little, reddened at the insinuation, and took his leave.

I could recount (for memory in hours like these is not inactive) many other things characteristic of our lamented sovereign. But humor and facetiousness are the appurtenances of a light heart rather than of a kind one, and rebound for the greater part from something hard about us. We look for them however when much better things are before us; as we turn our attention from fields of ripe corn and rich pasturage, sustainers of life and comfort, to any sparkling mineral.

Did not you, M. Landor, reside one summer at the Villa Catani, just behind Poggio Imperiale?

Landor. I did. The distance is so short and the situation so elevated, I could see the family from my terrace, and hear the music; to which I always listened in the evening. For music has another effect when it comes from a family no less in concord; and it is delightful to think that those who govern us taste in common our purer delights. Such are the sources of happiness to these good people! Do any such rise from the fields of Austerlitz and Jena?

Florentine. Excuse me; you must have heard about the mason.

English Visitor. What is that?

Florentine. The Grand Duke was much occupied in building, and was often out of doors among the laborers. He was watching them one day (for masons of all workmen want watching the most), when a bucketful of rubbish was thrown down and covered him from head to foot. Something of pain was added to his surprise, and, uttering one exclamation, he walked toward the palace door on the side of the garden. The laborer heard a voice; and, looking down, and seeing a hat on the ground covered with mortar, he descended the ladder from curiosity. Turning his body from it, the first object he beheld was the Grand Duke, standing against the wall under the scaffold, and wiping his shoulder. The laborer threw himself on his knees; implored forgiveness; prayed the Virgin to soften his heart; could never have supposed that his Highness was below, — "It is well it was I," replied the good man in the midst of this, and still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves; "say nothing about it." For he knew that, if it had happened to a prime minister or a prime menial, the poor creature of a mason would have been dismissed. And perhaps he suspected it might happen; for, some days afterward, he asked "how many were at work;" and (when it was told him) "whether the same number had been there constantly."

Landor. Inquisitive man! how he idled and trifled! And at a time too when the first princes and opera-dancers in the world were at the Congress of Verona, fixing the fate of nations!

Florentine. You probably know Nicolini; if not personally, at least by character.

Landor. Although I avoid the society of literary men, desirous of taking no part in their differences, and to receive no displeasure or uneasiness at the recital of their injuries, I have twice met him; as modest a man as he is a distinguished poet.

Florentine. You may also have heard the anecdote I am about to relate, but this gentleman may not; and I think I remember you declaring that the repetition of a tale in favor of any one gives you as great pleasure as the first hearing.

English Visitor. That is curious.

Landor. My reason is this: there is the proof that a good action is not forgotten at once. Tell the story, if you please, for I know not what it may be.

Florentine. Nicolini, our dramatic writer, no less enthusiastic in his politics than in his poetry, was librarian to the Grand Duke. He requested his discharge. "Why so, Nicolini?" said Ferdinand. "Highness, my sentiments are adverse to the occupation," answered he. The Grand Duke was surprised, but knowing that Nicolini was an irreproachable man, and that nothing was remoter from his character than ingratitude, he replied, "Well, Nicolini, if you insist on your discharge, you must have it. I have nothing to say when your conscience and feelings will not permit you to retain the office." Within four or five days his younger brother was promoted to the rank of captain; and, going to court on the occasion, the Grand Duke asked him very particularly how the elder did, without the slightest reference to what had passed, and mentioned him as one whose talents do honor to his family and his country. Soon afterward a new place was created for the republican, more congenial to him, — that of lecturer to the Academy of Painting and Sculpture.

In this manner did Ferdinand treat his subjects whose sentiments were adverse to his form of government. Never has any man approached so near to a command which no one has executed, — "Love those who curse you."

Good nature, patience, forbearance, reconciliations of one family to another, the reverse of what is assumed for a motto by many rulers, were his daily practices.

If our laws are defective, the fault is nowise his. On his return in the plenitude of power, he desired the people to decide by which code they would be governed, his father's or Napoleon's. The most celebrated jurists in Tuscany were convoked: the ministers and judges, who had served the three or four past governments, did what such men will always do; they took, as more conducive to their power, the looser. Ferdinand abstained from every remark upon their judgment; but no man in his dominions was less pleased with it.

English Visitor. The patriotic party —

Florentine. Congratulated the choice.

English Visitor. O Sismondi! what a bottle of ink have these fellows been shaking up for thy admirable pen! How think you, Landor? what a garner is the study of a man like this!

Landor. Nothing is more useful than the study of such a philosopher. He is legible to all, and intelligible, and impressive: no doubtful dogma, no wayward fancy, no love of wrangling or schooling, no mystery to veil his ignorance, or to aggrandize by an uncertain light the factitious and dressed-up spectre of his importance. He bore (let me say it) an ephod on his breast, inscribed with one word — GOD. Whatever could be commanded from on high, or suggested from hence below, to render those about him peaceful and contented, he took, and carried into execution.

Florentine. We preferred him in general to his father. But there is less agreement on the character of reformers than on any other, and Leopold was a reformer. His enemies accuse him of avarice, and support their opinion by insisting on the inadequate education and slender maintenance of his natural children.

English Visitor. Irony may say of Leopold what Flattery said of Cosmo III., that he was *pater pauperum.*

Florentine. The charges both of parsimony and imprudence may, I think, be substantiated against him, in the vast damage he did to the pastures and climate, by cutting down the extensive forests in the Tuscan Apennines. Hence many fountains and streams are dried up, which are much wanted on the declivities, and almost as much on the plains; and the soil is carried away by the thawing of the snows in spring, and by the heavy rains and frequent thunder-storms in summer and autumn. Thousands of sheep and goats were pastured formerly where at present there are only rocks and ravines: and an honest inoffensive pastoral population is succeeded by plunderers and contrabandists. He too frequently, but not always, neglected the education of his progeny. Still, though liberal he may not have been in some private transactions, he was singularly so to his people at large: and, if he was not prodigal to his own offspring, he was enabled to be the more beneficent to the sick and poor. The hospitals were abundantly supplied and carefully attended. Since his decease, the lands belonging to them have been granted on perpetual leases, their income much diminished, and their superintendence much neglected. At Pisa the indigent and afflicted are so reluctant to enter the hospital, that the number of patients is reduced to half, and the accommodation to less. At Florence the public is permitted to send subsidies of food twice a week, and instances have occurred of patients suffering fatally by the sudden effect of a nutritious meal.

English Visitor. The less contemptible princes love money for the sake of power; the more contemptible love power for the sake of money. Avarice is condemned in them from a sentiment of avarice. Other faults injurious in a greater degree to public morality are overlooked or forgiven.

Florentine. The principal one of Peter Leopold was his employment of spies and informers. Curiosity and lust were the motives, not cruelty nor suspicion. He and Lord Cowper divided the beauty of Tuscany; and in such a manner that neither should be jealous. In every family, high or low, one of the domestics or one of the children communicated to the agents of the Grand Duke a detail of its most minute affairs. No harm probably was perceived in these communications, which never led to punishment and seldom to inconvenience; but in reality they did greater mischief to our national character than the best institutions could remedy or compensate. Hence venality, bad faith, suspicion, cowardice; hence the prostration of private and the extinction of public virtue. A thief-taker walked into our societies, unchecked, unmolested, unquestioned. Age lost its dignity, manhood its serenity, youth its vivacity, in his presence. All bowed before the grand Informer. This creature, by name Chetani, has formed the manners of two generations, and perhaps the national character for centuries to come. Peter Leopold was in such security by his means, that on his departure from Tuscany he left behind him not a soldier in his capital. I wish I could dismiss him with merely a charge of unwise curiosity, unworthy suspicion, or a vague indulgence in vulgar sensuality: I wish he had always maintained in himself the justice he enforced in others.

English Visitor. Did he not? We never heard any complaints against his impartiality.

Florentine. Hear one, then. The counts Del Benino, for services to our city, inherited certain advantages, by no means injurious to the community: Leopold cancelled them. Del Benino petitioned him that he might appeal to a court of justice; Leopold assented; the judges fancied they should flatter the prince by displaying in their decision a luminous proof of his equity, and accordingly gave a sentence for the plaintiff. Leopold disregarded it, and refused him any satisfaction.

English Visitor. Not only no such injustice, but no vice of any kind ever was suspected in Ferdinand: no virtue, I hear, was deficient, if energy be excepted; which in princes is one, and among the first, although in other men it is but the agent of principle.

Florentine. Englishmen, I know, are apt to censure him for his adherence to the French.

English Visitor. I am one of those.

Florentine. He found a large portion of his people led away by theories and promises; all the men of talents, all the men of enterprise. Could he oppose his cooks and the canons of the cathedral to these and French armies? Undesirous of reigning, he was ardent in his love of concord, and was ready to make any sacrifice to ensure it. He commanded his faithful friends to obey the stronger. Napoleon, who knew him, esteemed and loved him; which he never did the selfish or the insincere. On the fall of that usurper, the Tuscan officers, who had served under him, applied to Ferdinand for half-pay: the Austrians opposed it. "I will not consent to it," said Ferdinand. "Gentlemen, you fought for the French government: you swore to defend it; and you did defend it to the last. That government has ceased: you will serve me with the same fidelity. Continue to enjoy the pay you receive, the rank you have merited: but be contented, I pray you, with your past victories."

English Visitor. No prince, not even the most warlike, ever had troops more devoted to him. I do not form my opinion in those places only where I have dined among his officers, as I have done most days for the last two years; but experiencing on every occasion, in my travels through the country, the civility of his soldiers, I have always been induced to converse with them about him. I talked the other evening in the fortress with a captain now in garrison at Pistoia, who had accompanied Bonaparte in most of his campaigns, and who returned with him among the few from Moscow. Confirming the universal sentiment, he added, placing his hand upon my shoulder, "There is something of the Napoleonesque in that man's heart, though it lies so quiet."

Florentine. It does indeed lie quiet! and it is the only one in Tuscany that does!

There is however some consolation in knowing that his sufferings had ceased before his death, and were assuaged by every thing he heard or saw about him. Yesterday he sent for his family, and talked privately and separately with each: to-day he desired they would come together. He alone was calm; he alone could utter one word: he consoled them in few. He told them that his Maker had called him; that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road.

"Leopold, take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people." Then, after a pause, "On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time: many live by them; shorten the period."

Leopold fell upon the floor: the women were carried from the apartment. They yielded to necessity, but sense had left them; and he, who was so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one. Reason and affection with him had no contest for mastery; each kept its own, nor went one step beyond it. For there was a higher power that controlled them in their spheres: they were to enlighten the earth, but they were to move apart from it.

Even in this moment, insupportable to those in health and youth, insupportable to those accustomed to the sight of sickness and sufferance and agonizing death, he opened his eyes again, and said, "I have yet one duty: call my physicians." They entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "three nights of watchfulness at my bedside, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips how certain I am that every thing you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you."

Yet he knew it was by their mismanagement he was dying.

The efforts he had made, to perform whatever duty his heart could dictate, at last exhausted him; and his mind, before it left the body, wandered with him.

"I have been in Austria and in Bohemia," said he, after what seemed insensibility and torpor, "and now I have seen all my friends."

Beloved Ferdinand! thou hast not seen them half, even in vision; but thou shalt see them hereafter: they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages.

Nothing can be spoken so gloriously of any prince in modern days as this of Ferdinand; that, although he had to apprehend the authority of a relative, who on other occasions had sacrificed the members of his family on the altars of bad faith and blind ambition, he nevertheless stepped forth, in the calmness of courage and in the strength of virtue, to comfort the menaced, and to alleviate the oppressed.

Landor. The greatest power on earth, or that ever existed on earth, is the power of the British public; its foundation morals, its fabric wisdom, its circumvallation wealth. Yet this mighty power, which could overawe the universe, and (what is better) could fix its destinies, was, in less embarrassing circumstances, almost inert. Far am I from the inclination of lighting up a fire to invite around it the idle, the malevolent, the seditious: I would however subscribe my name to ensure the maintenance of those persons who shall have lost their country for having punished with death its oppressor, or for having attempted it and failed. Let it first be demonstrated that he hath annulled the constitutional laws, or retracted his admissal or violated his promise of them, or that he holds men not born his subjects, nor reduced to that condition by legitimate war, in servitude and thraldom, or hath assisted or countenanced another in such offences. No scorn, no contumely, no cruelty, no single, no multiplied, injustice, no destruction, is enough, excepting the destruction of that upon which all society is constituted, under which all security rests, and all hope lies at anchor, — faith. Public wrongs may and ought to be punished by private vindication, where the tongue of Law is paralyzed by the bane of Despotism; and the action, which in civil life is the worst, becomes, where civism lies beneath power, the most illustrious that magnanimity can achieve. The calmest and wisest men that ever lived were unanimous in this sentence; such men were Algernon Sidney and Milton: it is sanctioned by the laws of Solon, and sustained by the authority of Cicero and Aristoteles. The latter, mild and moderate as he was, goes a great way farther than I have ventured.* Teachers, the timid and secluded, point it out to youth among a thousand pages; colleges ring with it over chants and homilies; Piety closes her thumbed lesson and articulates less tremulously this response. The street cries *Cæsar*, the study whispers *Brutus*. Degenerate men have never been so degenerate, the earth is not yet so effete, as not to rear up one imitator of one great deed. Glory to him! peace, prosperity, long life, and like descendants! †

Remember, brave soul! this blow fixes thy name above thy contemporaries. Doubt not it will have its guard to stand under it, and to fill the lamp that shows thy effigy.

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* Δεῖ τοὺς ἀδικουμένους ὑπὲρ ἑαυτῶν πολεμεῖν, ἢ ὑπὲρ συγγενῶν, ἢ ὑπὲρ εὐεργετῶν ἢ συμμάχοις ἀδικουμένοις βοηθεῖν.

† From the time of Cæsar's death unto the present, the sentiment against usurpers hath been so strong and general that scarcely a question has been raised whether Cato and Brutus and Cicero were not actuated by jealousy of his power and genius.

Great actions call forth great eloquence, as great eloquence calls forth great actions. There have been those who, after the battle, could raise the dead above the living, the unfortunate above the prosperous; there have been those who could give even to the trophies of Marathon a fresh and livelier interest; there have been those who, in the midst of this interest, could turn the eyes of the city away from them, to the despoiled and unsepulchred on the plains of Cheroneia. With us let there be the will; and let the failure (if failure there must be) lie with higher powers. In that thought alone is all-sufficient consolation.

Ours is the time for associations to reward the extinction of despots, since it is certain that none such as those I have pointed out is now living to be offended or alarmed. If the richer of our patriots would offer an asylum and a subsistence in America to him who should punish them on their rising, no doubt can be entertained that every gazette in Europe, royal and imperial, will be ordered to announce the resolution: for what service can be rendered to monarchs, equal to that of making them respectable?

So well known to me is their liberality, I should not be surprised if, for this proposal, they consign to me through their ambassadors more crosses and stars than would cover the convexity of the most Christian King, and more ribbon than would surround it; a fortune of itself, and not unmerited (let me say it) at their hands.

English Visitor. Perhaps they may entertain some idle doubts concerning your veneration for their institutions.

Florentine. On the continent men have ceased to dispute about the different forms of government, and care only about the difference in its administration. The Milanese think theirs the worst; the Parmesans doubt; the Modenese dare not do even that, for fear of their wives and confessors. The name of the Emperor Francis is incessantly eulogized by your English ministry, who know about as much of the popular opinion in Europe as of the popular opinion in the planet Saturn. I will tear out one page from his history, and give it you. Count Gonfaloniere threw himself at the empress's feet, in Milan, and requested her intercession, that, having lost the use of his limbs, he might be conveyed to his son's prison, to know whether he were alive or dead, and, if living, bless him once more, and bear the consolatory tidings to his wife and children. The empress told him she was unable to influence her husband in political affairs. However, she did exert the powers of which she doubted; and she prevailed. The supplicant could not but consider his admittance to the emperor as an act of clemency, and began to hope that he might again see the face of a beloved son, if indeed the prison were one of those into which daylight ever entered.

"O Sire! spare the life of my child!" cried he, spreading one hand on the floor, and raising the other to conceal his tears, "if Heaven and your Majesty have preserved him so long, in pity to my years and infirmities, my prayers and sorrows. Few days of existence are now left me: let him think (for he was ever the most affectionate of sons) that my sufferings have not shortened them. It may be a crime in him to love his country too ardently, too hopelessly, too inconsiderately; but he has injured and would injure no one."

"Your son, Count Gonfaloniere," calmly replied his Apostolic Majesty, "is in a better condition than I should have been in, if I had fallen into his power." He ceased, and looked aside.

The old man had strength to rise, and courage to walk away. Those inhabitants of Milan who retained some respect for the imperial dignity ceased to salute the Emperor of Austria; slipped into any shop, or house, or gateway, when they saw his carriage, and recollected another speech as humane of another dignitary as exalted, —

"Let him die, so as to feel he is dying."

At his arrival, two days before, a loyal Frenchman congratulated a loyal Milanese on the applause his Majesty had received at the theatre: the Milanese replied, "All very well! all very well! but we are poor; and it costs us a great deal of money to applaud so."* I was present and heard it.

English Visitor. You, sir, I presume are a literary man: you then can inform me whether the report is true, that Ferdinand was no great favorer of letters.

Florentine. I am afraid there is some foundation for it. We have many among us capable of reflecting lustre on our city, if they were properly encouraged.

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* Sta bene, sta bene; ma siamo poveri e ci costa gran dinaro.

Landor. Encourage then one another: this is the properest of encouragement, and the most effectual. The best princes are often bad judges of literature: would you wish them to give what is not due; to encourage what is not worthy?

English Visitor. Landor, do not wantonly make yourself enemies in the literary world: you will hardly find two authors in England who can endure to hear your name mentioned, you are so illiberal. The Tories hate you for your abhorrence of the Holy Alliance; the Whigs for your contempt of Napoleon.

Landor. This Holy Alliance will soon appear unholy to every nation in Europe. I despised Napoleon in the plenitude of his power no less than others despise him in the solitude of his exile: I thought him no less an impostor when he took the ermine than when he took the emetic. I confess I do not love him the better, as some mercenaries in England and Scotland do, for having been the enemy of my country; nor should I love him the less for it had his enmity been principled and manly.

Florentine. At least he patronized the arts, the sciences, and literature in general.

Landor. He had this merit, and much more, above the other potentates of the age; but not enough withal to raise him above contempt, if falsehood and subterfuge, if envy and malice, if dastard cruelty and deliberate murder deserve it. Usually even the worst men are friendly to those who have adopted their principles. In what manner did this cruel wretch treat his enthusiastic admirer and humble follower, Toussaint L'Ouverture! He was thrown into a subterranean cell, solitary, dark, damp, pestiferously unclean, where rheumatism racked his limbs, and where famine terminated his existence. Few can think those of their contemporaries great who never have trampled on them. Greatness must have a fierce or a mysterious air, a sounding title, a swaggering gait, a swollen purse, a priest before, a lawyer at the side, and a hangman after, him. You terrify me less by conjuring up this phantom before me, than by opening to me my dangers on the side of literature. In England, it seems, an author is forced to pay out of his integrity for even a narrow and incommodious seat in it, and only a few receive free tickets. In countries where there is less honor, generally there is incomparably more in this quarter. A literary man in France, for example, feels for the honor of his order, as a woman feels everywhere for the honor of her sex.

English Visitor. You would deprive them of their veils and perquisites; you would let them live by sucking and licking one another, like young bears. They cannot be fond and loving when they are hungry.

Florentine. Ours are courteous in the extreme, and lend one another praise, ideas, and dresses. We have among the rest some excellent *improvisatori;* a race peculiar to our Italy.

Landor. Long be it so! No *improvisatore* ever rose above mediocrity; few have reached it. Poetry, like wine, requires a gentle and regular and long fermentation. What is it if it can buoy up no wisdom, no reflection; if we can throw into it none of our experience; if no repository is to be found in it for the gems we have collected, at the price sometimes of our fortunes, of our health, and of our peace? Your *improvisatori* let drop their verses as a string of mules their morning oats, for miles together. The Italian habit of *conversazioni*, as those assemblies are called where people do any thing rather than converse, produces the same effect on the minds of your countrymen as brandy does on the bodies of your greyhounds: it stupefies them, takes away their strength, and makes them little all their lives. The first thing a young person who wishes to be a poet has to do is to conquer his volubility; to compress in three verses what he had easily thrown off in twelve; and to be an hour about what cost him a minute. If he has a *knack* for verses, he must break it and forget it. Both the poet and the painter should acquire facility and frankness; but they must be exercised with discretion; they must be sternly regulated, and in great part suppressed. The young poet will remonstrate, and more often scoff: he will appall you by placing before you the *deep mouth* of Pindar and his mountain-torrents. Tell him, and tell older ones too, that Pindar of all poets is the most accurate and the most laborious.

Florentine. Pardon me, sir, for crossing your string of mules, if any are behind: we remember Corilla.

Landor. But who remembers her poetry? I have read the best of it, and have read better from our farmers and shepherds, and nearly as good from our bellmen. I could philosophize much upon this subject; but my mind is not framed as most are. They philosophize best when they are grave; I when I am gay; for nothing then exhausts or tires me: when I am grave I go down fast. Drive a guinea-fowl under my window, or but repeat to me several times the same word in the same key, and in vain do I look for wand or glass: I am in dejection and darkness. I shall defend, as well as I can without much reasoning, the character of Ferdinand, on his imputed neglect of literary men in general.

The school of natural history is close to his palace; and his first conversation on matters of science was with Fontana, the director. It was the custom of this professor, as some of you have told me, when any stranger of distinction visited the cabinet and admired his preparations, to step suddenly into the room, his hands covered with blood or some chemical injection, and to make a thousand apologies for the negligence of his dress, protesting that he was obliged to do every thing himself, even the most sordid and the most minute. The poor assistant, an intelligent and scientific man, who had done every thing delicate and difficult, heard this month after month; sighed at his obscurity and poverty, and deeplier still at the hopelessness of celebrity, of honest, hard-earned reputation, of even thriftless justice; and threw himself into the Arno. What must have been the pangs that swelled to such insanity so unaspiring a breast! *We* take fire and burn out presently: *we* call ourselves the feeling, and feel little. Oh, what must he, unfortunate man, have suffered!

Ferdinand knew the story afterward. He then remembered the odes and sonnets (or at least the baseness of them) addressed to him on all occasions, by those who rejoiced in the same measures on his expulsion from the throne, and saluted his successor as warmly.

Florentine. We are a nation of praisers; we mean nothing by it.

English Visitor. Do not complain then if you get nothing by it.

Florentine. Sir, when you alighted at the inns on the road, did not one poetaster or other bring up a sonnet in your praise, as Fantoni used, ignorant and indifferent who and what you were? Just so do all the rest, whether to princes or private men, and expect to be rewarded in the same manner and proportion. Mr. Landor is prejudiced against the Tuscans in general, the Florentines in particular.

Landor. I hope and believe I am not. I have found at the distance of twenty miles from Florence some of the best people I have ever yet conversed with. The country folks are frank, hospitable, courteous, laborious, disinterested, and eager to assist one another. I have sat among them by the hour, — almost the only company in the nation I could ever endure half so long; and, at the first time of seeing me, the whole family has told me its most intimate concerns. The mother has enlarged on the virtues and excused the faults of her husband; and the daughter has asked me whether I was married and whether I liked it, as she intended to take a husband in the beginning of the carnival — Stefano — I must know him — and had bought the bed and hemmed the sheets and folded and packed up the *corredo;* telling me that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as the beginning of the carnival — such fun! "Matta!" cries the mother, and smiles at me.

Florentine. O gentlemen, there are girls in Florence that will say a great deal more than that to you in half the time: and I promise you we have as worthy men among us (if you do not want to eat with 'em or ask a favor of 'em) as any upon earth. Selfishness and insincerity are thrown out against us: the worse indeed, in public or in private, are sure to laugh at his simplicity from whom they receive a benefit; but the better, I hope, are disposed to excuse it.

English Visitor. You seem rather shy about the main question, and let the old fact stand. Ferdinand was parsimonious was he not?

Florentine. Parsimony is the vice of our country. The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans. So scandalous an example of it as occurred a few months ago is, I hope and believe, unparalleled. Prince Corsini married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he has a family of eight children. He took a mistress: the wife languished and died. He gave orders that all her clothes should be sold by auction *in his palace,* — old gowns, old petticoats, old shifts, old shoes, old gloves; even articles at the value of one penny, such as excited the derision of some, the blushes of others, the horror of not a few. There had been no quarrel between the wife and husband. She was beautiful, engaging, sweet-tempered, compliant, domestic. She sank from the world which her virtues had adorned, and had been seven days in her grave, when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters. The prince is one of the richest men on the Continent; he is supposed to spend about a tenth of his income; and the sale produced fourteen pounds. This example is not necessary for the defence of Ferdinand. He had experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, he had twice been forced from his throne, he had a family to provide for; yet the taxes were equable and moderate; and property and its comforts, in no portion of the globe, are so well distributed and so general as in Tuscany. He did not throw away his money among idlers and sycophants in court or college.

English Visitor. No, no! Quiet and as much in the shade as he could be, he was not to be tickled or intoxicated by a sonnet or a sermon. When he observed them on the surface, he swam down the stream, I hear, and let them founder.

Florentine. Generosity does not rest upon the purse; nor is the sovereign most worthy of esteem for liberality who gives most among those about him. Believe me, my friends, novel and strange and uncomfortable as it may appear to you the generosity of a prince is parsimony. Ferdinand had more pleasure at being praised by villagers in their carts, pressing down their figs and turning their peaches, than by professors in the chair or canonics in the pulpit. He never went out of his way to meet it: it met him everywhere.

English Visitor. That must be an admirable prince whom none of your poets thinks it a good speculation either to praise or libel.

Florentine. Such in his latter days was the felicity of Ferdinand; and those who now extol him turn their eyes another way, and watch the countenance of the son.

Landor. May he prove his good sense and rectitude, by paying none for praises! As for tears, if they are due, let them flow on. Were I in his place, I would not wipe them away, nor give a pinch of snuff to increase them.

English Visitor. While you are in this humor, and are possessed by the right feeling in all its warmth and fulness, I wish you would compose an elegy on the occasion; as our critics are of opinion that you are sadly deficient in the true pathetic.

Landor. It would ill become me to hold an argument against men of such genius and judgment as our critics; and it would fare badly with me if I could prove them to be mistaken. I might attempt an elegy, were it possible that persons in the same station as Ferdinand's could be improved or moved by it. But to affect an immoderate grief, as poets do, on the death of princes, is the worst of hypocrisy: it being certain that there can be little or no sympathy between them, whatever respect may be borne by those who are swayed by imagination toward the regal character. I do not assert that my grief remains for days, or even hours, together violent or unremitted, although it has done so once or twice; but seldom have I thought of a lost friend or unfortunate companion, be it at the distance of thirty or of forty years, that the thought is not as intense and painful, and of as long a visitation, as it was at first. Even those with whom I have not lived, and whom indeed I have never seen, affect me by sympathy as though I had known them intimately, and I hold with them in my walks many imaginary conversations. If any thing could engage me to visit Rome again, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind, — it would be that I might afterward spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley. Nothing so attracts my heart as ruins in deserts, or so repels it as ruins in the circle of fashion. What is so shocking as the hard verity of Death swept by the rustling masquerade of Life! And does not Mortality of herself teach us how little we are, without placing us amid the trivialities of patchwork pomp, where Virgil led the gods to found an empire, where Cicero saved and Cæsar shook the world?

Florentine. I wish, sir, you would favor us with a Latin inscription for the tombs of the gentlemen whose names you mentioned, since the pathetic is not requisite in that species of composition.

Landor. Although I have written at various times a great number of such inscriptions, as parts of literature, yet I think nothing is so absurd if you only inscribe them on a tomb. Why should extremely few persons, the least capable perhaps of sympathy, be invited to sympathize, while thousands are excluded from it by the iron grate of a dead language? Those who read a Latin inscription are the most likely to know already the character of the defunct, and no new feelings are to be excited in them; but the language of the country tells the ignorant who he was that lies under the turf before them; and, if he was a stranger, it naturalizes him among them: it gives him friends and relations; it brings to him and detains about him some who may imitate, many who will lament, him. We have no right to deprive any one of a tender sentiment, by talking in an unknown tongue to him when his heart would listen and answer to his own: we have no right to turn a chapel into a library, locking it with a key which the lawful proprietors cannot turn.

Florentine. It is rarely we find an epitaph in which the thought, if novel, is not superficial. Where there is only one, it should be striking or affecting.

Landor. But it is an error to imagine that every thought must be either. Truth, in these documents and appeals, should oftener be remarkable for simplicity than force. It sinks deeplier into the mind by insinuating than by striking, and is more acceptable for grace than for novelty.

English Visitor. Yet you yourself in these compositions, as in the rest, are more valued for originality.

Landor. My valuers in general know not exactly what it is they value me for, and often take for originality what they have heard, and perhaps have said, with some slight difference. I have written things which others have written before, not indeed in the same words precisely, and therefore not affecting the reader in the same manner; and these things I should certainly have conceived, whether they had or had not. It is quite impossible that any two men, of intellect and imagination, should reason long on the same subject and never encounter any similar thought, any similar image. In one the thought will be more complete, the image more compact, more proportionate, more animated. The contrary would be as incredible as that two birds, close to each other in the same field, and striking their beaks and claws into the same turf for nutriment, should not hit upon the same grains and animalcules.

English Visitor. Your enemies, who often call you strange and perverse, never call you superficial.

Landor. They know not and heed not what they say. Never have I done any thing designedly to attract the public notice, which is ordinarily attracted not by the slow operation of silent power, but by a rapid and incessant display of peculiarities and freaks in the most public paths of literature. But my groundwork, in common with that which brings the crowd about it, must of necessity be superficial. In the matter laid on the superficies, and in the manner of laying it, is all the difference. It is as intolerable to keep reading over perpetual sharpnesses as it is to keep walking over them. What is ample and capacious has room enough for elevation, not what is circumscribed and contracted. What we admire in a park is inadmissible in a cabbage-garden. Taylor the Platonist had resolved on sacrificing a bull to Jupiter: foolish enough; more foolish to select for the place of sacrifice a little back-parlor-floor. The bull whisked his tail in the worshipper's face, inculcating the immediate necessity of a fresh ablution, and burst away through the window.

In composition no height is attainable without many preliminary steps along much lower ground. That which appears and really is plain, humble, and, if you please, superficial in my writings, may induce other men to think deeply. Whether they are read in the present age or in the next, occupies no more my speculation than whether it be this morning or this afternoon.

English Visitor. Are you certain that in their inferences they are all quite sound?

Landor. Indeed I do not know perfectly that they are; but they will give such exercise in discussing them as always tends to make other men's healthier; for questions of religion, on the points that now stick uppermost, are avoided by me, because they produce the contrary effect in the fostering of scorn and malice.

English Visitor. We are in the full enjoyment of single blessedness when we espouse no party and no church. Among few reasoners, living and deceased, you set us the example of abstaining from controversies; the example of giving truth for nothing, and of valuing it above all price.

Landor. What I write is not written on slate; and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it. To condemn what is evil and to commend what is good is consistent. To soften an asperity, to speak all the good we can after worse than we wish, is *that*, and more. If I must understand the meaning of consistency as many do, I wish I may be inconsistent with all my enemies.

English Visitor. I have never caught you running after Fame.

Landor. That she may throw up no dust into my eyes, let her follow. Fame often rests at first upon something accidental; and often too is swept away, or for a time removed: but neither genius nor glory is conferred at once; nor do they glimmer and fall, like drops in a grotto, at a shout. Their foundations in the beginning may be scooped away by the slow machinery of malicious labor; but after a season they increase with every surge that comes against them, and harden at every tempest to which they are exposed.

English Visitor. Dress, medicine, poetry, are subject to fashion and variation. Public taste must first be vitiated, and then consulted. To praise immoderately the writer who before was immoderately depreciated is the easiest way to knock out a gilt nail-head from the coffin; an exploit not very glorious in itself, nor likely in the end to be very satisfactory.

Landor. In my opinion it would be better to carry our *thieves-vinegar* into the places of open corruption on each side of us, than to turn it back to its original use of enabling us with safety to despoil the dead.

It has been my fortune to love, in general, those men most who have thought most differently from me on subjects wherein others pardon no discordance. In my opinion, I have no more right to be angry with a man whose reason has followed up a process different from what mine has, and is satisfied with the result, than with one who has gone to Venice while I am at Florence, and who writes to me that he likes the place, and that, although he said once he should settle elsewhere, he shall reside in that city. My political opinions are my only ones, beyond square demonstration, that I am certain will never change. If my muscles have hardened in them and are fit for no other, I have not on this account the right or inclination to consider a friend untrue or insincere, who declares that he sees more of practical good in a quarter opposite to that where we agreed to fix the speculative; and that he abandons the dim astounding majesty of mountain scenery, for the refreshing greenness and easy paths of the plain. I have walked always where I must breathe hard, and where such breathing was my luxury. I now sit somewhat stiller and have fewer aspirations, but I inhale the same atmosphere yet.

Why should authors act like children? — snatching at the coach and horses across the table, and breaking them and trampling them under foot; rejoicing at the wry faces and loud cries they occasion; and ready to hug and kiss, only at the moment when they are called away! For myself I neither ask nor deprecate; no compacts, no conventions, no confraternities, for me. Let them consider me as a cloud if they will; could they break and dissipate this cloud, which they cannot, it would form again upon some other day. The breath of the universe, directed at once against me, could detach from me but some loose atoms, and such only as ought to fall of themselves. Literature is not the mother who should talk so frequently to her children about chastisement, — the most favorite word with her ever since her reappearance among us. If chastisement is to be inflicted, let it fall upon the felon who has no forbearance, no shame, no pity; who attacks the timid and modest, the partner once of his freshest and best assorted opinions, and, holding him by the throat, exults and laughs, and chants to young templars and benchers, in a loud clear voice, the ritual of apostasy as by law established. No; even him let us rather pass quietly; and with patience let us hear others recommend him for his decorum to be a gentleman of the bedchamber, for his accuracy a lord of the treasury, for his dexterity a parliamentary leader, or for his equity a judge.

English Visitor. Oh, that cracked bell of the Bargello! it will continue its tale and interrupt us.

If this is the gentleman from whom you promised me a brief account of the campaign in Russia, will you request of him that complaisance? It may throw light upon the character of Napoleon, of whom our English historians have written no less unfaithfully than inelegantly.

Florentine. Sir, I may be thought unfavorable to a man who forced me away from my studies, and incapacitated me for the profession to which I was brought up. Beside, it was only in the last campaign that I was present. Usually he, who is about to describe the character of some remarkable man, considers first how much invention and acuteness he can display, and secondly how best he can bring into order and congruity, or what the painters call *keeping*, his observations and reflections. For which reason, it rarely has happened that we carry in our mind from these writers a resemblance that is not illusory or overcharged. In great men there are discordances, as there are inequalities in great substances. It is only from a collection of facts, generally too minute to be conveyed in the panniers from which public curiosity is fed, that we are enabled to judge fairly and fully.

There is little perfect truth in the most sagacious of historians, and little pure love of it in the best of men. We are as unwilling to exchange our thoughts for another's as our children, whatever more they may possess of strength or beauty; and the way to conciliate our suffrages is not by dictating and teaching, but by laying before us evidences and testimonies, by collecting what may corroborate them from circumstances, and by raising us to the dignity of judges. The ancients drew characters; we discourse on them: a much easier matter. Every thing now is compendious and economical: we make soups from bones, and histories from metaphysics.

Bonaparte seems to me the most extraordinary of mortals; because I am persuaded that so much power was never acquired by another with so small an exertion of genius, and so little of any thing that captivates the affections; or maintained so long unbroken in a succession of such enormous faults, such scandalous disgraces, such disastrous failures and defeats. I investigate him with the same dispassionate attention as Lacépède would the spine of a serpent from Surinam, or Cuvier the jaws of a mammoth from the Ontario.

Persons who are elevated to high rank, however modest and virtuous, assume more or less of a fictitious character, but congenial and agnate, if I may say it, with the former. Bonaparte would be whatever he had last read or heard of, — Brutus or Borgia, Frederick or Charlemagne. All appeared best that were most striking, no matter for what; and not only a book whenever it fell in his way, or a story when he had patience to listen to it, but even a new suit of clothes, changed him suddenly. If his hair had been clipped in the morning, he was at noon a Marius, at night a Sylla; no sooner had he put on a court-dress, than he took a lesson of dancing; for Louis XIV. danced: no sooner the uniform of a marshal, than he tried to sing; for Villars sang.

Landor. Whoever is an imitator, by nature, choice, or necessity, has nothing stable: the flexibility which affords this aptitude is inconsistent with strength.

Florentine. Bonaparte's knowledge of chorography, to which many attribute a certain part of his successes, was extremely limited. In a conversation with Gount Giovio at Como,* a few days after the Austrians had first abandoned Milan, he inquired whether the Larius ran into the lagoons of Mantua. The memory of this excellent man is fresh in the gratitude of his fellow-citizens and friends: no one ever doubted his veracity. So long ago as the year 1796, in which his narrative was published, he stated that Bonaparte, in his first campaign, had permitted or ordered his sick and wounded, past service, not to be carried to the hospitals or entrusted to the care of the religious and beneficent, but to be left on the field, or killed, or thrown into the rivers. He informs us that many, on somewhat recovering from their lamentable state, went mad from thirst and hunger, and that among those who were first cast into the water, the hands of many, as they clung in agony to the barks, were broken.

Landor. Fortunate! not he who can restrain his indignation or his tears at this recital; but he who, turning his eyes upon a Sidney, as he waves away the water from his own parched lips to the wounded soldier near him, can say, "This was my countryman, that my enemy."

Florentine. Much hath been repeated of the studious and retired habits of his youth. I had inquired into these matters long before I perused the narrative I have quoted; the inquiry would otherwise have been superfluous, for no very studious man was ever very cruel: no two things in nature have less affinity than violence and reflection.

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* Published by Ostinelli, Como, 1796.

Landor. M. St. Leger, lieutenant-colonel of the regiment in which he was ensign, told me that he never at that period had heard of his progress in any branch of the mathematics; that he was chiefly remarkable for the dirtiness of his hands and linen, his vulgar pronunciation and phrases, his aversion to the society of the officers, and his propensity toward the least respectable of the privates. This too would have been corrected by study. If Pompey had studied like Cæsar, he might not indeed have possessed the clemency and amenity of that accomplished man, nor have been in any respect worthy to be called his rival; but he would certainly have been less contracted and self-sufficient, less unsteady and impatient, less arrogant, vindictive, and ferocious.

English Visitor. I remember no general, worthy of the name, reviling the character of those military men who performed their duty against him: for Cæsar in his *Anti-Cato* did not attack the captain, but the senator and the patriot. Bonaparte left unuttered no term of ungovernable rage and vulgar contumely, when Sir Sydney Smith precluded him from the subjugation of Europe by his defence of Acre.

Florentine. Spannochi, governor of Livorno, refused to open the gates to him, then at peace with the Grand Duke. Intending a surprise, he had made a forced march, and, expecting no resistance, he had brought no cannon with him. He summoned the governor to surrender the town and citadel, who refused without orders from Florence. They arrived the next day; and the brave Spannochi was exiled to Siena, not before the ally of the Grand Duke had cursed him, called him by that appellation so familiar to the lower French, seized his epaulette, spit upon him, and kicked his shin.

Landor. History for her own sake must soften some characters and equivocate on some facts. She treads confidently and firmly upon blood; she follows her clew unhesitatingly through the labyrinths of mystery and of crime; she is embarrassed only by vulgarity and baseness. We feel a deep interest whenever great masses of mankind are moved, and seldom think or are altogether ignorant what trifling things are the movers.

Florentine. Bonaparte was invidious of the dead almost to the same degree as of the living. One time he asserted that Marlborough owed his successes to Eugene, another that Eugene owed his to Marlborough; and any officer would have been ruined who had suggested that Marlborough was not present at the battle of Belgrade. In a conversation at Varese, just before his visit to Como, he appears to have mistaken Gustavus Adolphus for Charles XII. On hearing that the army of Gustavus had penetrated into Italy by the lake of Como, of which a terrific account is given in the letters of Boldoni, he denied the fact, and added, "That madman never thought about Italy; he had other affairs, other interests; he was *sans tactique, sans calcul.*"

Landor. And yet Napoleon in his youth was a historian. He took his manuscript to Paoli: it was such as might have been expected from an admirer of Ossian. Paoli, not long before his death, mentioned the fact at Clifton, and said he believed the young man had never pardoned the freedom of his advice in recommending that the work should be delayed a little, until the impetuosity of his genius had subsided. I should have imagined that the sentences were short, as from the tripod; the general said that on the contrary they were excessively verbose, strangely metaphorical, without any regard to punctuation, or rather to that upon which punctuation is founded; that, when you had come, as you believed, to the end of your march, you were to start again; and often, on setting out, you were suddenly stopped and countermanded. In the latter part of his life he wrote well.

Florentine. His discipline hath been extolled, and examples are cited of soldiers, in every campaign, shot for petty thefts. To avoid an examination into the wealth of his dukes and princes, such as Cambacérès, Fouché, Talleyrand, and several of his marshals and grand dignitaries, the General Mouton, when he dined at the Escurial, which he did every day with the King and Queen of Spain, took away the plate after dinner, until none was left.

Landor. This fact, reported in the country where it occurred, was confirmed to me at Florence by my friend Galiano, who was present.

English Visitor. Whatever in different men may have been the difference of punishment for the same offence, where society was interested; however it may have been permitted by special privilege that he who had renounced the deity might renounce the laws, that he who had abjured the bishop might supersede the citizen; all offences were equally unpardonable which were committed against Napoleon.

Landor. Another proof of a weak intellect: not that forgiveness is any proof of a strong one. Offences that can be pardoned should never be taken: Bonaparte took them indiscriminately and voraciously, as his food. There is no trouble or address in finding them, and in showing them there is no wisdom or content.

Florentine. His ideas of a ruling star present a still more signal indication of a vacillating and ill-composed mind. He knew nothing of judicial astrology, which hath certain laws assigned to it, and fancied he could unite it with atheism as easily as the iron crown with the lilies; not considering that ruling stars themselves must have a Ruler, and must obey, far more certainly than they can indicate, his designs and will.

Afterward he laid by the star, and took up the crucifix to play with; on which some sweeter recollections and more delightful hopes might have reposed, if ever he could have brought himself to the persuasion that either a man or a god would suffer pain, or disseminate good, gratuitously. In the same manner and degree as he was inconsistent in principle he was irresolute in action. He lost his presence of mind when he advanced to dissolve the representatives of the people; he lost it at the battle of Marengo; and when the allies were marching into Paris, he appeared to be deprived, not of his judgment only and his senses, but of locomotion.

English Visitor. In one thing he was singular, and altogether different from every other man: when he had accomplished his design, he was as fond of appearing dishonest as he was satisfied with having been so: he was the only pickpocket in the world that ever laid before the people the instruments of his trade, and showed ostentatiously how he had used them. Indeed he had few secrets to keep. He invaded the territory of nations to whom any possible change might reasonably appear a gainful speculation. Neither force nor fraud, nor bribery itself, however largely and judiciously administered, subverted the continental States: it was effected by the credulity of their hopes and the incapacity of their rulers. His attack was against the cabinet: those within cried for quarter, gave a province or two for a ransom, kept their places resolutely (who would abandon them in times so critical?), complimented their master, rang their church-bells, fired their jubilee-cannon, if one was left, — for they had surrendered only their country! Austria and Prussia fell; they had kings and kings' servants within. Spain and Portugal, unsuspicious, unprepared, undisciplined, unarmed, resisted successfully; their kings and kings' servants stood without. Where there are interests, real or apparent, distinct from those of the community, that, whatever it be wherein they lie, should be shovelled down and carried off; for there is the ground upon which the enemy will mount his first masked battery. Everywhere kings and oligarchies soon seconded Bonaparte; nations spurned and expelled him.

Florentine. If he had been contented to marry in a family no higher, or not much higher, than his own, the graft might have taken and the bark have healed over; but, dashing to the earth the light of experience, he took a wife from a stock uprooted and rejected from the land it had exhausted. The canker it bore inherently caused the blight and decay of a plant so recently sprung above-ground. The higher ranks, and the lower equally, turned away with disgust and indignation at the union of a French soldier with an Austrian archduchess. Of his fidelity or infidelity toward his allies I have nothing to remark, other than that, from whatever motive, he did greatly and incomparably more service to several who had fought against him, and after discomfiture and subjugation had become his friends, than some governments, which boast loudly of their good faith and generosity, did to the most faithful and persevering of their confederates. I have truly no leisure for discoursing, and could excite no interest if I did, on princes first degraded into crimp-sergeants, then caparisoned like cooks and hostlers for billets and relays, then running the gauntlet and drummed from their dominions; on princes in short who felt, and whose conduct has made others feel, that even this was clemency. The description of tyrants is at least a stirring thing: it is like walking over red-hot ploughshares; and the vulgar are not the first in pressing on to an exhibition so strange and antiquated.

When I was at Naples, the Marchese Rodio, formerly a minister in the reign of Ferdinand, received the orders of that king to place himself at the head of some insurgents in Calabria. He surrendered by capitulation: in despite of which he was ordered for trial under a military commission, and was acquitted.* He wrote an account of his happy escape to his wife and his friends. But, in the midst of this security and joy, an order came from the emperor that the same judges should bring him again to trial. Such an order could not be misinterpreted: they condemned him; and he was shot from behind as a felon, a traitor, and a rebel to his *legitimate* prince. This was considered by the army as an assassination; † and it would have been so considered even if the emperor had committed it in his own dominions. Never was an atrocious crime perpetrated from a baser motive. He suspected (and it could only be suspicion) that Rodio, when minister, dissuaded the acceptance in marriage of a Bonaparte by the royal family. It has always been wonderful to me what sympathy any well-educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unmanly Corsican.

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* The words of Courier are, "et, *chose étonnante*, acquitté." Vol. I. *Mémoires et Correspondance.* He adds other assassinations with this reflection: "Assurément, monsieur, ces choses-là ne sont ni du siècle où nous vivons, ni de ce pays-ci. Tout cela s'est passé quelque part au Japon ou bien à Tombouctoo." Even a Frenchman, and one accustomed to the judicial murders of Robespierre, cries out aloud in the midst of the army against these darker atrocities, as too inhuman for the age.

† "Sa mort passe ici pour un assassinat et pour une basse vengeance. On lui en voulait parce qu'étant contraire au mariage que l'on proposait d'un fils ou d'une fille de Naples avec quelqu'un de la famille. L'empereur a cette faiblesse de tous les parvenus; il s'expose à des refus. Il fut refusé là et ailleurs." Such are the expressions of Paul-Louis Courier, *chef d'escadron*, the deepest thinker in all the French armies, and certainly as honest, as calm, as unprejudiced a writer as ever commemorated the actions of Bonaparte. He adds, "Quand le général Vx. commandait à Livourne, il eut l'ordre (et l'exécuta) de faire arrêter deux riches négocians de la ville, dont l'un périt comme Rodio. . . . Nous avons vu ici (à Naples) un courier qui portait des lettres de la reine, *assassiné par ordre*, ses dépêches enlevées, envoyées à Paris. L'homme qui fit le coup, ou du moins l'ordonna, *je le vois tous les jours.*" — *Lettre à M. de Sainte-Croix à Paris: Naples, Juillet,* 1807.

Landor. Eccellino and Borgia lived in ages when religion glared and glimmered fitfully on a benighted world, rendering the darkness the more horrible, and when atheism sat predominant in the Vatican. No feature of crime was novel, no attitude or stroke of violence was unexpected. But Bonaparte lived when Europe was one large jury-box, and when even France, recovering from the leprosy she had bathed with blood, had placed a bench of judges before him. He committed deliberately and slowly the most cruel, cold-hearted murder of Toussaint L'Ouverture, while the eyes of a Sismondi, of a Courier, and of a De Stäel, were fixed upon him.

Florentine. Bonaparte had perhaps the fewest virtues and the faintest semblance of them, of any man who has risen by his own efforts to supreme power: and yet the services he rendered to society, incommensurate as they were with the prodigious means he possessed, were great, manifold, and extensive. Never had been such good laws so well administered over so large a portion of Europe; never was right obtained with so moderate a cost; never was injury so speedily redressed. Two of the bravest and most orderly nations of the Continent received the benefit of excellent kings at his hands. Bernadotte and Louis Bonaparte, the most upright men of their order, gave no signs, either by violence or rapacity, by insolence or falsehood, that they had been nurtured in the feverish bosom of the French Republic. But by Napoleon's insatiate love of change, by his impatience to *see* any thing or to *be* any thing long together, his mild, intelligent, and virtuous brother was forced to abdicate a throne which he mounted amid the curses of the people and descended amid their tears. That he might not be an oppressor he ceased to be a king; and his short unquiet reign is mentioned with gratitude by the most republican and least sensitive member of the great European family.

English Visitor. Instead of scoring maps and shifting kings, Napoleon could have effected more than Henry IV. designed. The road was paved for him with well-broken materials and well rolled over. There was hardly a statesman in Europe of capacity enough to direct a workhouse, or write a fair copy of a washerwoman's bill. Energy was extinct upon the Continent: in England it was displayed by the crazy fanatics who wandered from field to market-place, from market-place to field, roaring to the people that they were damned; a truth which indeed they might have discovered by themselves, if they had only put their hands into their pockets. While, as Kléber says in your Dialogue, "throughout the whole territory of France, throughout the range of all her new dominions, not a single man of abilities was neglected," in England son succeeded to father in the oligarchy, and expeditions were formed just weighty and durable enough to give fortunes to those who had squandered them. Of our generals, the most distinguished was one that rose from bed after mid-day; of which when orders were requested, the first answer was, "His lordship is at breakfast;" the second, "His lordship is at lunch;" the third, "His lordship is at dinner;" the fourth, "His lordship is dead-drunk." The armament had been directed, first against an island where fevers are as periodical as rains under the tropics, and ultimately against a fortified city: neither the climate of the one nor the strength of the other was known by the wisest of the ministers, although there is hardly a gin-shop in St. Giles, where some smuggler or smuggler's boy might not have been found who could have given the information. The want of it seemed so shameful, that one of the ministry,* in that hurry and confusion of intellect which involve all his words and actions, said in parliament, "that he knew it; but that he wished to let his colleague have his own way,"—forgetting that the difference cost the nation an army, and heedless that it cost her a disgrace. His colleague was angry, some say ashamed; and was determined to prove that, if he was unfit to direct a council, he was not unable to direct a pistol: a far higher qualification in his country. The choice of the commander was more easily defended: no member of the cabinet blushed at that.

I have dwelt the longer on these characters from the same principle as the sight, after rocks, ruins, and precipices, reposes upon a flat surface, though fen or quagmire.

Florentine. And I, sir, have thrown together my materials on Bonaparte as I caught them from him, not wishing to represent a whole where no whole existed. He was courtier and postilion, sage and assassin, quicker than the pen could trace the words. Never was he observed in a moment of highly bad or highly good humor, without expressing it by some boisterous sally of ill-breeding. Even those who had seen him daily, and knew him well, stood in astonishment sometimes at the discrepancy between his language and his office, at the disparity between the action of his hands and his embroidered mantle. Be it remembered that, if I have represented him as a thing not luminous in itself, I have forborne to represent him as one in which all light is absorbed, or upon which none can fall. He did both greater evil and greater good than all the other potentates of his time united: the larger part of the evil he did they perpetuate; and nearly the whole of the good they abolish. Priest-craft and oligarchy, the two worst of curses, are restored through Europe; and royalets are only plucked forth from under his coop to be encaged and hoodwinked by their old decoy-men.

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* Canning. His character is given more fully in the letters of Gen. Charles Napier.

Landor. You have taken up from one side and the other of this strange phenomenon the brighter parts and the darker, in just proportions:

> Treis imbris torti radios, treis nubis aquosæ.

Florentine. In the retreat from Moscow he provided only for his own security: the famished and wounded were without protection. Those (to the amount of forty thousand) who supplied the army with occasional food, by distant and desperate excursions, were uninformed of its retreat: they perished to a man, and caused to perish by their disappearance a far greater number of their former comrades. The road was excavated in the snow; the army seemed a phantasmagoria; no sound of horses' feet, no wheel of wagon or artillery, no voice of man. Regiment followed regiment in long and broken lines between two files of soldiers the whole way. Some stood erect, some reclined a little, some had laid their arms beside them, some clasped them: all were dead. Several of these had slept in that position, but the greater part had been placed so to leave the more room; and not a few from every troop and detachment took their voluntary station among them. The barbarians, who at other seasons rush into battle with loud cries, rarely did it. Skins covered not their bodies only, but their faces; and, such was the intensity of cold, they reluctantly gave vent, from amid the spoils they had taken, to this first and most natural expression of their vengeance. Their spears, although many of soft wood, — as the beech, the birch, the pine, — remained unbroken, while the sword and sabre of the adversary cracked like ice. Feeble from inanition, inert from weariness, and somnolent from the frost that enthralled them, they sank into forgetfulness with the Cossacks in pursuit and coming down on them, and even while they could yet discern, for they looked more frequently to that quarter, the more fortunate of their comrades marching home. The gay and lively Frenchman, to whom war had been sport and pastime, was now reduced to such apathy that, in the midst of some kind speech which a friend was to communicate to those he loved the most tenderly, he paused from rigid drowsiness, and bade the messenger adieu. Some, it is reported (and what is unnatural is in such extremity not incredible), closed their eyes and threw down their muskets while they still could use them, — not from hope nor from fear, but part from indignation at their general, whose retreats had always been followed by the total ruin of his army ; and part, remembering with what brave nations they had once fought gloriously, from the impossibility of defeating or resisting so barbarous and obscure an enemy. Napoleon moved on, surrounded by what guards were left to him, thinking more of Paris than of Moscow, more of the conscripts he could enroll than of the veterans he had left behind him. Yet this man lives, and Ferdinand has departed.

XIII. POPE LEO XII. AND HIS VALET GIGI.

Gigi. Coughing and spitting, spitting and coughing, what loving and attentive sons will you make the whole sacred college! Again? Nay upon my life, Holy Father, this sore throat of your Beatitude returns at an awkward season. An ugly thing at best, and ugliest of all at a jubilee ; though many more will be caught at it than will be freed. Were I your Holiness, I would excommunicate that nasty Munich girl.

Leo. Gigi, her bones were in the grave twenty years ago.

Gigi. And rotten thirty. I wonder whether the worms would touch her: mayhap they might, having no palates or noses.

Leo. By our Lady, Gigi! few of those who did touch her had any a short time after. I escaped — as you see me though! It being the will of our heavenly Shepherd that I should succeed to the chief guidance of his numerous flocks on earth.

Have you seen the pilgrims?

Gigi. Yes, your Beatitude!

Leo. Are any fresh ones come in, this morning?

Gigi. No, by my faith, your Holiness! There is indeed old Gasparo-Simone, who was whipped after the last jubilee, as they report it; and his daughter Beatrice-Faustina, who is no more of a fresh one than he is.

Leo. I never heard of this Gasparo-Simone.

Gigi. I wonder at that, your Holiness! — as celebrated a pimp as any in the city. He was a veterinary surgeon in the swine department, and used to perform to a marvel those operations on the juvenile objects of his studies, which being applied to new-made Christians, whom he also attended on the occasion, has rendered them the peculiar favorites of the Holy Allies in all the cities upon the Continent, and enables them, by the clearer undulation of their voices, to lift up our souls to our Creator in the Sistine Chapel. But the said Gasparo, having been detected in selling the selections of rams and goats, dogs and cats, among the more delicate ones deducted from the Circean herds, and suspected of mingling the porcine and the Christian, was obliged to decline the practice of his profession. "I will now take my fee," he says, "to serve his Holiness; although," he adds archly, "I am only a licentiate." As for the Jew, he swears by Abraham he never will recant again, until fifty more ducats are paid him.

Leo. Who is he?

Gigi. The same who was to have recanted to the Queen of Etruria, by her royal command, and who had a hundred ducats for it. His late Holiness could not give her Majesty a bull-fight, and was resolute against all flatteries and entreaties to order an *auto-da-fè*: a conversion was the least thing he could do for her, particularly as her children were with her, and she found both sponsor and banker. Gasparo-

Simone Levi now protests on his conscience that a jubilee recantation is worth twice as much as a coronation one. We threatened him with imprisonment and cutting his tongue out. "I shall never recant the better for that," said he, "nor make the more converts;" and then, winking his black almond eye, "ask his Beatitude who brought Serafina Dati to him, when he was made a cardinal."

Leo. Pimp and impostor! Does he pretend it was he? Gigi, peace and respect! I desire to hear no more about these idle lusts of the flesh.

Gigi. Idle enough, God knows, at our time of life, your Holiness! They are ugly things to hear of; they cost us many a sigh and many a stock-fish, when they are over.

Leo. There is a service good for the casting out of all other devils but these.

Gigi. Faith! and there is a service good for the casting out of these also, though none for the keeping out.

Leo. I know it not, at present.

Gigi. Nor I neither; but I did when I was younger; and so did your Holiness.

Leo. No trifling, Gigi; no trifling, I desire. The German Lutheran is more tractable, I trust, than that impure man Levi?

Gigi. Much more: he declares that if the pretty Princess of Lucca would but wash his feet for him, and hold upon her lap the calves of each leg while she is wiping them, he would turn Turk for it.

Leo. Unconscionable varlet! who would not?—I mean Catholic. But are there really only thirty-eight pilgrims on this occasion?

Gigi. Your Holiness must forget the four hundred you yourself ordered from your States.

Leo. I do not count those.

Gigi. They have feet that require as much washing, and bellies that want as much filling, as the rest. The fishing-boat that was appointed by his Most Christian Majesty, to convey the faithful of his kingdom to the patrimony of St. Peter, arrived last evening. It contains five merry pilgrims from Provence, three nuns of some distinction,—if one may believe their stories, for they assert that they come from the Palais-Royal,—and a sturgeon; which the nuns, unbecoming their condition and consequence, were fighting for, until the crew separated them with little deference, the captain crying out jeeringly, "You have unction enough about you; and I have a cord of St. Francis in the cabin, that, with two or three strokes across the buttocks, will bring you, I warrant, into as proper a state of *recueillement* as heart can wish."

Leo. Spouses of Christ! do you pull caps? My sheep! do you eat sturgeon?

Gigi. The heretics in Rome think it a singular kind of jubilee to taste nothing but macaroni, week after week.

Leo. Many of them would fain have milk in their tea, reprobates!

Gigi. They are not terrified by the death of the goat your Holiness commanded to be killed for giving it. If they had seen it done they would have been: for her little kid ran after the soldier who slew her, sometimes licking his hand, at other times twinkling its ears and rubbing them between its legs, in order to clear itself of the blood that dropped on it from the mother when it leaped up at her teat, and was driven off. The Corsican guard has been called out to repel another of these animals that was seen crossing the Ponte Molle, and, if the male had not accompanied her, it is thought would have succeeded. The Swiss, coming up opportunely, acted with great vigor on the occasion: both male and female were surrounded and disabled, and are now before the police.

Leo. I will make an example of them. Take instantly my orders, that the male be reduced to that condition whereto the Society of Jesus reduced the statues of the Prince of Piombino; and I will seclude the female, just as I secluded the Graces which my predecessor (now in purgatory for it) placed in the Vatican. After which holy function, go and prepare for the *pediluvials*.

Gigi. Anon, anon. Ages back the washings from the feet of pilgrims must have poisoned all the fish in the Tiber, from Castel Sant' Angelo to Fiumenica; so that the Holinesses your predecessors could have fed the poor devils at no cost. Now your Holiness may wash them indeed with a pasty wash-ball made yesterday, and sell it again to-morrow as though it were never handled, so little wear will there have been upon it; but the fish must be pulled up out of the taxes.

Leo. O unbelieving age! the number of pilgrims is smaller by half than of the choristers and assistants. All their staves put together would not make fiddlesticks enough for my chapel.

Gigi. The greater part have chronic rheumatisms and liver complaints, so cruel and desperate that your Holiness must beware of touching the shinbone; for the rheum and liver have their arches there whence the humors swell and flow out. The twelve pounds of quicksilver which his Most Catholic Majesty, King Ferdinand the purger, sent for the silvering of such saints as were by father's side or mother's side of Spanish extraction, and hidalgos, and had been duly purged, have been employed in pills and unctions for the brethren and sisterhood laboring under these bodily infirmities.

Leo. Vile offering of his Majesty! Twelve pounds of mercury are hardly worth twelve crowns, unless the price has risen since — I forget when. These brethren and sisters must not kiss the Virgin; for she would infect the whole city after them. Where are they?

Gigi. They are in that ward of the hospital which the French made so neat and comfortable.

Leo. My commands were that the pilgrims should be seen together in their dormitory, to edify the infidel; and I ordered to be placed there four hundred and fifty beds for them.

Gigi. Only one was occupied: two were ready; but the two pilgrims the most obedient to the ordinances of your Holiness were found on one pillow, communicating.

Leo. I understand you, Gigi — and without a license? What an age is this! the most licentious!

Gigi. Holiness, my master, I have heard it reported that the present age is a great deal less licentious than any former one since the establishment of the Popedom.

Leo. Ay, truly, less licentious indeed in buying licenses.

Gigi. Licentiousness is not the word, I see, but luxury. Formerly, I have heard, a cardinal would have his dozen of pages: in our days hardly an Eminence has a couple, and one or other of them is sweaty as a running-footman, or stiff and sedentary as a *maestro di casa.* This is, in comparison, as a sprig of syringa to a posy an ell round, fit for a Madonna in a new satin of Lyons.

Leo. I wish they would keep as many pages as formerly to amuse them in their own palace-yards, with skittles and bowls, or any other game, and not be caught on the staircase of the Quirinal, like his Eminence the other day, sticking a petard into the skirt of my grenadier on duty, to the laughter of the rabble and the scandal of Holy Church. Such idleness and levity!

After all, what most afflicts me is the scarcity of my pilgrims.

Gigi. I think your Beatitude would have had three or four decently good-looking ones out of Tuscany, if the people could have remained in ignorance of your uncourteous answer to the Grand Duke.

Leo. God's liver! uncourteous! Gigi, what dost thou mean? Is the successor of Jesus Christ expected to be courteous?

Gigi. Pardon me, my master and Beatitude; but of all the men that ever lived upon earth, for man he was, the most courteous was he to whom your Beatitude is successor. He knew who he was as well as we do; yet he was so good-natured and fairspoken both to high and low, that — God forgive me! — but I think him as worthy as the best of the saints; nay, in my mind he is the very next to his sweet mother.

Leo. Do you mean Pius the Seventh?

Gigi. I thought your Holiness had said, by implication, that you were the successor of Jesus Christ.

Leo. Did I? I forgot it. I am so; but times are altered.

Gigi. St. Peter himself could not improve upon him.

Leo. Much may be said on both sides; but, from the elevation on which it has pleased the Holy Ghost to place me, I cannot listen to such subjects. I would remind the powers of Europe that I am their sovereign; and that what I condescend to receive from them is my due, as from vassals.

Gigi. But the hundred candied citrons, which the young Grand Duke sent to your Beatitude, had always been sent as an act of mere courtesy. The custom, I have heard, originated with the Medici, who, according to the quaintness of an emblematic age, I imagine, would represent their armorial bearings of the golden balls by a present of citrons. It was customary for the Holiness of our Lord to write a letter of thanks for the politeness shown to him; your Sanctity did not write it, but ordered a secretary to say simply "that your Sanctity had received the citrons, and appeared to be contented with them."

Leo. Well, so I was.

Gigi. Next year, if I may prophesy, your Beatitude must be contented without 'em.

Leo. I suspect as much. The last present I received from Tuscany, by the connivance, I doubt not, of some in power, prepares me for this affront.

Gigi. I should have thought the citrons would have been the last.

Leo. No; while you were on my business at Orvieto, the Archbishop of Pisa sent me three large salmons and three codfish, — the latter only salted, the former both salted and smoked, — informing me that, according to the directions he had received with 'em, they should not be opened, nor cut to pieces, nor washed, as it would be injurious to the flavor and would damage the flakes. One of each was served up at my table on the third day of Lent, and my appetite was sharper than usual. Maria-Fabrizio, on applying the knife, fell at my feet and kissed them, and asked me humbly, with his eyes closed, whether it was my pleasure that it should be a miracle or not. I wondered what the man meant. He brought before me the two fishes; a strong smell of turpentine invaded my nostrils: the two dainties were of pine-wood, a salmon-skin and cod-skin being drawn over them. For this insult, offered to me in the first instance, I understand, by one Ahab Rigworthy of Connecticut, I will forbid the Americans to visit Rome.

Gigi. My dear master, your Beatitude, if an American should ever wish to visit Rome, it would only be to try his wits against the Jews; or to speculate, in case St. Peter's should come to the hammer, what may be the weight of lead sheeting and brass nails upon the roof, how many iron cramps in the walls, how much lime the pillars and statues would burn into, and what vent he could open for them. I will answer for it, there is more taste for the fine arts, and more knowledge of them, among the galley-slaves in Civita Vecchia than in the most wealthy citizens of the United Provinces.

Leo. That I know; and I am surprised how they could carve a fish so like nature.

Gigi. An Indian carved it: the Indians both carve and paint; they are the Giottos and Cimabues of the Anglo-Americans. Your Holiness may exclude the new company of the pine-fishery, and not hurt them. But could not you have invited some of the Christian princes to be present at this solemnity?

Leo. I pressed the youngest who are the most ductile, and the oldest who are the most devout: neither age would yield to me.

Gigi. No! not a Bourbon!

Leo. The Bourbons are either curds or cream: we may lick up a little of them, but they close upon or slip under any impression we would make. Beside, they are never so pious as when they have eaten a good dinner and are going to sleep. The two Infantes of Spain proposed to attend me on condition that I would lend them each three thousand dollars: this, by advice of my secretaries of the interior and of the finances, I agreed to do on their arrival at Rome. They replied that at Madrid they could enforce credit, but that in the provinces the people would rather leave their houses than accommodate them with a supper or a night's lodging; and that without the money they and their mules would perish upon the road. The reflections were so extremely just, so notoriously true, that I had no suspicion of a latent fraud, until "one of the faith" informed me clandestinely, being in the king's confidence, that his Catholic Majesty had united with his brothers the Infantes in laying a trap for my money, and was, according to the legitimacy of primogeniture, to have above half to his own share. On renewing the negotiations, I proposed to accept a historical piece by Velazquez and another by Vandyck, as my security for the money. They, finding that the sum was below the value of the pictures, and fearing the reward of their perfidy, expressed the utmost sorrow that they could not attend me; assuring me that apprehensions were entertained, from certain symptoms, that they both had caught the gout by a constant attendance on their beloved king and brother, and that their physicians had strongly recommended that they should continue in their native air, without which not one of the Faculty could answer for the consequences.

Gigi. If they were not Infantes of Spain, and brothers of Ferdinand the Seventh, one might call them the greatest liars and scoundrels upon earth. Your Holiness would then really have accommodated them, after the first proof-impression of their moral features?

Leo. There is nothing I should not rejoice to do for a Bourbon, unless it be to take his bill of exchange or his word. In other respects hardly one in the family would deceive you.

The two Infantes declare to me that they would have come into Italy some time ago, while they had in their pockets some of the money they received for promising the pardon of sundry negroes, but that they could not find in their hearts the resolution to leave behind them so fine a sight as that of Francesco della Torre, who had just been sentenced, as an acquaintance of Riego, to carry round his neck the portrait of that *traga-perro* to the place of execution, and there to behold it burned by the hangman.

Gigi. His wife, I read in the gazette, is sentenced to the galleys for ten years, as being her husband's accomplice.* I wish some lawyer could explain to me how this is. Accomplice in what? If she were not the accomplice of her husband, she would sin against Holy Church. If she refused to receive and entertain his acquaintance —

Leo. She might receive and entertain them: such was her duty; but she ought also to denounce them, together with the husband, before the police or the confessor.

Gigi. Ay, ay! now I understand the meaning of reception and entertainment. Without such explanations, from time to time, we should forget our duties and become heretics.

Curse this pin upon my shirt! I needed not to have crossed myself, fool as I was, in talking about these hell-fagots. By Bacchus, it has drawn blood!

Would no prince or princess of Portugal step forward, and lend a hand at the suds?

Leo. Prince Michael would perhaps have favored me with his presence if it had not been required at Paris, whither he is gone in order to protect his country from the horrors of a constitution, after valiantly fighting against his father, in defence of legitimacy, under the commands of the Holy

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* These are facts.

Alliance. My regard for the house of Braganza is little less than for the Capets; and I myself advised the king to delay no longer the wishes of his people, and proposed two constitutions. The first and preferable consisted of *one estate;* namely, the king, but subject to the advice of his privy council removable by him at pleasure, with the sole exception of the archbishop of the realm, perpetual president thereof. The second was of *four estates*, — the king, the clergy, the nobility, the populace. The king, as in other free countries, should at his option lay down or reject any law; and every one should originate with him, excepting the ecclesiastical, which are written in heaven from the beginning, and are thence delivered down to me, and from me to the faithful, as occasion may require. The taxes were to be decreed by the king, the clergy, and the nobility; and their impartiality was certain and unavoidable, since they were not parties concerned. A more extensive power was left to the populace; namely, that of paying them. This plan however was considered as affording a bad example; and I was called a *liberal* at the court of Vienna. Hence I was afraid of pressing more urgently a prince or princess of Portugal, lest I should be suspected of an inclination to shake the continental system; which has been declared by all the sovereigns the same for the whole body of them, whatever game they may be playing, in one chamber or two chambers, for the amusement of their idle and unthinking vassals. Constitution-houses and card-built houses serve the same purpose, and are erected on the same foundations.

Gigi. Kings sympathize with kings, not with nations. A field of battle, strewed with twenty thousand slain, is only a ticket to their ball-rooms: show them a scaffold with one (lately) crowned head upon it, and the bass-viol stands alone in the orchestra.

Leo. This is as it should be, as it always was, and, by the blessing of our Lady, always shall be. I declare to you, Gigi, I am no liberal, doubt me as they may; and that I proposed a constitution on the firm conviction that, without it, the royal authority can never reach its utmost height in safety.

Gigi. Yet your Beatitude stands alone.

Leo. I am the ruler of kings, the vicegerent of God; I read no other name in his commission.

Gigi. Master, my Holiness, let me look at it.

Leo. Gigi, Gigi! thine are eyes of the flesh.

Gigi. They can read commissions.

Leo. Not such as ours are.

Gigi. There is nothing that your Beatitude cannot see and do: yet I now recollect what I heard the other day; which is, that you and the monarchs, your friends and allies, striving to throw back the world upon the remains of Chaos in the bosom of Vacuity, are like the little figures round Greek vases, which strain at one thing and stand in one place for ages, and have no more to do in the supporting or moving of the vases than the worms have.

Leo. This language is not yours, is not an Italian's, is not a continental's; it breathes the bluff air of England. If I had the speaker here, I would cast him into a dungeon.

Gigi. Oh, for God's sake, your Holiness, do not think of it! The first boat's crew that landed upon the coast would lay Rome in ashes.

Leo. I would remove the money and snuff from the custom-house, and the heretics could not keep possession of the country; no, not if there were a hundred of 'em.

Gigi. Alas! sir, a hundred of them would hold all Italy against the devil. On their landing, the *carbonari* would not want fuel: there is nowhere a hill from Como to Taranto that would not have a fire upon it. The old Bucentaur would be alert as Argo. Every soul that is not cowled and cassocked, and two-thirds of these, would make swords out of soup-ladles encrusted with boiling-hot *menestra*, and bayonets out of spits, though the roast were still in the centre of 'em, fizzing.

Leo. Gigi, it is high time to put down these bad humors, when they prevail in ninety-nine out of a hundred; and yet the princes would not give ear unto me, nor come to my jubilee. A fat boar, weltering in his blood, squeezed an *Ave-Maria* from my late son of Naples. My late son of France thought of Christ and Paradise after a salmi of ten woodcocks; and would then tell M. Blacas, the Gascon, to feel his heart, how it was beating for the service of the faith. My son of Modena is never so devout as when he thanks the Lord in his mercy, after having taken up and imprisoned a *carbonaro*, who had lost a brother, and who himself had bled, in fighting for the restoration of his Most Serene Highness. Other princes boast that they have larger armies in proportion to the extent of their territory than they: my son of Modena boasts that he has imprisoned, or denounced to the emperor for imprisonment, more suspected subjects than all the heretical kings on the whole Continent; although he of Prussia is a half-Catholic in this heroism. He in his vigilance keeps up such a well-directed fire against the philosophical and learned, both within his dominions and without, that I suspect in another year I shall have to illuminate St. Peter's for him, as a convert to the truth.

Gigi. God forbid! He has not the heart to hold out a single flask of oil toward it. When his wife learned English, he came every day into the room and caught the lessons by stealth, paying only for one scholar, and that meanly. He and his heir-apparent have the two poorest purses, in their way, of any two gentlemen living. Were I your Holiness, I would dally with his doubts until my successor should have the cost of his baptism; or I would demand half-a-dozen pieces of brass cannon from him, apprehensive that the payment of such a sum in coined money would break his heart at the font. I myself would not undertake to teach him his catechism, until I had made him count out upon this palm three dollars of his Majesty's, trying them with my nail whether they were all unclipped. Otherwise I might be disappointed, as your Holiness is.

Leo. The money spent in the city by strangers, throughout the whole time of the jubilee, will not pay for the three conversions, although the Jew should grow reasonable; and people are so little occupied or concerned in it, that the affair of the Englishman and Irishman, on Ash Wednesday, has excited a good deal of idle conversation, I hear. Do you know the particulars, Gigi? I am afraid they have been misrepresented to me; for, although this is the seat of Sanctity, it is not invariably the seat of Truth.

Gigi. If it is, her rump has left no mark on the cushion. The story, as I heard it, is this. An Irishman, of somewhat loose habits, had declared his intention to Father Matthew-Roderic O'Rian of scourging himself in the church among the penitents. Another acquaintance of Father Matthew-Roderic said jocosely, "What will our friend Emmanuel-

Roger O'Gorman do? If he lays whip to his body, it must have been knotted by some fair hand; and no hair will touch his skin but what he knows how to smoothen." "Sir," replied Father O'Rian, "though Mr. O'Gorman loves wine and women, and quarrels and swears occasionally, he is an excellent Christian at bottom, and has declared to me his intention to scourge himself."

On this, M. Tatterel, the Englishman, watched and followed his friend O'Gorman through the crowd, and contrived to place himself just behind him in the church. The candles being extinguished, he heard distinctly the sobs of O'Gorman, for none sobbed louder, and guttural interjections following the most fanciful recommendations (some very pressing and some very fondling) of his sinful soul to the Virgin and her crucified Son. After which, M. Tatterel heard the scourge; but it sounded like the ripple of Lake Agnano on the softest of its sands;* and he applied a stout leather, which he had taken down on purpose from behind his carriage, to the shoulders of the Hibernian supplicant. At first, O'Gorman thought it was the devil who did it, and cried, "Oh, Christ, save me! Lord, have mercy upon me!" A laugh ill suppressed, and another smart stroke across the shoulders, undeceived him; and, starting from his liturgical trance, he exclaimed indignantly, "Damn your blood! what are you at?" Seizing at the same moment the offender, he held him, and blasted him every now and then with flashes of oaths, while he repeated the remainder of the litany and lauds. I was not very near, and could only catch a few of his fulminations, as the priests were chanting "Dominus vobiscum, et cum spiritu tuo:" and "Oremus." These words, your Holiness may remember, are so long in chanting, that Signor

* Sciоppius would have given the pious Irishman a capital piece of information, if he had ever read the *Infamia Famiani*.

"Flagellum ego in monasterio Laurentiano manibus tractavi, et Caroli V. sanguine (ut aiebant) adhuc oblitum vidi. Romæ tamen quotannis quinctâ majoris hebdomadæ feriâ complures inveniuntur, flagriones et plagipatidæ, sive plagigera hominum genera, ut Plautus loquitur, qui *tribus solis denariis* conduci possunt, ut in supplicatione publicâ seu processione, longe fortiores Carolo viros se præbeant in tergo flagris concidendo," &c., p. 18.

Perhaps he would have been of opinion that in the year of jubilee one is bound to scourge himself, although in other years this duty, like all the rest, is vicarious.

Emmanuel would not let slip so fair and tempting an opportunity of pouring out his choler and comminations. Nor did he suffer the irreligious assailant to escape from his grasp, either in the confusion of the service or at the close of it. At the door he recognized the features of M. Tatterel, who whether from apprehension or from decorum had been silent and hid his face, and there Signor Emmanuel challenged him to pistols the next morning. Some of the young Irish, who were present, told of the abomination; and, by order of the police, M. Tatterel, having first been fined three hundred crowns, is sent away from the Roman States. M. Emmanuel-Roger O'Gorman has been persuaded by Father Matthew-Roderic to forego his vengeance, as likely to become a stumbling-block and a scandal. "Why, Father Matthew-Roderic, be easy and contented now," said Signor Emmanuel-Roger. "In my own country I must take notice of him, as you know, or there 's no living; but I do faithfully swear and promise, as a Christian and man of honor, to let him alone while I am in the Holy City, and the mean fellow keeps his distance." The good father praised his resolution, and was quite satisfied; saying in the voice of an angel, "If all Christians did so!"

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XIV. M. VILLÈLE AND M. CORBIÈRE.

Villèle. We are safe: God defends the monarchy. The giraffe is arrived.

Corbière. The Giraffe!

Villèle. The giraffe, the giraffe.

Corbière. I pay little attention to these barbarians: they enter not within my department. In what canton of India are his dominions?

Villèle. Whose dominions? You are absent, my dear Corbière.

Corbière. No, not at all. I suspected he would be troublesome to Pondicherry. I know very well he has agents at Madagascar. A schooner off Cape Verde might — let us think of it. We never can trust the English near us. We ought not to have ceded to them so much at the late peace, when we made them come to us in Paris and had them under our thumb. Our trade languishes extremely in those colonies.

Villèle. Pardon me: I spoke of the giraffe, that the Pacha of Egypt has sent over, in homage to his ally and friend, our most august master.

Corbière. Oh! I did not recollect at first that the Egyptians call by that name their old mummies and obelisks —

Villèle. It is no mummy, no obelisk, but a return for the fine frigate —

Corbière. Very true! very true! these nautical terms always escape me. Why cannot we speak of them in French? Why recur to Dutch, English, Egyptian, and what not?

Villèle. The giraffe is a beast —

Corbière. I know it; who does not know that? So is the unicorn; yet we call a ship the *Unicorn*, and on the same principle the *Giraffe*. Have I explained my meaning?

The pacha, I understand, has given us another frigate, in compensation for that which we equipped in his service. I hope he has remembered that we two sent him our best sailors; sent him powder, artillery, gunners, and as many officers as the Jesuits could persuade to abjure the Christian faith, — "pro tempore, cum reservatione mentis, et ad certum finem, nempe gloriam Dei et suæ ecclesiæ."

Villèle. You speak excellent Latin.

Corbière. Ciceronian, Ciceronian: you may find the very words in that great man's commentary, *De Gloria in excelsis.*

Well, well, we must not always be scholars: now to business. The pacha, I trust, has notified his gratitude that we ordered the frigate to sail exactly in readiness to sink M. Cochrane.

Villèle. We are unlucky in our sinking of Englishmen. Several thousands of them were sunk by us in the late war, as we read in the *Moniteur;* but they rose up again, being amphibious, and fought like devils. The most imprudent thing that Napoleon ever did was to drive them into the sea. He did it fifty times at the least, and they always came out again the stronger for it; and finally dragged him in after them, and gave him such a ducking that he died.

Corbière. You used the word *amphibious.* In my literary recreations, which a close attention to politics renders necessary, I have entered into several discussions upon that word. Originally it is not French, and must be used cautiously, and only in a particular acceptation. It signifies a very fierce animal; such as a crocodile, a dromedary, an ostrich, or a certain serpent of the desert. It may comprehend, also, by the figure we call *meta* — that is, *meta*, &c. — a stout man, or strong-minded one. I was formerly at table in company with the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, and wished him to support my definition, which, as I was not then in the ministry, no one else would. Although he declined to lend me all the assistance I could have desired, he silenced my opponents, or rather he conciliated all parties, by saying that a man was justly called amphibious who could live equally well and happily in office or out. Upon which I turned to M. Gregoire, and said intelligibly enough, "Let faction be silent; let quibbling cease! Democracy herself has no longer the effrontery to deny that amphibious means strong-minded." Overcome by authority, he bowed assent, and declared that neither he nor any one could follow a surer guide, in thought or action, than M. de la Rochefoucauld. The whole party rose up, bending first to M. Gregoire, then to the duke; who, returning the salute, took the old man by the elbow and conducted him to the ladies. I never was less witty with them in my life.

Villèle. Be contented; we have stripped of their authority, we have deprived of consideration, the two persons that twenty-five millions call the two best in France. As for the word *amphibious*, we will drop it; it is an ugly word, and I should not like it to be applied to me.

Corbière. But these English: I do not discover that they come under the designation more than other people.

Villèle. Not indeed in your sense. I was observing that by sea they usually give us some trouble. Having more money than we, and oaks that are all heart, and copper and iron upon the surface of the ground, they can construct more ships; and, before the war is over, we always teach them how to fight. Beside, they take twenty while we build one.

Corbière. We may laugh at that: it can only last for a time. Now the giraffe you were talking of. There are some difficulties, some considerations — I would know more about it.

Villèle. The giraffe is —

Corbière. I know perfectly well what giraffes are in general; but this one, being sent by our friend the pacha, may differ, not perhaps essentially, but in a leg or two and in color.

Villèle. The giraffe is a quadruped that, according to Buffon and Tite-Live —

Corbière. Oh, parbleu! now you explain the thing completely. It is the very creature put down in the list with *hippopotamus*, *rhinoceros*, *lynx*, *zebra*, and that other. How considerate and attentive is our friend, Mohammed-Ali! Who could have expected that a brute of a pacha would have followed our directions so precisely!

Villèle. He sees his interests as clearly as we see ours, and knows them to be the same. M. Appony told you truly that Athens would fall about this time; that England, as we desired of her minister, would refuse to ratify the convention with Russia and us; and that the people of Paris would be frantic at the extinction of the Greeks, unless there came over some odd beast to look at. The cause of kings triumphs. Long live the pacha and the giraffe!

Corbière. Let us order a thanksgiving in the churches, on this signal intervention of Divine Providence.

Villèle. Much obliged as we are to the saints of heaven for such a declaration of their good-will in our behalf, we may abstain at present from promulgating a royal ordinance; particularly as the Archbishop of Paris, though a good Frenchman, had a sort of objection to offer up any, for all the hailstorms and all the inundations we have been favored with lately to the same effect. He was of opinion that there are people who would carp at it, observing that even the discharge of the national guard had made a bustle, in some quarters of Paris, for almost a week. In vain I promised him that I would restore the censorship on printing. I did it: he still was timid, and recommended that the thanksgiving should be private. He told me that the utmost he could do was, on his word of honor as archbishop and peer of France, to assure God and his father and mother that we are quite sincere, and would thank him more openly, more loudly, and more munificently, if the king and clergy thought it expedient.

Corbière. That affair of the censorship was opportune.

Every nation is restored to tranquillity and independence, yet is open-mouthed for *Lives of Napoleon.*

Villèle. Too true: I have seen one, compiled from old gazettes, that made the author's fortune; yet the style is low and ungrammatical wherever it is his own, and the materials are coarse and undigested. You would not trust a valet with an odd glove, who possesses so little discernment of the truth, or feels so little desire of it. The author had the effrontery to ask Madame Hortense for documents; and, because she refused them, he blackens the whole house from top to bottom, running first among the gazetteers, and boasting publicly that she complied with his wishes.

Corbière. Cannot we employ him?

Villèle. Peace, peace! He serves us, and is paid by others. The best arrangement possible.

Corbière. We may indirectly guide him to waylay our enemies. All popular writers must have many assistants at the press: without it, who can be popular? Let him call out as many as he wants of these; let them join him at the first whistle, and push down the precipice any one we may point out to him, walking alone and unconcernedly in the narrower paths of literature, where few people come, and none help.

Villèle. The thought is a good one: we will follow it.

Unless we had erected the censorship, fifty hired writers would not have sufficed. Those who hated and detested Napoleon, while he was living and in authority, began to think his death a calamity to the world. We were told of his victories, of his institutions, of his rewards to valor, to agriculture, to manufactures, to letters, to all the fine arts, to worth of every kind. We were asked what genius languished under him, what industry was discouraged, what invention was reprimanded, what science was proscribed. We were reminded of public festivals to honor the obscurer fathers of general officers, and of public grief at their funerals. He did great evil: how much greater must that be, people cry, which covers and conceals it; and which lets our France, bending in sadness over the abyss, see now but the titles of her triumphs, and one bright name below them!

Corbière. Galimatias! galimatias!

Villèle. So it is. There is no danger of his rising up from the dead before his time. Only one thief ever did that.

Corbière. And it was not to filch or fight, but to eat a good supper in Paradise.

Villèle. Which he must have wanted after the work of the day.

Corbière. He died a Catholic; he confessed *in articulo;* he prayed.

Villèle. Well; we may think at some other time of the worthy thief. Thank God, we have nothing left to apprehend from liberalism or letters.

Corbière. I doubt whether the censorship would not have saved us, even without the giraffe.

Villèle. There never was a question, in ancient days or modern, in which every people of Europe was perfectly agreed, until the Greek cause was agitated. Now, what every people wishes, every king must forbid; or where would be distinction, where prerogative? M. Canning by our advice has assumed the tone and air of a liberal, in order to make the liberals of England keep the peace, and to torpify and paralyze the efforts of the rebels. Two or three years ago an idle visionary, an obscure and ignorant writer, in a work entitled *Imaginary Conversations*, was hired by some low bookseller to vilify all the great men of the present age, to magnify all the philosophers and republicans of the past, and to propose the means of erecting Greece into an independent State. Unhappily we find ourselves reduced to adopt the plan of this contemptible author, who writes with as much freedom and as little care for consequences as if he could claim the right of entering the cabinet, and held a place under government of three thousand pounds a-year. We have, however, inserted one paragraph of our own, which totally neutralizes the remainder.

Corbière. I am glad to hear it: what is that?

Villèle. Turkey shall admit only whom she chooses for chief magistrate of Greece. This will reduce the nation to the same condition as Wallachia and Moldavia.

Corbière. But will it not render the Greeks as ready to admit the Russians?

Villèle. Do not look forward. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Looking forward makes philosophers; looking backward makes dissidents: the good Catholic and sound royalist do neither.

Corbière. There never was any thing so wonderful, in policy, as that Russia should have abstained so long from hostilities with Turkey, when every nation in Europe called on her against the oppressor of Greece, the violator of treaties, the persecutor of that religion of which her emperor is head, the murderer of those patriarchs whom she venerates as martyrs; and when the most ingenious of her enemies could not deny the justice of her cause. The British minister would not have dared to ask from Parliament one shilling to oppose it; and in France both royalist and republican have entered into a conspiracy for Greece. The king and his ministers alone are out of it: in all other countries of Europe the minority consists of the same number and the same persons.

Villèle. Never were three millions of francs so wisely spent as the last of ours at Petersburg. How the child Nicolas will stamp and stare! Chateaubriand says of us, in his poetical mood, "Children of Charlemagne and St. Louis, you have broken the spear of Pallas, and plucked her owlet." Come along, my dear Corbière; we shall sleep soundly after dinner on the cushion stuffed with her feathers.

Corbière. Russia may give us some trouble yet; not indeed our colleagues, his ministers, but Nicolas. He must find them out at last.

Villèle. Why did the booby wait to play his rubber till the lights were out? I suspect he will wake in the morning with a cramp in the calf, for having stood so long cross-legged behind our chairs. M. Canning may ratify now, if he will: *our* king will not take it amiss in him; nor *his* neither.

Corbière. We will compliment him in the name of our royal master and in our own. We will speak magnificently of his firmness, his perseverance, his timing of things well.

Villèle. He understands jokes and jeers: he himself is a joker and jeerer.

Corbière. Is he? How he will laugh then at the dupes he has made!

Villèle. Ah, my dear Corbière! his dupes never shut their eyes but upon full pockets: they are whigs and Scotchmen; cheat them if you can; be not cheated by them if you can help it. They are lawyers, literators, metaphysicians; but whose metaphysics have always a nucleus of attractive arithmetic in the centre. Scotland is the country where every one draws advantage from every wind that springs up, from every van that turns, and catches his grist from under it. They are fierce with empty stomachs, and confident with full ones. Their tune is always the same, the words alone are different; and even these are thrown backward and forward and shuttled with such dexterity they would persuade you they are of the same substance, tendency, and import; and that, if you cannot perceive it, the fault is entirely in your apprehension. Edinburgh is the city where a youth practises best the gymnastic exercises of patriotism. Time never fails to render his eye-sight clearer, to knit his joints with sounder logic, to force away in due season the shrivelling blossom from the swelling fruit, and to substitute the real and weighty for the speculative and vain. Somebody of this description, — I know not whether Scotch or English, or partaking of both, but whig unequivocally, — was called a liar in the House of Commons by his worthy friend, M. Canning; and you would really have thought him angry, so admirably did he manage it. Now he swears that M. Canning is the most consistent of men, though (between ourselves) he has deserted his party, supplanted his patrons, and abandoned every principle he protested he would uphold.

Corbière. Do you call that inconsistency? I thought you a better casuist. We have him where we wanted him: could not we make the other his successor, if still living? He was merely called in the chamber of representatives what we are called everywhere else. Such men should divide the world.

Villèle. Keep the world before the fire awhile longer, and its flesh and bones will separate more easily. Let it cool a little in the dish before we touch it with our fingers: others have harder ones and more enterprising, but will never lift so much to the mouth. The pulpit is ours, the pen is ours, the bayonet is ours; we have quashed every thing that was not: we have only to make England do the same, now she has a liberal for a minister. In that country, if you wrote *dwarf* on the back of a giant he would go for a dwarf.

Corbière. Then the best thing you can do is to let people there write for ever. Here indeed they have lost all decency.

Persons who do not pay fifty francs a-year in taxes, were setting us right perpetually.

Villèle. Always to set one right is very wrong: patience wears out under it. The indexes of a watch may be turned by key after key, and finger after finger, until at last they are so loose that every thing moves them but the works.

Corbière. My dear Villèle, you grow dull; you reflect; you reason; you make observations. In fine, the Greeks are past hope; the good cause is safe.

Villèle. Down comes the Parthenon; down comes the temple of Theseus; down comes the study of Demosthenes.

Corbière. Away with paganism and republicanism! Vive le roi!

Villèle. Vive le roi!

XV. ODYSSEUS, TERSITZA, ACRIVE, AND TRELAWNY.

Tersitza. Brother, what have I done that the stranger should liken me to the idols of antiquity? And he looks so earnest and generous all the while! He must in his heart be very spiteful and deceitful.

Odysseus. Child, strangers do not talk as we do. Be not offended or surprised; he wished to please thee, as young men have desired to please from time immemorial, by calling thee like a goddess.

Tersitza. That is the thing so strange and rude in him. Forgive me, O Englishman, these expressions: we Greeks begin to talk Greek again, and speak our minds.

How have I offended you?

Trelawny. In no way, lady!

Tersitza. Oh, yes, I have; and now I can tell in what.

Odysseus. Speak it then; and I will obtain my friend's pardon for it.

Tersitza. He ought to know well enough that it was not my duty to look at him on the road; and that it became me to turn away my face from him when he looked at me. I did, and always will.

Odysseus. Thou art more in the wrong then, my dear Tersitza, than he was. Girls should accustom themselves to be looked at, that the faces of men may not terrify them like ghosts, nor draw them forward like magicians; and that by degrees they may observe with calmness the diversity of our natures, and discern at leisure where to place their trust.

Tersitza. He has nothing at all about him like a ghost or a magician; though indeed ghosts whisper, and magicians rhyme.

Trelawny. For the love of God!—

Tersitza. Ghosts never say that, nor magicians neither.

Odysseus. What was it?

Tersitza. He repeated a Kleptic song.

Trelawny. Tell any thing rather than that!

Tersitza. That is the very thing my brother asked of me.

Odysseus. Canst thou remember it?

Tersitza. Every line. What nonsense! what childish babble! Half the expressions quite wrong.

Odysseus. Ho! ho! thou didst then listen to them?

Tersitza. I was obliged to listen, he spoke so low—and—and—

Odysseus. Try to repeat them.

Tersitza. Oh, nothing is easier.

"Say but you do not hate me as you flee;
One word bears up the heartless to his lot.
I speak but to the winds! she answers not—
Not to the winds gives she one word for me!"

Odysseus. I cannot say much for his composition, nor for thy recital, my Tersitza.

Tersitza. Are you punished now, vain man?

Trelawny. I should be, if I could acknowledge the justice of the last remark.

Odysseus. No mutiny! Now upon thy honor, Trelawny, didst not thou notice how she began with something of derision; and how blank this derision grew at "heartless;" and how "the winds" seemed to have puffed it away; and into what fragments fell the final verse, and how difficult to put together in any good marching time?

Again to thyself. Candidly I declare it, Klepts sometimes are better poets.

Trelawny. And poets usually better Klepts, although I had a thousand times more to steal from than ever Parnassus gave before.

Odysseus. Trelawny, if in generous hearts these sentiments did not excite to higher and firmer, I should discountenance and reprove them.

Tersitza. Pray, do, brother; for I am sure I cannot. But perhaps it would be better not to do it, if you think they will make him firmer. As for higher, — oh, the proud creature! he knows it, — the old men seem to have no other son since he has been among us; and, instead of a jingle and clatter such as we used to hear, the earth every day shakes under us with the grounding of arms when he passes. Stop him! stop him! I will not hear him.

Odysseus. I must then reply for him, it seems.

On thy representation of the matter, which I can bring no witness to disprove, a look from him would, with other young persons, be somewhat more than pardonable.

Tersitza. Perhaps the custom is different in his country.

Trelawny. Different indeed it is, O ingenuous Tersitza! And you reprove me, it seems, for a fault I committed, and may happen to commit again; but never without checking myself if it displeases you; never without remembering that I am the guest, and you the sister, of the bravest among men.

Odysseus. And dost thou take me too for a goddess or a girl? If there are none others as brave, we are lost.

Trelawny. If there were many, not Greece alone, but the whole world, were safe.

Tersitza. Brother, let me come up closer to you — not on this side — on the other.

I could kiss the two eyes of that brave and just young man.

Odysseus. Hush! silly girl!

Tersitza. He did not hear me: I never in my whole life took such pains to speak low.

Odysseus. Take some to say nothing.

Tersitza. Oh, oh! what is it? I cannot think, I have only a few words more to say; but then they are so requisite, I could not sleep until they passed my lips.

Odysseus. Has any thing been confided to thee by the shepherdesses and wanderers on the road, about what they may have noticed or heard in remoter parts as they fled, or in the vicinity as they tarried?

Tersitza. Nothing of that; but I am so desirous not to be thought like an idol.

Trelawny. I said "a goddess," full of life and spirit and grace and loveliness.

Tersitza. Gods and goddesses, in all times and places, have been excessively bad people for the most part, so far as ever I could hear or read of them; and the goddess of beauty, the same you mentioned, who ought to be better than the rest, was one of the worst, I think, — although I am told I have never yet learned the thousandth part of what she did.

Odysseus. O thou little prattler! the beautiful may often be unwise.

Tersitza. Yes, but not bad.

Odysseus. Why not that too?

Tersitza. Because they know their beauty.

White doves are always very white indeed; and those great water-birds, to which the angels by God's order have given the same pure appearance, feel a pleasure in possessing it, look at it upon them, curve their necks over it, and lay their heads now along it and now under it, as if it solaced and supported and refreshed them.

Odysseus. Hast thou lived fourteen years, and knowest not yet these birds?

Tersitza. I know them very well, though I never saw but two; and you remember where.

Odysseus. Not I indeed, child!

Tersitza. Have you, who are so many years older, so bad a memory? It is strange you should have forgotten those tall, noble, beautiful creatures; particularly one of them: think again.

Odysseus. Where was it; and when?

Tersitza. Oh, that now, dear brother, that is quite impossible, — all pretence and dissembling! You might perhaps not know exactly *where:* but *when* — indeed, indeed now, that is quite impossible.

Odysseus. Remind me a little; give me an idea of it, a circumstance belonging to it.

Tersitza. It was in the beginning of spring, only five months ago, while we were sitting, several of us together, on a stone engraven round with goats'-heads, in the ruins of Cheronea.

Now cannot you recollect?

Odysseus. Not perfectly.

Tersitza. You must be very tired with the ride, or heavy with the sunshine, or thinking of other things, or uncommonly dull and fit to think of nothing. Why! it was only four days before our guest joined us. Ho! now you begin to come to yourself again. Well may you smile at having so short a memory. I recollect it the better, because you were angry with me for being sorry I could not go to church, there being none to go to; and for saying it was a pity to waste so sweet a morning in the open air, instead of thanking God for it, and singing to him, and adoring him.

Odysseus. I never am angry with thee, my sweet little sister; and I am sure I could not be for that expression.

Tersitza. No, you never are angry with me; but when I am sorry, you sometimes say you shall be.

Well; did not the stranger go to church with us the next Sunday, at Athens? And did not I tell you I was quite as happy as if I had been there the Sunday before?

Odysseus. Nonsense, nonsense! what has that to do with two swans?

Tersitza. Now, then, you can think about them, can you? I knew it was only deceit in you: I have found you out.

Odysseus. The swans appear to have made a deep impression on your imagination.

Tersitza. The nobler one came sailing up from the lake as swiftly and steadily as if some wind had blown him, though there was not a breath upon the water, and looked as if the place were his own, far and wide, and we were there by his gracious permission. It was only when he rowed among the grass and flowers, covered with cups white and yellow, as though a feast had been prepared for his reception, that I perceived he had any thing underneath to move with. We then heard some low and hoarse voices; and presently came out his mate, slenderer and less beautiful, arranged her plumage, went down a little way, returned again, sat motionless opposite us, and seemed courting us not to hurt or disturb him. Agatha said they had their nest there, under the bank; that their voices are not always low and hoarse; that when they are about to die they sing delightfully. I was glad the poor creatures had many years to live, for they certainly had made no progress in their singing. But there are birds perhaps as bad as we are; birds that will learn nothing from those they do not like.

Odysseus. Come on, come on, my beloved little Tersitza! thou too hast some things to learn, haply some painful ones; and we are near the school-room.

Tersitza. The cavern?

Odysseus. Ay, there are caverns where the water itself ceases to drop, and is liquid no longer. Thou also must grow somewhat harder in this solitary and inaccessible one of ours, my sister!

Tersitza. I am sure I cannot, every thing is so beautiful about it; and my dear brother too will be always nigh me. The waters that petrify must meet, as old men tell us, with something hard in their way: I find nothing but pleasure.

Odysseus. Pleasure itself hardens some hearts.

Tersitza. How is that? I think I can guess; I think I have discovered it. Greyhounds are very good, and look gentler than lambs; no animal upon earth is more beautiful; yet they always grow obdurate by the pleasure they take in coursing the hare and antelope. If they would run after nothing, and be contented to stand quiet and be caressed, they would be much better. I am certain they must be happier when they have no other creatures to pursue; and I wish it pleased God to give them sense enough to know it. Have you never seen how they pant; how their hearts beat in their deep breasts; how indifferent and insensible they appear to their best friends, who love them most and who would call them away? They forget their own nature, and even their own names, their cruelty so deafens them.

Odysseus. Now, Tersitza, stop! Now, Trelawny, look before thee! Dost thou discern the cleft there?

Trelawny. Distinctly.

Odysseus. There is the mansion of thy entertainment!

Trelawny. There is no path to it.

Odysseus. For enemies none; for friends, one rough and dangerous.

Tersitza. How shall I ever reach it?

Odysseus. Dismount.

Tersitza. Alas! would you leave me behind? Would you send me back? The road grows evener just now; we have passed the worst of it.

Trelawny. Sir, although I discover not yet by what way above ground or below to enter the cavern, still, if you will pardon the request of so high and unearned a favor, may my first service be, under your direction, to conduct your sister into it?

Odysseus. One alone can pass at a time.

Trelawny. Point out to me but the path; let me explore and clear it.

Tersitza. May I follow?

Odysseus. I must go first.

Tersitza. Are there no murderers? Do not go first, my brother! you have many enemies. They would not hurt me, nor a stranger so youthful and so — so disposed to say something kind and obliging to them.

O Heaven! who are all those other people that laughed when you did?

Odysseus. To those who laugh heartily the echo alone returns a laugh as hearty.

Now, silence! be grave, be steady; follow me, but mind yourselves.

Do not trust the bark upon the two larches; for, though sufficiently rough in appearance to secure the footing, the rain and sun and wind may have loosened it. Step rather on the bars and hurdles nailed across. Well done! bravely done!

Tersitza. I can go now by myself.

Odysseus. Better hold the sash yet. Is it quite tight around thee, Trelawny?

Trelawny. It should be; for it holds two lives.

Odysseus. Trelawny, do not glance back! She marches firmly; she looks upon the trees, and chooses her steps. Gently! gently! gently!

Come to me! come to me! let me clasp thee! let me hug thee, and lift thee up, and nestle thee in my beard and on my head, my young daring eaglet!

These few paces have given thee more color than all the ride.

Tersitza. I was not frightened in the least. I will directly walk back, just in the same manner I came, and then return hither, if you think I was.

Odysseus. I did not say it.

Tersitza. You seemed to think it, though; you looked doubtingly.

Odysseus. Welcome and thanks, Trelawny!

Tersitza. I said *thanks*, too; but he did not hear me. How could he, when you caught me and threw me up into the air?

Trelawny. Thanks to the generous Odysseus, to the gracious Tersitza! Health and respect, joy and long life, to both!

Odysseus. Ho, Leonidas! what art thou about? Why didst not thou wait on the other side until thy sister had passed, and until some one could have led thee?

Leonidas. For fear some one *should* have led me, or what is worse, and what they wanted to do, should have carried me in their arms.*

Odysseus. And at last thou mindest thy antelope more than these dangerous rocks and precipices.

Leonidas. I love my antelope; I do not care about rocks and precipices. Look, brother Odysseus! how she twinkles her large beautiful eyes at the brightness of the snow, catching it through the tops of the trees, and knowing it is not the sky as well as we do. She was never so near it before: she can never have seen any till now.

I wish I might pick for her a few berries of that mountain-ash; it is only a little way from the larches we crossed, the two over the chasm, — would it bear me? I should stop its waving if I leaped on it.

Odysseus. Leonidas, thou art so brave a boy, from this hour forward thou art a soldier. And now, being a soldier, thou canst do nothing without orders or leave.

Leonidas. Not gather berries?

Odysseus. No, not even that.

Leonidas. But am I really a soldier?

Odysseus. Really and truly.

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* Leonidas was some years younger than Tersitza. He lost his life a short time afterward, by pursuing an antelope in company with his sister, — he fell over a precipice on Parnassus.

Leonidas. Ah! this is worth an antelope. I could let her be hungry an hour together and hardly mind it.

Tersitza. For shame, Leonidas!

Leonidas. That is, if she did not cry after me, letting me know she expected something at my hands.

Odysseus. Give her to me, and I will hold her up while she browses a little on the birch.

Leonidas. Where is there one?

Odysseus. There; that old stump, from which so many slender boughs are waving over the cavern.

Leonidas. I had turned my back upon it. At first sight it seems a part of the rock, it has such deep crevices and chinks in it, and so much gray moss, hard as itself, about it. With all its twistings and writhings, it cannot keep its ragged coat right around it; but one patch gapes here, another there, and much has fallen in tatters at its feet. Wonderful, then, it should have the prettiest leaves and branches in the world, with a motion as graceful as a peacock's.

Odysseus. We must never judge of powers and capacities from appearances and situations. There are men who would make thee wonder more, if thou couldst ever see and know them. There are those who are not worth a twentieth part of that old stump, those whose brains and whose hearts are dryer than the bark of it, and yet on whose breath there may be healing or there may be pestilence for Greece.

Acrive. Where is Argyropylos; where may the man be sought? Can he have run away? It was hardly worth his while.

Odysseus. Whither should he run, and how? He was lamed for life by the last shot he received. Wouldst thou any thing with him, my dear grandmother?

Acrive. I gave into his keeping the two dogs for our best fire. A cruel, keen winter it will be, child Odysseus! What a sight of berries, high and low, all the way up, red, yellow, green, orange, black, purple, every sort and size!

Tersitza. Grandmamma, shall I run and look for Argyropylos?

Acrive. Good girl! let me kiss thee first. Prythee of what use are these frightful pines and beeches, and the elders and hollies we left below, without the two dogs? The larches, indeed, when their long sprays are dry and yellow, will look like matting upon the floor, and keep the feet warm.

What art waiting for, wench? Why art loitering? What art looking for?

Tersitza. A kiss, grandmamma.

Acrive. Life of me! I had clean forgotten it. Couldst not thou have had that another time, when the dogs are found? Such trifling! These are no times for idleness. Well! there, then — and with it my best blessing; my morning blessing: and fasting, God knows! Now, speed thee, sweet soul!

Hark ye! See thou dost not come back to me without the dogs and Argyropylos, or some tidings of the same, or I may be fain to whip thee till the blood comes.

(*Tersitza goes out.*)

I would not hurt her, Christ love her! but things must be in their places, and girls must learn to put 'em there. Son guest, they have no heads now-a-days: we must set ours upon 'em to make 'em worth any thing. Alas! she is one of the best, I do believe.

Trelawny. To me, the Lady Tersitza, child as she is, or nearly so, appears the most amiable and the most prudent of her sex.

Acrive. Yea, yea, son guest! I will make her prudent and amiable: leave her to me. I must say it, I have never seen any young thing like her. But, prythee, forbear to tell her such a tale; she might believe thee, and all would go wrong again. One breath of a stranger makes a dimple, where a whole day's breeze of a familiar makes none. Even grandmothers ere now have been unminded by their own grandchildren, or postponed to another.

Trelawny. Prodigious!

Acrive. True, as I live!

Trelawny. Then the world must have grown very bad.

Acrive. In these parts, and God knows how much further, it has not been as it should be for a number of seasons.

Trelawny. Too surely! every one complains of it.

Acrive. Ay, son guest, thou art wise I see beyond thy few years, and hast listened all thy lifetime, no doubt, to those who could look back on many.

A Klept sang to me one day what I would sing again to thee —

Trelawny. How delightful it will be to hear it in the long winter nights!

Acrive. Just now —

Trelawny. The Lady Tersitza would run back immediately on hearing it, and would forget her dogs and Argyropylos.

Acrive. Just now, indeed, I could not sing it in perfection; for, although my voice is as good as ever, my teeth do not second it, being that some twenty of the principal ones have failed me, at the time I want 'em most. But the substance of the song is, that the Seasons used formerly to follow one another in right order; that one day they took it into their heads to dance together; that Jupiter and Juno (thou hast heard of them probably) were angry at their doing it without their permission, and forced them to dance together ever since, whether they will or no. This has a meaning in it which my child Odysseus can explain to thee. The chief signification is, that we are colder now than formerly. What a power of snow hath been lying these seventy last summers, or more mayhap, on the top of our Parnassus! We have songs written by old Klepts in my youth, or rather before, about men and women by the dozen, that dwelt upon the highest parts of it, singing and harping day and night, without a fagot of furze here or there, or brazier or earthern pot between the legs of the daintiest.

Trelawny. How could they stand it?

Acrive. They did, however.

Trelawny. Is the fact quite certain?

Acrive. Sure as gospel. All poets and songsters agree upon it, even the young ones. Now if any one of this gentry could pick a hole in the coat of another, he would make it large enough to put his head and grin through.

Trelawny. But what has become of the singers and harpers?

Acrive. Our people call them Muses. These harpers and singers, pipers and trumpeters, have been called upon by name, and have never answered. I believe the hard Seasons have carried them all off; and there was nobody who cared to tend them, while any good could be done.

Trelawny. I am of the same opinion.

Acrive. Let us hope to fare better in the cavern.

Trelawny. Our enemies cannot so easily assail us.

Acrive. Grandson Odysseus, then, hath chosen prudently.

Trelawny. No man ever excelled him in prudence or in courage.

Acrive. Ah, son guest, hadst thou seen my husband, the father of Andritzo, but for the twinkling of an eye, thou wouldst never have said this. Odysseus is a dutiful child, and hath slain many circumcised dogs, and thrown many more off their scent when they thirsted for our blood and treasure. He doth not want valor nor circumspection; few have more: none in Greece, I uphold it; none upon earth, I will be sworn for it! — Here he comes. Tush! These are the very things he cannot bear to hear; the only ones that anger or offend him.

Odysseus. Well, Trelawny, whenever my fair grandmother shall have ceased to whisper soft sayings in thy ear, and the conversation shall have begun to grow a little less interesting, look above and athwart and along! This spacious and airy cavern, — dry in all seasons, warm in winter, cool in summer, well supplied with water, well stored with provisions and munition, free from insects and reptiles, inaccessible to traitors, and easily and by few to be defended against aggressors, — hath been heretofore the refuge of half-extinguished nations. Here art thou my guest and comrade; here art thou my only confidant and friend. I will treat thee now and evermore with the confidence a brave man deserves. Be not offended! The gold of England hath corrupted no few among the most courageous of my countrymen; the gold of England enchases the dagger-hilt that aims at my life.

Trelawny. Incredible! Certainly this, however, is not among the crimes of our late minister. The only life he ever personally aimed at was the vilest in existence, and none complains that he succeeded in his attempt. I forgot: he aimed at another so like it, that it is a pity it did not form a part of it.

Odysseus. The present time is the first thou hast ever heard me complain of thy country, if this be complaint. I meant it only as a reason for my sojourn here, and for conducting thee so far away from amusements and from action. Those who direct your councils are themselves no longer free. I will not say they are slaves; but they are bound to such, and must follow them, straight or crookedly. On this condition they are allowed what *they* call freedom and what *they* call power, — the liberty of seizing from others whatever suits their purposes, and the power of stopping inquiry and of punishing complaint.

Tersitza. O stranger! is there no prince in Europe who holds it glorious to stand by the cross of his Redeemer?

Trelawny. In the darkest of former days never was there one such wanting. Nobody now, in the whole confederacy of despots, will trust his neighbor. They act toward one another as if they were mutually known to be the most dishonest men in the world. All of them have seized what is not theirs, and are resolved that none shall recover or retain what is. Liberality is a scoff, a byword: utility is the phrase in vogue; a *linsey-woolsey* phrase, picked out from the pack of some Scotchman, some adept in that science which among *them* is called economy, among *us* starvation.

Odysseus. Glory is utility to kings: it adorns the throne and establishes it. But in the sight of politicians reference to the virtuous and valiant of ancient days is pedantic; admiration of heroism is puerile; an enthusiastic expression is an insurmountable hindrance to preferment.

Trelawny. Nevertheless, I walk straight across the stubble-field, whatever may stick to me, burr or brier, keeping in view the distant scenery that always has captivated and delighted me.

Odysseus. Well sayest thou never was there wanting, in the worst and most barbarous ages, some generous, warlike, enthusiastic prince, to be excited by a love of fame and a spirit of enterprise; now for the first time on record such a character is nowhere in Europe.

Trelawny. One well-sustained note of a public singer is able to stir and scatter those accumulations of exaction, which would lie motionless and inert as in the mine at the cries of all Greece, all Christendom, all Nature. The taskmasters, for whom we labor, press forward and combine together for no other object than the support of lawless authority.

Odysseus. All perhaps may not anathematize and persecute us alike; but all alike would crush us. Nations of free men and nations of slaves are equally friendly to us; the rulers of slaves and the rulers of free men are equally our adversaries.

Tersitza. Then which are the free; which the slaves?

Odysseus. Ask those who see better: my vision blends them.

Trelawny. We can hope nothing from the desire of reputation in our princes, which they cared little for keeping while they had it: any speculation to recover it is the last idleness and folly they are likely to fall into.

Odysseus. Alas! too true is it, my friend; and not only in princes, though in them chiefly, the desire of reputation, which ought to be the steadiest of desires, is the most erring. Beneficence is nowhere, as she should be and would be, the guide of Glory. In every part of Europe, the name *slave* hath ceased to be associated with pity or with ignominy; and yet the condition of one class of slaves is more pitiable than it ever was, and of the other more ignominious. The appellation is however too honorable for *us: we* are rebels! And England is as much our enemy as if we were rebels to *her.* First she brought about a peace between our murderers and Persia, that they might come against us undivided and unimpeded. She now is desirous of continuing one between them and the Emperor of Russia, bound by duties and treaties to protect the ministers of our religion. He hath suffered the ignominy of seeing the most exalted of them, of seeing a patriarch who approached his hundredth year, slaughtered on the most solemn of our festivals, descending from the altar, attired in the vestments of the church. Eternal shame! inexpiable treason to the cause of holiness and of humanity!

Are we rebels? No! The conditions, hard as they were, that held us to the Ottoman, were violated, cast asunder, trampled on, by himself, for centuries. There is no rebellion against lust and rapine: it is our duty, the first of duties, the most sacred. After this great truth, need I remark that many districts never owned the legitimacy or the existence of Turkish authority; made no alliance or compact with the invader; nor did any such live within them? Need I remark that not only was the despot unable to protect us from an enemy, without which ability there neither is allegiance nor subjection, but that he was unable to defend us from his own people, the Albanians? The bond was cancelled before; and now his slave tore it and burned it.

A certain force by sea is requisite to constitute the blockade of a single port; and surely a certain force, moral or physical, is requisite to constitute the possession of a whole country. If any nation claim an island in the South Sea, and never colonized it for many centuries, but only plundered it at longer or shorter intervals, would such an exercise of power be considered by jurists as a right over it?

Trelawny. Probably: by those jurists who pointed cannon against you for defending your families from apostasy and violation; by those jurists who sold as slaves the first of you that resisted; by those jurists who carried in their transports barbarians from the deserts of Arabia, of Libya, of Nubia, to exterminate the rest, to inhabit your country, to render it as happy, free, and fertile, as their own; by those jurists who intimidated a weak, wavering autocrat from aiding you, from driving off the vultures that devoured you; by those jurists who pretended to the right of interference when your oppressor would have lost the means of oppression, and who disclaimed the right when you appealed to them to exercise it in the cause of religion, of justice, of mercy, and when you would have rested from war under their flag.

Great God! by what calamity, by what crimes, have we, who gained so much glory in war, lost so much more in peace? Why are we, who could render all Europe free and prosperous at no expense, by no exertion, without lifting the arm, without raising the voice, — why are we hated, scorned, insulted universally? It is because we ought to do it, can do it, and will not.

Odysseus. No, Trelawny! It is because you neither will remove the grievances you promised to remove, and openly and repeatedly as Sicily and Italy bear witness, nor will permit others to abolish or diminish them, or even to provide against their future accumulation. We required only your neutrality; your national honor had other wants. Be comforted! be calm! The English by degrees are growing insensible to them.

Believe me, that country will become the most powerful which does the most extensive good. Nations live and remember, when princes have fallen asleep by the side of their fathers, and dynasties have passed away. No princely house was ever grateful long together: a people has a capacious heart, a full one, a sound one, and one that may beat for ages. Oh! who would empoison and paralyze, who would contract and harden, who would estrange and alienate it?

Tersitza. Sad perverseness! Why are not other men like you, my dear brother?

Trelawny. We see nothing, O fair Tersitza, but traces of evil in the world. The sunshine leaves no mark; the lightning leaves it.

Yet even the devastators of nations, not only among the ancients, but in all modern times until ours, have felt something of anxiety for fame and reputation.

Catharine and Frederic sought the friendship and correspondence of every man in Europe who stood eminent in merit and remarkable for genius and attainments. They established societies for the encouragement and futherance of arts, sciences, and literature in general; and if they made any distinction between the abettors of despotism and the opponents, the distinction was in favor of the latter. For what and to whom are the acknowledgments and rewards of England? She sends the "Order of the Garter" to the King of Portugal, on the subversion of the Constitution he had sworn to establish and defend; Russia, the "Order of St. Andrew" to the King of France, on the violation of the Charter he had bestowed upon his people. Knighthood is now conferred for that very action (I am loath to name it) for which anciently it was taken away with every demonstration of ignominy and disgrace. I know not what term designates it among kings, who undoubtedly, like the gods of Homer, have a language of their own; but, among us private men in England, a very coarse monosyllable serves the purpose. Reading such incredible stories, posterity will surely place our age in a second series of the fabulous; but neither sage nor schoolman will ever confound it with the heroic.

Odysseus. Let *us* look to that. The only country in which any thing is reported of the heroic ages is ours. There may be heroes out of bull-hides and brazen chariots; and there may also be heroes crushed by the inert.

Trelawny. It was easy to foresee that, when republics were subverted, constitutions and the defenders of constitutions would be insulted and assailed: but who could ever have imagined that the body of Christian princes should conspire against Christianity; that England should mediate for Russia, and take on herself the whole negotiation, only that Turkey might have both hands at liberty to rivet her chains on Greece? Every indignity that could be offered the patriots has been wantonly and prodigally cast against them: even commercial relations have been foregone and interdicted, even the course of money checked and interrupted. When the supplies which you obtained by a loan in England had reached Corfu, it was discovered that to deposit them there was a violation of neutrality, — a law never promulgated in Europe, never in Asia, and now enforced by a grave, sagacious governor, aspiring, no doubt, to display in his diplomatic life the energy and lustre of his military.

Odysseus. Let such men flourish; it is their season. Bad weather does not shake down the hip and haw, when every better fruit, and every leaf that protected it, has fallen.

Trelawny. What those among us, who are affected by a sense of national honor, most lament is that England, whose generosity would cost her nothing, and whose courage would be unexposed to fatality, stands aloof. What could the united power (suppose it can ever be united) of Austria, Turkey, Russia, do against England? What would they attempt? Have they not already imposed as many and as great restrictions on our trade as their own can suffer; and would not a war with us dethrone whichever of their emperors should proclaim it? The popular power is displayed the most vigorously where only one blow is requisite; and the guards of despots are oftentimes the tutelaries of justice. As the generous and domestic of the beasts avoid and fly from the anger of their master, while the ferocious are impelled to violence by the activity of fear, so the civilized and liberal of men elude the shock of royal discontent, while the barbarous rush against it and strangle it at a grasp.

An alliance, offensive and defensive, with Greece would render us invulnerable in the only part of the world where we have lately shown our feebleness. We should unite to us a maritime power, which within half a century would of itself be equipollent on the sea with France; and we should attract to our merchants those advantages of commerce in the Levant which at present lean toward her. Chatham, if he had lived in our days, would have cast on every side around him the seeds of maritime and constitutional States. We may extend our dominions in many ways; we can extend our power in this only. None of our late ministers have had clear views or steady aims. We have been hovering on the shores of Greece until the season is going by for aiding her;

and another power will soon have acquired the glory and the benefit of becoming her first protectress.

Odysseus. If a new world were to burst forth suddenly in the midst of the heavens, and we were instructed by angelic voices, or whatever kind of revelation the Creator might appoint, that its inhabitants were brave, generous, happy, and warm with all our sympathies, would not pious men fall prostrate before him for such a manifestation of his power and goodness? What then! shall these very people, these religious, be the first to stifle the expression of our praise and wonder at a marvel far more astonishing, at a manifestation of power and goodness far more glorious and magnificent? The weak vanquish the strong; the oppressed stand over the oppressor. We see happy, not them who never were otherwise, not them who have made no effort, no movement of their own to earn their happiness, like the creatures of our imaginary new world, but those who were the most wretched, and the most undeservedly; and who now, arising as from the tomb, move the incumbrances of ages and of nations from before them, and, although at present but half erect, lower the stature of the greatest heroes.

Trelawny. Two islets, neither of them greater than a gentleman's estate in England, defied the vengeance of the Turkish government and the malignity of the English; devoting the fortunes and lives of the inhabitants, raising troops, fitting out armaments, erecting fortresses, filling them with munition, fighting under and upon them, setting fire to them, and expiring with their enemy amid the ruins.

Odysseus. In more than one place was this done. Do you carry provisions of patience enough for a long story?

Trelawny. I am ready to start with you.

Odysseus. Santa Veneranda is a fortified monastery, to which Ali Pacha, some years before, had penetrated with an army of fifteen thousand men, driving back the Suliots, in number one thousand three hundred. At the sight of their women, led thither by Mosko and Kaido, they again gave the shout of battle and became in turn the assailants. Many of the females fought by their sides: whoever saw a sabre drop, or a musket, seized it. Others stayed upon the rocks, rolling down stones on the young ardent Mussulmans, who had fancied them an easier prey, and better worth conquering than their husbands and their brothers. Seven hundred and forty heads were piled up into a trophy by the Suliots; and Ali Pacha fled away in disguise — and halted at Yannina. This battle was fought on the 20th of July, in the year 1791.

Photo Zavellas and his sister Kaido, in the year 1802, were received into Santa Veneranda, when he had set fire to his house that no Turk should ever profane it, and when he had asked as the only reward of his obedience that the archons would watch over their country, and never let the name of their ancestors be dishonored.

Samuel, — who from the austerity of his life, from the confidence and awe he had inspired by announcing the prodigies he would undertake, and by performing them to the hour, had obtained the appellation of the *Last Judgment*, — defended Santa Veneranda with three hundred Suliots, rejecting the offers and retorting the threats of the Mahometans. He gave that reception to Photo and Kaido which their courage, their perseverance, and their virtue merited. Few covet the glory, eminent as it is, of being the first to acknowledge in any one true greatness. He added this large sum of it to what he had acquired by his prudence, his fortitude, his devotion, and his integrity.

The Suliots now began to value him whom Samuel loved and cherished, expressed their repentance at exacting the sacrifice he had made, — a sacrifice to him so costly and to them so profitless, — implored him to return among them, and offered to rebuild his house, and to place in his hands the supreme authority.

"If you hope," replied he, "that the enmity of Ali can be turned aside from you by negotiation, I will undertake it: if, on the contrary, you believe, as I do, that open war is better, let me bear that part in it, whatever it may be, of which you may deem me capable. Leave not, however, to me the invidious duty of punishing those who were my friends and fellow-soldiers, and now are traitors."

The adherents of the men he thus designated and denounced at last prevailed in the council; and it was resolved that he should go embassador to the court of Yannina. He soon discovered, what he never had doubted, the perfidy of Ali, no less evident on this occasion than on former ones, and was not sorry to carry back the conditions of peace proposed by him to the Suliots. Having then returned home, and having given his advice both to reject them and to resist the tyrant that would impose them, in vain did his friends and followers adjure him to remain in the city.

"Formerly," said he, "when our archons commanded me to assist him with seventy men against his enemies in Argyro-Castro, and he fell upon and disarmed us and led us off captives, I watched my opportunity of escaping, that Suli might not be taken by surprise, although my son was yet left with him; and grievous, I confess it, were my fears for a life so dear to me: I have now given my promise to return."

There was silence: but among those who knew Zavellas there could no longer be suspense or expectation. He had spoken; and was soon in a dungeon of the fortress on the lake.

Samuel was not inactive: he and Photo had watched with no less curiosity than inquietude the construction of a redoubt at Vilia. It was flanked by four towers, mounted with twelve brass cannon, and manned with a hundred and eighteen chosen Arnauts. Against this post Samuel demanded two hundred men and a barrel of powder. A workman had brought him information of its weaker parts; and leading forth in the silence of night the troop intrusted to him, followed by several of the women and many of the stouter boys, he gave them his benediction, took up a pickaxe, ordered a few to follow and work beside him, fixed the barrel of powder in the cavity they had opened, laid the train, descended, and raised a loud shout which his followers filled up courageously. The Turks rushed forward to the tower, and disappeared with it. Ali, more indignant at a loss than a disgrace, vowed vengeance; marched through the plain of Yannina with fourteen thousand men, and nothing lived behind him. The Suliots, emboldened by success, and remembering that for ten whole years they had resisted the best soldiers of the Ottoman empire and armies equally numerous, took the field against the invader. While they encountered death for their country, Pilio Gusi, a Suliot, introduced the enemy into Suli. Photo Zavellas escaped. He and Kaido and Samuel were blockaded in Santa Veneranda by nine thousand Turks, of whom they slew seven hundred. Means of defence and of sustenance were failing: a favorable capitulation, with the honors of war, was proposed to them; none ventured to express the wish or the necessity of accepting it. Samuel now spoke. "My children," said he, "the terms offered to us include the unfortunate of Suli, who wander on the mountains or hold out from insulated towers; we have no time to hesitate, no choice to make; accept them." This voice had always been heard as a father's, as a prophet's: the terms were ratified. "And now," cried he aloud and solemnly, "let us for the last time in this holy place render thanks to God for our preservation and deliverance." The service was performed; the soldiers went forth armed; the wounded were supported by the women. Samuel, who told them he should give up possession of the fortress when he saw them safe on the road, waited until six hundred Turks had entered. They rushed into the church, partly through fanaticism to pollute it, and partly through avarice to plunder it. He stood in the vault below; his hour was come; he threw a lighted torch on the powder, and left but his name on earth. Detachments had already set out to despoil and exterminate the last Suliots. It was impossible to protect the women in any other way than by defending their own lives against the multitudes that encompassed them. Sixty mothers, those who had become so the latest, too feeble to contend or to fly, and unable to join their husbands or even to find them in the conflict, far as they had penetrated into the main body of the enemy, hurled their infants in desperation against their merciless pursuers, seized one another's hands and necks, raised the hymn of death, and rushed down a precipice together. Unfortunate!—for humanity must call them so even in their eternal glory—not to have lived to see how their elder sons now avenge their younger and them. Despo, widow of Bozzi, yet possessed a tower in the territory of Suli, into which she had carried her daughters, her little granddaughters, and their nearer relatives. Defence and escape with honor were alike impossible: surrender was unthought of. She exhorted them to die with her: they were passive and silent, placed themselves on some chests of cartouches at her side, and shared with her the death of Samuel.

Noti and Kitzo Bozzaris had withdrawn in good time from Suli to Vurgarelli, had opened to themselves the pass of Athanasia, forced the gorge of Theodosia, and, after fighting two days incessantly, pressed forward to the bridge of Coracos, the termination (as they imagined) of their march. It was however commanded by a Turkish battery. No hope was left to them, but of occupying the rock and monastery of Veternizza. This they accomplished; and many were the Turks who fell in striving to dislodge them from it. As however there were no provisions, nor means of obtaining any, another attack was made against the bridge. In the attempt to force the barricade, nearly the whole troop was slain. The women saw nothing now between them and the Turks: husbands and brothers were called upon in vain; no voice of pity, none of encouragement, none of acknowledgment, was heard. Not all even of the children were surviving; for some had been slain while held up that the fathers might see them. Two hundred mothers ran with their infants and little boys to where the river was deeper, just above; commanding their daughters to cling to them inseparably, if they ever loved them, and if that which distinguishes the Suliot women above all others is dear and sacred. Never were they more obedient. The traveller who may see hereafter the whirlpools of the Achelous will shudder: they did not.

Noti Bozzaris had fainted after his fifth wound, and was dragged into the dungeon of Yannina; Kitzo and ten more escaped; Photo Zavellas and Kaido, with Dimo Draco and Zima Zervas, forced their way through the defiles, retreated to Parga, and afterward were received with the compassion and the honors due to them in the Ionian Isles. But Parga and they were doomed to be no longer the refuge of the free or the unfortunate. The first time a whole Christian people was ever sold openly by another Christian people to the Mahometan was by England, on the thirteenth of March, 1817. On the ninth of May, at sunset, the British flag was struck from the walls of Parga.

Trelawny. The worst harm ever done to Greece, even more atrocious than that inflicted on Parga, was by prevailing on the King of Persia to suspend hostilities against the Turks, and finally to accept conditions of peace in the hour of victory. Had our ministry abstained from this interference, your freedom had been secured in the second year of the contest. The least we can do now is to save the remainder of your women and children from slavery; since, without our active co-operation against you, these would not, for the most part, have been fatherless and widows. If you had been our enemies for centuries, we could never have proved ourselves more persevering, more systematical, or more destructive in our hostility. Among the innumerable acts of partiality shown by our ministers to the enemies of Greece, it was with grief and indignation that we saw the *Zenobia* guide the Ottoman fleet into the harbor of Galasendi, and the commander place a mortar against men fighting for the most sacred rights of humanity, fighting to escape from a slavery not endured in any other portion of Europe.

On every ingenuous and well-educated mind antiquity lays a spell, of which they never afterward are dispossessed: yet, where judgment has grown up in its due proportions, there can exist no doubt that the Greeks in the last five years have equalled the glories of their ancestors at any like period, although the number that could come forward was formerly much greater. With all the advantages of education and example, Greece never saw at once so many disinterested patriots and devoted chieftains. Has the whole world, in two thousand years, beheld so many who effected so much with means so slender? Foremost of them are Miaoulis and Canaris, and Zavellas and Samuel, and he at whose side I stand.

Odysseus. The politicians of England seem afraid that Russia may benefit by the separation of Greece from Turkey; and Russia is afraid of the principles which operate the separation. She wishes the exhaustion of both nations; and, with or without the absolute conquest of the Ottoman empire, she may threaten or endanger your dominions in Hindostan.

Trelawny. She would not be able in half a century to send an army into India, even if she possessed the dominions of the Turk. Indeed, they would be far from affording her any great facility. In less than half a century it is probable we shall lose that empire; but we shall lose it, like every other we have lost and are about to lose, by alienating the affections of the people. God grant that Russia may invade and conquer Turkey! Not that the Russians, or any other people on the Continent, are a better, a braver, an honester race than the Turks, but because the policy of the government is adverse to the progress of civilization, and bears with brutal heaviness on its cradle. God grant that Russia may possess her! Not because it will increase her strength, but because it will enable, and perhaps induce, her to liberate from bondage more than one brave nation. She cannot hold Turkey at the extremity of such a lever; and those who now run to help her will slip from under her. It is only by a war on the Continent, a war however in which England has no business or right to take a part, that what ought to have been done long ago can be at last effected. If our ministers should enter into hostilities, the nation will certainly refuse the succors, even though a majority in Parliament should vote them. Here another great question starts before us, not at present to be discussed. One thing is certain: if we cannot stand under our debt, we cannot fight under it. Orders to march may be given to him who has lost a leg; but what drum or what cane shall make him go? If ever we have another war within the next thirty years, it must be a war of speculation, a subscription-war, in which the holders of shares shall pay all the expenses and take all the profit. Do you suppose we could not, without a war, have kept the army of Louis out of Spain? An appeal to the French troops and the French people would have shaken that drowsy enslaver from his throne; a glance of approbation would have encouraged the Constitutionalists to fix the House of Braganza in Madrid, and to inflict on a perjurer the punishment of his crimes.

It is idle to ask what was the object, for that was varying from the first day to the last: let us only think what have been the consequences of a war that precipitated into death and oblivion the better part of two generations, through nearly the whole of Europe. It has reduced to poverty ten millions of ourselves; it has consigned to slavery sixty millions, partly of our neighbors, partly of our allies; it has enabled the French ministers to recall the Jesuits, the Spanish to restore the Inquisition, the English to appoint their colleagues and successors; it has abolished republics and republicanism; it has cast the dregs of democracy on and over the loftiest thrones, constitutional and monarchal; it has multiplied and widened the cracks and crevices of the Church; it has sustained and sanctified the mosque; it has proscribed the traffic of those who dealt in Africans ; it has legitimated the practices of such as carry off the Greeks ; indulgent to the gambler, generous to the robber, honorific to the poisoner and assassin, indifferent to the improver of his country, inimical to the enlightener, and rancorous to the defender.

Do I think it little, you may ask me, to have abolished the slave-trade? Do I speak heedlessly of the blacks? No. Much would it have been if this accursed trade were really abolished ; if we had united with America to treat as pirates all concerned in it, French or Portuguese. We withdraw from the redress of wrongs, we enforce no stipulation of treaties, we act dastardly with every despot, and perfidiously with every people. Nothing can suffer from aggression without paining me when I know it: but other nations do not interest me like the Greeks, to whom I owe every exalted, every generous, every just sentiment. I never can be induced to imagine that the extinction of all the tribes in Africa, and all in Asia, with half of the dwellers in Europe, would be so lamentable as the destruction of Missolonghi, or even as the death of Bozzaris. Animal life in itself is little: animal life, however, is nearly all that belongs to the greater part of mankind, unless some glorious recollection, some mighty aim and intent, shall raise them above the level of trodden and trite humanity. No such feeling can belong to the generality of nations. England and Sweden, always contending against greater numbers, and almost always signally victorious, may be justly proud of military glory ; Italy of the arts : but which of them in either has outrivalled Greece? Her old heroic age was less heroic than the present : grant her another, and your children may see a Phidias and a Sophocles.

Should I have wronged our ministers in doubting their sincerity, and in underrating their exertions to suppress the slave-trade, let me retract or soften the expression ; let me say, if truth will bear it, we are zealous in protecting from slavery the remotest nations of Africa, who have always for thousands of years been subject to that visitation, and who never have expected, or even heard tidings of, our generous interference. We take them away by righteous force from under the proudest flag ; we convey them to our own settlements ; we give them food, clothing, ground, instruction, morals, religion. Humanity cries out, "Oh, tell them they are men!" and we hear her. Is she silent for the Greeks? Have their voices no echo in her breast? Do we treat them cruelly because they have not the advantage of being barbarous? Do we spurn them because they cling to us? Is it because they trust only in us that we reject and repulse them, them only of all mankind?

Odysseus. The ships of Ismael Bey repass the Mediterranean and Archipelago, laden with the sons and daughters of a half-extinguished race; half-extinguished under our eyes. Their terrors are not at death; their tears are not for captivity; their loss, though their country is Greece, is not of country. God alone can avenge it: God alone must hear it. Something may surely be done to alleviate the sufferings of the few survivors, wandering among naked rocks, or lifting up their heads from the rushes in the pestilential marsh. They require of you no land to cultivate, no sustenance, no raiment: they implore of you permission to live under the safeguard of laws, and to partake with the most ignorant and ferocious tribes, with murderers and cannibals, a spare moment of your attention and concern.

Surely, surely this is not too much, if you consider that the finest eloquence ever heard in your Parliament was admirable only in proportion as it resembled the eloquence of our ancestors; and that gods were bowed down to and worshipped by the wisest and most powerful nations for being in form and dignity like them.

His Imperial Majesty was taught from his youth upward to contemplate the glories of antiquity, nearly all of which are crowded in one people; has he never felt that there is something more and better than ambition? Has he never thought that he may now enjoy by uniting, as his people calls upon him to do, the scattered members of the Greek nation and the Greek Church? If not, yet no king or emperor on earth has the right or the power to hinder your co-operation with us; no people has the wish, excepting that which at this instant is leading thousands into slavery, thousands of women and children, from famished cities, from the cinders of villages, from defiled altars; thousands who cry in the agony of despair, "O God! is there none to save us?"

No monarch could ever by any exertion render so great a service to humanity as the emperor can without an effort. The effervescence and discontent of his subjects would subside at one word. And what word? Not *enslave*, not *depopulate*, not *conquer:* but a voice that would be heard with transport from every quarter of the world; a voice indeed of glad tidings, — "Save! save!" It depends on his determination, which nothing in the universe should set aside or shake or alter or delay, whether he will be the most glorious, the most potent, the most beloved, the most secure of princes, or whether he will pass his anxious days among suspicions and murmurs and seditions and treasons; whether he will suffer those who have prayed with him and for him to bend under lust and cruelty, to be driven from their country, to expire in tortures, and to leave a progeny — not of Greeks in religion, name, or habitation — to fight in future wars against him, and to burn the remainder of the churches to which their mothers bore them as the last refuge.

Let one voice more inform him then — the voice of England — that any prince in Europe would be abandoned by his subjects, military and civil, who should venture to draw the sword against him while his is protecting Greece.

If the appeal be ineffectual, let us believe that Providence will bring about, by means of folly and perversity, what wisdom and rectitude were not permitted to accomplish.

Trelawny. The world is shaken off its axis, and the highest nations are gasping for existence, crushed by the superincumbence of the lowest. If the sufferings of others are any alleviation to yours, turn toward them. Undoubtedly Greece hath suffered much, Odysseus; but sufferings are never extreme while there remains a consciousness of power to resist. Spain has lost it. Every man in Spain who has laid before his fellow-citizens the riper and richer fruits of education, every man who has made a sacrifice to the public good, is marked out for priestly and for royal vengeance. Fewer families in the same period were reduced to misery in France by the tyranny of Robespierre, than in Spain by the aggression of Louis. Restoring his relative to despotic power, he might at least have stipulated against his inordinate and wanton love of bloodshed, and have placed some barrier, some boundary, some imaginary line at least and visible horizon, to the insensate fury of his bigotry and revenge. It is known that upward of one hundred and seventy thousand persons have been imprisoned, driven from their houses, placed under the power of the police, or deprived of their occupations and livelihood, since the departure of Ferdinand from Cadiz. So much of wretchedness hath never been occasioned by any one man within so short a time, to so many of the brave, the industrious, and the virtuous. The nineteenth century is now thrown back upon the sixteenth.

Odysseus. By the help of England!

Trelawny. Where there is the same oppression, there will be the same resistance: where there is the same cruelty, there will be exerted the same energy to extinguish it.

Deplorable! that Virtue must assume the attitude of Despair; that bad actions must remove bad men; that Justice must use in her defence the weapon she hath wrested from the criminal.

Odysseus. Shall Spain abjure her first friends, her earliest defenders? Never be it said of her; never may she lose our sympathies.

Trelawny. But where art thou, Riego, abandoning, to preserve the honor of thy country, the most beloved and tender of women, in the first hour of union? Upon what mountain-crag rests thy devoted head? Upon what parental breast can hers repose, O blessed avenger of insulted Freedom? And thou, Quiroga, where is the region of thy wanderings? Must thou ponder and pore over the vestiges of gratitude in lands across the Atlantic? Shall not Spaniards bear toward thee eternally the love and veneration that the rudest once of Columbian tribes bear still toward their father, Vasco?* In the islet of Pascuaro rest his bones; art thou among those who weep over them? Envying his repose, art thou doubtful of participating his glory? Such are the first names for children to gather up, the last for men to drop into oblivion.

Despots are now the revolutionists, and the learned and liberal are become more than ever their aversion and scorn. The present race of princes, throughout the continent of Europe, are the most ignorant and gross barbarians that have appeared contemporaneously since the revival of letters.

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* Vasco de Quiroga, first bishop of Michuacan, was justly called so.

Odysseus. Nevertheless, the autocrat of Russia, if he continued to be master of the Ionian Islands, would from policy found a college in them, at which the youth of Greece should receive on easy terms the instruction necessary for the learned professions. At present they study chiefly at Pisa, and are under no obligation to any power that can protect them. The French are solicitous to draw them to Paris; with what intentions we may easily conceive. Nearly all of them are favorable to France, and averse to England, — a bias which might have been reversed.

Trelawny. We fancy that every thing is to be done by money and force; and we use no other means. Much indeed may be effected by them; but the same means must continue in exercise, or the effect ceases: while means less expensive are equally efficacious and more durable.

On my way hither I visited the Ionian University, projected, founded, and principally endowed by the most public-spirited and the most literary of our nobility. He was unseconded by the ministry, and thwarted by the governor of the islands. His lodgings were less habitable than would be furnished to a journeyman tailor for eighteen pence a week at the worst alehouse of any country town in England. I will venture to assert that every county-jail furnishes a fraudulent debtor with more convenient accommodation than the English ministry, in the prodigality of its grants, allowed to the Chancellor of the Ionian University. And this was not the treatment of a single year; although a single one occupies no undefinable or scanty space in a life too far on its wane, — a life of energy and of study. At the same time enormous sums were voted for the barracks and government-house: so preferable are guards to friends; so greatly more important and necessary are soldiers than citizens, force than humanity, subjection than improvement!

Do not hope for any aid or intervention from the ministers of kings. They abandon you from the first moment they sit comfortably in their places. Chateaubriand, who wrote *The Spirit of Christianity*, and chatters about freedom, no sooner was admitted to office than he demanded the punishment of death on the publishers of sedition: by which term all ministers mean the exposure of their abuses or their incapacity. When people suffer most they complain loudest; and the same hand that has made them suffer most will punish most severely their complaints. The clearer the truth is, the more partisans will it collect; and the more partisans it collects, the more dangerous must it be to the proprietors of power. Chateaubriand will never be seditious against any exercise of tyranny but that which excludes him from the participation of it; and although he may go far enough to get whipped, he will lift up one ear and scurry off when the bloodhound takes the turn of the beagle. He throws into his *Spirit of Christianity* the spirits he secreted from the hall of the Jacobins: they were too strong for the baptizers at Nantes and the regenerators at Lyons.

Chateaubriand is called the most liberal of the French privy councillors, and Canning of the English. Yet, when Chateaubriand was in power, we found the African slave-trade in full vigor under his protection, as we find the European under Canning's. Who would have believed that England should permit the Egyptians to carry on the slave-trade against Greece, and should remonstrate with Portugal and France for carrying on theirs against Guinea? There is no earnestness, no sincerity, no truth whatever in this remonstrance. We know that our minister must tickle all the humors of his master; and that none was ever readier to do it, with every joint of every finger. If any proof were wanting of the man's duplicity, after his conduct toward Lord Castlereagh, and indeed toward every one with whom he ever acted, we might adduce his countenance of that A'Court who betrayed the Neapolitans by furthering a secret correspondence between the king and his son, and who was the main instrument in undermining the Spanish constitution. Wherever he is sent or maintained, it is for some such purpose as at Madrid and Naples. Be assured that, if the English government should pretend to espouse your cause, it will be only to relax your efforts, to unman your navy, and to deliver you up to worse servitude than the past.

Odysseus. Your minister did revive our hopes by his speeches.

Trelawny. He would be an imitator of Chateaubriand; but he has not a tithe of the Frenchman's abilities as a writer or a politician. The English nation was never so abased in the eyes of Europe as when this adventurer, for the sake of support from abroad, sat down quietly and silently at his post, and saw the French army pass the Pyrenees. The French were not recently vanquished, were not bound hand and foot in their metropolis, when England in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth made war against them to break a family alliance. After a war undertaken not for power but principles, so we are told it was, no sooner are the Spaniards become an independent and free people, than the envoy of the King of England aids the King of Spain to break his oath with them; and they look down together from the royal palace, with equal complacency, on the murder and banishment of how much better men! With Bonaparte, when every government and every chance was against us, we contended year after year, that the power of the French might not prevail in Spain. Yet the laws and institutions they introduced were calculated to reform and civilize a generous and aspiring, but a degraded and ferocious people. We destroy the usurpation of Napoleon; we restore a Bourbon; we promise a free constitution. Every thing is in our power: what is it we do? We allow a beaten enemy to supplant us; we allow a Bourbon to exert an authority which a Bonaparte did not arrogate or attempt. We give up Spain to France; we give up those who had fought bravely at our sides to imprisonment and exile, to tortures and death! We permit our commerce to be excluded, our merchants to be pillaged, our capitalists to be defrauded, and our allies, — or rather our ally, for we have only one left in the universe, — to be invaded by the arms of Spain, under the eyes and under the flag of France. Are the Bourbons then a preferable race to the Bonapartes, that we should be so tolerant, so long-suffering, so supine? Are they more honorable, more just, more wise, more conciliatory? They reign: we have strapped and cross-barred them in their thrones, and must not ask questions about them; let us ask then a few about the dynasty that is passed. Were the Bonapartes the most slothful, were the Bonapartes the most bigoted, were the Bonapartes the most unprincipled, the most ungrateful of mankind? Were they persecutors, were they perjurers, were they parricidal?

Odysseus. Do not wait for an answer from me. I wish we had them again at the head of nations, with less power and more experience. Kings, taught to walk by priests and to ride by plunderers, will wantonly lay waste all the cultivation that lies before them; and, since there are no others, we will try to keep them out of Greece, where a robber the more or the less is no grave matter. And, indeed, there is a likelihood of above one the more and above one the worse where this fur is hung out to cover them.

We have heard occasionally fine things read to us from newspapers about the person thou hast been describing.

Trelawny. Part of our money goes to pay the people who mislead us, and another part to pay those who enable them to do it by newspapers, reviews, and magazines.

Odysseus. Has the sun hurt thy head, Trelawny?

Trelawny. Not at all: why do you ask me?

Odysseus. I feared it. Thou saidst, "by newspapers, reviews, and magazines." What, in the name of God, have military evolutions and stores in common with political writers? Why dost thou laugh, my son?

Trelawny. We never should laugh at a mistake; and yet it is almost the only thing we do laugh at. Faith! the reviews and magazines I was speaking of have nearly as little to do with literature as with war. They are printed sheets, pretending to give an account of new publications: the writers of them are paid to traduce the character and vilify the productions of those who think differently from their employers. They are likewise the eulogists of the ministry or the opposition, and are among us what the Albanians are among you, — faithful and trusty while you pay them well, but ready at any hour to go over to your enemy, and to be as trusty and faithful to him, if he will pay them better.

Odysseus. Ho! these I find are the public criers who extol your minister for his liberality and wisdom. What can we Greeks expect from him? — Promises, delays, deception, destitution!

Trelawny. Let those uphold the cabinet conspirator who have places or promises or expectations; but let them obtain no more credit for their rectitude than when they swear to you they believe he expended fourteen thousand pounds at Lisbon, for three months' board and lodging.

Odysseus. I do not understand how this can be.

Trelawny. Nor does any man. However, the House of Commons, at that time composed in great part of stockjobbers, contractors, commissioners, together with some six-fingered patriots who have since robbed the poor Greeks through their rags, instituted no inquiry into the impudent and incredible declaration that, although he had received fourteen thousand pounds of the public money, he had spent somewhat of his own beside. The wonder is nobody had the spirit to propose that so disinterested a patriot should at least be indemnified by the nation, for the few remaining thousands he had generously disbursed in her service. He accepted the office from Castlereagh, whom he had attempted by clandestine means to prove unworthy of the king's confidence; and Castlereagh was rejoiced to cover him with contempt by acceding to his solicitation.

Odysseus. I care little what your public men are doing one against another; but it concerns me nearly if they quail at Russia.

Trelawny. If they apprehend any danger from her, they should connive at the accumulation of her territory. She is weakened by every people she enslaves, because the extremities are weightier than the centre. Europe, far from being threatened by her with future irruption of barbarians, is preserved from it. She will civilize her tribes; she cannot amalgamate nor unite them. Were she mistress of Turkey, she would soon lose Poland; and the Turks, being a nobler and more dignified race than the Muscovites, would, under Muscovite discipline, expel them.

Tersitza. Oh, those horrid creatures! What makes them noble? What makes them dignified?

Odysseus. Tersitza, we see few, excepting soldiers and robbers and (what are worse than the one, and no better than the other) merchants. I have lived among those who, although not the most virtuous of the Turks, are much superior in gravity and decorousness of deportment to the principal men in Russia or Austria, in Italy or France. Wary and unconfiding, they behave toward all with the winning courtesy of pliant grandeur. Never does a word escape them within the possibility of offending. To those who by their services have merited their favor, they are the most grateful and the most generous of mankind. These are their virtues. We already know too well their vices; of which in our eyes the most grievous and intolerable is the desire of holding us in subjection. So long as this is unquenched in them, we are their enemies; but if justice or exhaustion should subdue it, rather would I confide in them as allies and friends than in any other nation under heaven.

Trelawny. Let us try whether we cannot bring about, by force of arms, this desirable consummation.

I have little respect for the autocrat of Russia; little regard or commiseration for his hordes of slaves; and I confess that I regret none of his conquests, excepting Finland. The others are happier than they were before, and will render more service to freedom and humanity than they could have done without a temporary subjugation. If Alexander does not succor you, there are two reasons: first, the *secret-service money* given by England, France, and Austria to his mistresses and confidants; secondly, what naturally flows from it, the allurements of pleasure that have lately been thrown into his way by them, in order to counteract the impressions of policy, to stifle the voice of conscience, to efface the last vestige of honor, and to deaden any fibre in his breast that may respond to the throbbings of his country.

Odysseus. If, as thou seemedst to say, the empire of the Czars being already incompact and vast, a little more added to the extremity of this enormous lever would render it so cumbrous that no human arm could support it, policy would not urge the autocrat to extend his dominions any farther.

Trelawny. It surely is a rational and just desire, and countenanced by the soundest policy, to annex whatever is within the Greek communion, with the sole exception of the land of Greece; which is too far off, and would be too restless, too vulnerable, and greatly more serviceable and much less invidious as an ally. Nothing can exceed the levity and impudence of French politicians, who reprehend and condemn this imaginary project, while their court interferes in behalf of the Catholic Greeks, and presumes even to threaten the majority of the nation if these are compelled to perform the duties of citizens. While they were compelled by Turkey to perform the offices of slaves, no threat was heard, no complaint. Russia, having a right by treaty to interfere in behalf of her communion, exhibits more discretion and moderation. She appears to have read in the astrological section of her almanac, compiled in London and revised in Paris, that conquest will ruin her, and she shrinks back in vacancy with her sword unsheathed.

Odysseus. Luxury is more likely to enfeeble her; for barbarous as she is, she is no less dissolute.

Trelawny. I believe it was never contradicted nor doubted that every great empire has decayed through luxury: this theory I suspect to be unfounded. Luxury, if confined to few, can do little mischief to the people at large, particularly where the population lies scattered; if general, there can be no better proof of the State's flourishing condition, no surer exposition of its tutelary laws. It is only when great interests clash, only when great properties are torn away and insulated from the mass, only when one portion of the citizens has something to compensate it for the loss of country, and the other can sustain no loss whatever, that nations are enslaved and ruined.

We must regulate the index of luxury by the places we are in, and calculate its effects by what it acts on. The Babylonians, the Persians, the Macedonians, the Tartars, were ruined by their conquests. Rome was not subdued on the trichlinia of Apicius or Petronius. Her citizens fell away and yielded to the enemy when no common bond of interest held them together, when they possessed large estates in the provinces, and their money was put out to interest in them. By degrees the chief property of the Roman senators and gentlemen lay out of Italy, which country therefore was deserted by the Genius of Agriculture. Innumerable slaves were employed about their villas and gardens, while their tables were supplied from Syria, Pamphylia, Egypt, and Numidia. They were never so respectable, never so formidable, as when they spent many months of the year on their patrimonial estates, — small ones, and thence near enough one to another both for conviviality and for checks.

A man is not the weaker in mind or body for eating a turbot in preference to a roach, or a peacock in preference to a raven: in his social state he is the weaker, and deplorably indeed, when his interests and affections lie beyond his country, which soon pines away at his indifference.

Odysseus. Now, Trelawny, turn thy attention a little to thyself.

Thou camest hither with an ardent and intense desire of doing good: activity is requisite to thee. While the goats are being milked, and such other refreshments are preparing for us as the place affords, let me again exhort thee to consider well, I do not say the danger of remaining with me, for that would only fix thee, but the probability of long inaction. I know my enemies; I am aware of their machinations: I shall defeat them in my own manner, at my own season.

Trelawny. He by whose courage and conduct more Turks have fallen than by any other chieftain's may defy them still. Dismiss me, Odysseus, when I am found unworthy of fighting at your side, or unable to execute the most arduous of your commands.

Odysseus. Of ability and of zeal thou hast given me many proofs. The memory of thy courage and of thy friendship lies deep within my heart, but without witnesses, without reward; for those who have fought with me may die with me before another year; and England, in the prodigality of her honors, hath none in reserve for the champions of Greece.

Beside, — I am slow to mention it in thy presence, — English officers are accustomed to some conveniences.

Trelawny. I am no longer one of them. Lieutenants and ensigns all expect to find here, on the morning of their arrival, a new colonel's uniform hanging over the back of the sofa, with a pair of shining boots on the carpet in the centre of it, reflecting their equally smooth countenances.

Odysseus. We have nothing of this: we have only reeds and rushes, for they grow in moist places where the enemy cannot burn them; and when we lay down our bodies on the field, we press a couch strewed over with such spoils as they perhaps would not go into battle for, but the best in my opinion that any one can win, — sound sleep from sound consciences, and, more refreshing than soundest sleep, dreams of victory from hard fighting.

Do not fancy me ungrateful or invidious: it is true, I expected more from the reputation of England for public spirit and enlightened counsels.

Trelawny. We were dealers and chapmen when we were at the best; we are now gamblers and sharpers; purse-bearers to Ali-Pacha, purveyors to Ibrahim-Bey, slave-importers and panders to Turk, Algerine, and Egyptian. Even those who press forward to offer you their gold filch from you while they offer it; and you will find among these liberal men more roguery and robbery than among the vilest slaves of the harem. The spirit of speculation possesses them; of all spirits the most unclean, and the last to be exorcised.

Odysseus. When I hear an Englishman speak thus of his country, I am only the more inclined to believe in his ardent love for her. He remembers what she has been, he feels what she ought to be; he anticipates what she may be, and he misrepresents what she is. Such is the effect of passion, which has been the purest and tenderest on torn and ulcerated hearts: indifference is free from it. Be thou, O Trelawny, what the insensible can be without an effort, the generous on some occasions not, — be just.

Tersitza. Do I disturb you grave men by coming back so soon to you? Brother, I know you choose milk: drink this while it is warm and froths. It hums and buzzes as if there were flies upon it; but there are none in the cavern, so you may take a large draught freely.

You being an Englishman will prefer wine: here is some, very sweet.

Trelawny. If Tersitza has proved it.

Tersitza. I have indeed. I would not have given it to you if I had not tasted it: we are never quite safe from our enemies.

Odysseus. My dear Tersitza, it was not very polite in you to offer me the milk before you had presented the wine to our guest.

Tersitza (*aside to Odysseus*). Alas! I know it. I cannot be polite to him, though I wish it above all things, and think of nothing but my failure in it. What an effect has a stranger in making one rude and unseemly! You never told me I was so before.

Odysseus. I never remarked it but in this one instance.

Tersitza. Oh, how badly do you see, my brother! or how kind you are!

Odysseus. Come along with me, child!

Trelawny, I return to thee when I find that the women have taken their proper places of rest, and want nothing.

Tersitza. Brother!

Odysseus. What wouldst thou have?

Tersitza. I would ask something.

Odysseus. Be discreet, Tersitza! Discreet! thou art always. Speak at once: I grant it.

Tersitza. Grant what?

Odysseus. What you would ask.

Tersitza. Do you really now command that noble youth?

Odysseus. Is that all?

Tersitza. Tell me, tell me! Do tell me!

Odysseus. Yes, my love. He has declared his resolution to obey my orders.

Tersitza. Oh! do command him then never more to ride between me and the edge of a precipice, — so terribly high, a brook seems only a long vine-tendril from it, and a fountain a glossy leaf; where the path is not level enough for any but the flattest stones to lie upon it (rounder would roll off), nor broad enough for the surest-footed beast to walk safely, though quite alone.

Odysseus. Thoughtless young man! why did he ride there?

Tersitza. I asked him myself the same question: he said he rode there to admire the magnificence of the view.

Surely, to look down on the peaks of rocks and the summits of pines is not so pleasant as to lie back and see them one above another, from a tufted knoll of solid serpolet, where the lavender round about it does not prick our legs because the roe has lain down and slept on it and broken its brittle stalks.

Tell him this: remind him the very first time you ride or walk together, and before you have gone far. He is seven years older than I am, or six at the least, and is not half so considerate and wise in many things.

Odysseus. I will speak to him now —

Tersitza. Aside then; for he would be angry if he thought I said any thing about him.

Odysseus. I will call him then aside.

Tersitza. Let me go quite away first.

Odysseus. Trelawny, my presence is requisite on the eastern coast. The Pacha of Negropont has threatened that, unless I lay down my arms, he will bring such a force against me as shall crush me instantly.

Trelawny. Threats are useful only to the threatened: the wise man has no will for them, and the strong man no occasion.

Odysseus. Rightly spoken. Our enemy is only our sentinel when he challenges as the pacha does. I depart this night.

To thy science I commit the fortification of the cavern, to thy courage its defence. Whatever else is dear to me in the world I intrust to thee with the same confidence. Not last in the precious charge is thy own good name.

Andritzo, the father of Odysseus, was the chief of a village called Maieno, in Roumely, on the channel of Talanda. His property consisted of sheep and goats, and he led a wandering life on the plains in winter, on the mountains in summer, principally those of Ptson and Parnassus. When he was about twenty years of age, a party of Turks having insulted the females of his family, a fray ensued: he drove them from his house with slaughter, set it on fire, and took refuge in the mountains. From that moment he became an outlaw, and joined a body of Klepts, then on Parnassus. He was distinguished for sagacity, courage, strength, and activity: qualities which his son Odysseus inherited without diminution. Tradition and Kleptic songs have preserved many extraordinary tales of his prowess. Certain it is, he soon became chieftain of all the Klepts in Roumely, and raised a regular tribute on the whole territory that extends from the gates of Athens to those of Yannina.

The power of the most ancient sovereign families had a similar beginning.

His troops amounted to two thousand, scattered in small parties, and occupying a chain of well-fortified posts. For fifteen or sixteen years he repelled all attempts to subdue him; and after Ali Pacha had in vain tried every stratagem for his destruction, he entered into treaty with him, ceding to him the government of Livadia, together with a part of Roumely. But his hatred of the Turks was too profound to be erased: security, power, dominion, vanished before it; and, on the declaration of war by Russia, he and his friend Lambro joined their forces with the Russian, who conferred on Andritzo the rank of general, and that of admiral on Lambro. The admiral had the means of escaping to Russia, when the empress lost sight of power and glory in the lowest sensualities; and the general, after many difficulties and dangers, reached Santa Maura, then in possession of the Venetians, who, after pledging him their protection, gave him up to the Turk. The Russian court, with its usual indifference to human suffering, its usual insensibility to honor, national and personal, and its usual neglect of services no longer necessary to the accomplishment of its projects, forbore to interfere; and this brave man, who had resigned a principality in the hopes of delivering his country, died a slave in the bagnio at Constantinople. His son, however, has lived to see the most infamous of men, the Venetian Senate, reduced to the same condition. May they never emerge from it, neither they nor their descendants!

Andritzo left a beautiful widow, then only fifteen years of age, with an only son, Odysseus, born at Previsa. Ali Pacha did not visit the offences of the father on his family. On the contrary, he took them instantly under his protection; and, when Odysseus was twelve years old, made him his pipe-bearer, an office of trust, confidence, and distinction. He rose rapidly in preferment, by his fidelity and courage, by his skill and enterprise; and at eighteen Ali conferred on him the government which his father had holden, and which he himself retained till his death, excepting the short interval between the fall of Ali and the Greek revolution. Odysseus never deserted in any extremity his early friend and patron, nor relaxed in his efforts to extricate him from the perils of his situation, but boldly broke through the blockade and entered the fortress in person, with provisions and reinforcements. On its capitulation, he retired to Ithaca. Here a deputation was sent to him, hailing him as the descendant of their ancient king, and proposing to him in their enthusiasm the means of recovering his inheritance. Early intimation was given him, in this island, of the meditated insurrection of the Greeks. He landed in the Gulf of Corinth, and, hastening to the mountains of Parnassus, raised the largest force that appeared in one body on any part of Greece, amounting to five thousand men, most of whom had fought under him for Ali Pacha. To quiet their consciences for acting against Mahometans, they were encouraged in the belief that he came to avenge the death of their old master; which, among the Roumeliots and Albanians, is considered a sacred duty. These, the first raised and the best disciplined troops in Greece, were slain for the most part in the several hard and unequal battles of the first two campaigns; and it had become expedient to prepare some certain place of refuge for those who were remaining. Odysseus then fortified the great cavern in Parnassus. To this place he removed his wife Helena, his mother Acrive, his sister Tersitza, and her little brother, committing to the courage and honor of Trelawny this sacred charge. Those who dreaded the establishment of a firm and orderly government poured gold into the hands of Gouras. This leader had been pipe-bearer ten years to Odysseus, had been intrusted by him with the government of Athens, had been saved by him from the death-warrant of Ali; and now he hired ruffians and traitors to strangle him in his sleep. Odysseus perished in the Acropolis. One Whitcombe, an Englishman, aimed likewise at the life of Trelawny, and wounded him with a pistol from behind. After two months of excruciating pain, his wounds growing daily worse, he left the cavern, appointing a Hungarian, by name Camerone, to the chief command. Second to him was a Turk: so that, if he were removed by assassination, the crime would be fruitless to the perpetrator. After seven months Camerone was murdered; and the Turk, as was intended, admitted into the fortress his own countrymen, rather than the perfidious Gouras, who had already seized on the government of his benefactor.

Odysseus left one son, named Leonidas, born in Parnassus, a short time before his father's death.

By those who knew and lived with this chieftain, he is represented as a man incomparably good in all the relations of social and private life. He was ardent, and yet patient: he was confident in himself, yet modest toward every one; venturing on such enterprises as seemed impossible to accomplish, and accomplishing them before the wonder at the undertaking had subsided. Appearing in different parts of Greece at nearly the same instant, and spreading the report by his emissaries that he was threatening the positions he perhaps had left behind them, his intentions and movements were unknown and unsuspected. Hence with five thousand men he slew twenty thousand of the enemy, and allowed them no leisure to fortify cities or throw up entrenchments.

Enthusiastic and devoted in friendship, he thought other men sincere as himself, if they ever had sworn it, ignorant that these alone are dangerous. He had indeed some reason to expect that ten years of kindness and of confidence, ten years laden with benefits; that rank, dignity, power, wealth, conferred by him on Gouras, — would have ensured his fidelity to the last. Ali Tebelen, the most vigilant, acute, intuitive, intelligent, among the political men of our age (excepting the Ali of Egypt), warned him in vain against this villain after he had pleaded for his life and had obtained his suit. "The day will come, Odysseus, when thou wilt wish thy plea had been rejected. Insensible as he is to kindness and impatient of benefits, how will he bear to owe his life to thee? Never trust him after this."

By the machinations of Gouras fell the greatest captain of his country, at a time when Eubæa was listening to his counsels, and about to rise from her subjection. The blow by which he fell paralyzed the arm of Freedom, and struck off the head from the body of Greece, leaving only a few places in the Peloponnese inhabited by a people of untried courage and doubtful faith.

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XVI. DON FERDINAND AND DON JOHN-MARY-LUIS.

Ferdinand. My brother and cousin, hem! hem! Before we enter on the concerns of both hemispheres —

John-Mary. Hey-day! Do not, your Majesty, frown and stamp, crumpling and tearing and biting the paper: it may be a document.

Ferdinand. Document! it is worse. Why could not the fool of a fellow write at the bottom, or in the margin, what two hemispheres he meant? I have played him a good trick, however.

John-Mary. Your Majesty dances admirably.

Ferdinand. "Kyrie eleison! kyrie eleison! Gratiæ plena!" I have left a note behind me, whereby I dismiss the rogue. I shall now have a clean new ministry.

John-Mary. A new one, indeed, is to be collected in any *posada*, where there is a pack of cards, or a good appetite, or a siesta nibbled in two by the fleas; but a clean one — egad! we must catch the members of it at the baptismal font, and keep them in the swaddling clothes we find them in.

Ferdinand. Every day, when I change my shirt I change my ministers: they have not any time to be scoundrels.

John-Mary. Nor any interest to be honest men.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin, no interest will make men honest. Would you believe it? I gave a Japan jar of Havana snuff to one, and a commandery to another; the one sneezed in my face, the other begged his dismissal. I am sorry I gave the snuff and the jar: they were sold and the money spent before night; but the commandery has a friar in the inside, a lawyer on the outside, and a *volunteer of the faith* for sentry.

John-Mary. It is then in a fair condition to reward a long series of deserving friends.

Ferdinand. I am now in spirits: I can go on without the paper. A few private matters must precede the public.

John-Mary. Of course; that is diplomatic.

Ferdinand. There is a question, my brother and cousin, to which I never could obtain a direct and satisfactory answer. Can you solve it?

John-Mary. Not easily, Don Ferdinand, unless I hear it. I am no Frenchman.

Ferdinand. My confessor did indeed give me absolution; but he declared that never a girl of low extraction, whose ancestors had neither made war upon the Moors nor been familiars of the Holy Inquisition, could properly be engaged in procuring an episcopacy for any one; that the plea was futile; and that having slept with an anointed king did not authorize such a person to take in hand a higher charge than a canonicate.

John-Mary. Slept with an anointed king! Who? A strumpet?

Ferdinand. Not so bad as that.

John-Mary. An unmarried girl, — one without alliances? No wonder she overstepped the bounds of decency.

Ferdinand. Melissa Petit had, conditionally, my royal permission to negotiate for places.

John-Mary. *Frencher* and *Frencher*, every word!

Ferdinand. She transacted the business through Macañez, at that time my valet and minister of state; who, to smoothen his scruples, took a most perverse view of the subject, and fancied, with heretical pravity, that if both king and minister had possession of her she might, without censure from Holy Mother Church or any great scandal, creep from canonicates up to bishoprics. I myself caught them in this preliminary function, and, not weighing his motive, laid my stick athwart his shoulders, and bruised her wrist in such a manner that it was useless, I found, for three days. Macañez had the impudence to remind me that I received the greater part of the money paid into his hands for every appointment, civil and ecclesiastical: on which indiscretion I imprisoned him forthwith; and will detain him for life in my royal fort of Sant-Antonio at Coruña, praying Sant-Antonio to drive out of his memory the sums he has paid me for my share; and never to let him dream of Melissa Petit, without the accompaniment of an ebony staff over the right shoulder, and the divulsion of a good handful of hair.

John-Mary. The girl is a pluralist by profession, your Majesty by mischance: Macañez has only one appointment; which, however, it appears is for life. If your Majesty should be graciously pleased to accept his resignation, I doubt not Sant-Antonio would endow him with a peculiar gift of forgetfulness, very desirable in this predicament. His dreams require no spiritual intervention. Your Majesty is unsatisfied still.

Ferdinand. That is not the business.

John-Mary. What is then?

Ferdinand. I promised Sant-Antonio I would reward his services with a swine in silver, weighing half a quintal. Now, cannot I make Macañez pay the pig-money?

John-Mary. Certainly.

Ferdinand. But when I have taken all he possesses, how can I?

John-Mary. Your Majesty must pray again to Sant-Antonio for another miracle.

Ferdinand. A pretty ally! a pretty councillor! You raise two difficulties where I could find but one. Will he perform it, think you, before I have settled for the first?

John-Mary. Oh! that *is* indeed the question. Miracles of this kind are not the miracles for our days, my brother.

There is ne'er a saint in paradise that will set his shoulder to them. People, one would imagine, begin to have a notion of honor, even in heaven.

Ferdinand. So much the worse: but let them look to it. We may live to see the morning when neither saint nor saintess shall have pantaloon or petticoat to chine. What a mighty fine figure will they make, when the paltriest cherub in pin-feathers shakes his collopped sides and gilt gamut, putting his hand, if he has one, upon the place! To this another time: we have several more subjects for our royal consideration. My revenues are reduced, — my valets, my pages, my cooks.

John-Mary. I condole with your Majesty from the purest sympathy, on the straits to which your catholic and royal household has been reduced, by the intemperance of your vassals. Well do I know what it is to want the necessaries of life. My kitchen, which formerly had been somewhat plenteously supplied at the expenditure of four thousand dollars a day, was suddenly cast down to three thousand five hundred; and, unless I had sold a box of diamonds, I must have starved. Your Majesty is reported to have always found a solace in the company of your diamonds, such as a great king of antiquity hath expressed of them (Solomon I think it was), saying, "Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur."

Ferdinand. What may that mean, my brother and cousin?

John-Mary. Oh for shame! to ask a secular what the Bible means! Mary forbid we should ever be such heretics as to enter into scrupulous inquiries! I learned the words by heart, like the rest my good friars have taught me: the meaning lies with them and upon their consciences. I always slept with my diamonds; and they abstracted my mind from carnal thoughts and irreligious vagaries. I declare upon my holy faith, I would rather cohabit with them than the fairest dame of honor in the palace, or even than my great-aunt.

Ferdinand. A great-aunt is no light matter: but one may have one's preferences.

Brother and cousin, pray is it true that you hung one of your finest brilliants in the right ear of St. Sebastian, according to a vow?

John-Mary. True enough.

Ferdinand. And is it also a matter of fact that, when you were about to return to Europe, you snatched it out again, at the risk of tearing the said ear from gristle to tip?

John-Mary. That also is very true: it bled a little.

Ferdinand. Only a little?

John-Mary. In the night it swelled and looked angry; and at matins the prior could not conceal from me the traces of blood, which appeared the fresher the moment he would have removed it with his handkerchief. However, no sooner had I made an offering of nine thousand crusadoes, than it suffered itself to be wiped quite dry, and I hope and believe continues so to this hour.

Ferdinand. I should have been afraid.

John-Mary. And I was. But I never had dedicated it to St. Sebastian in a regular form; and, the moment the blood was dry and the crusadoes accepted, fearing he might on second thoughts exhibit some signs of ill-will, I devoted it regularly to all the saints in heaven, so that none could fairly claim it for himself; and, if Sebastian had said another word about it, they would have drowned his voice with their clamors.

Ferdinand. What was it worth?

John-Mary. Hush! hush! you may raise his curiosity if he should happen to be listening; and, on hearing the estimate, he might slily pluck out an arrow from his side, and play me a spiteful trick with it.

Ferdinand. Let us converse then rather on the affairs of Europe, in which neither he nor any of the others appear to take the least interest.

And now, my dear brother and brother-in-law, Don John-Mary-Luis, we will read together what the French and Russian ministers have written for us to sign.

John-Mary. Would it not be better to call a reader?

Ferdinand. Oh, I can read: you would wonder how well!

John-Mary. I believe your Majesty: I have heard it asserted so positively and so warmly, that I ceased to doubt it long ago. But the paper is a whole leaf; and one may fall upon a word here and there rather hard and slippery. Of late years several such have been read to me: I remember one in particular, which the minister or secretary who transcribed it should not have taken just as he received it from the dancing-master; but I suppose he had not had a good siesta.

Ferdinand. What word is that?

John-Mary. *False position.*

Ferdinand. By Santiago! the word *false* among the old Castilians used to draw blood; but the word *position* here is of great service: like a gout cordial, it brings down the peccant matter from the head to the feet. Why does your Faithful Majesty simper, and pull my button, and ogle and wriggle so?

John-Mary. Brother and brother-in-law Ferdinand, tell me now, who said that?

Ferdinand. I said it, and say it still.

John-Mary. But — ah you facetious and roguish man! — who said it first?

Ferdinand. I was the first that said it: I had it direct from Perez Pinalta.

John-Mary. Viva Don Perez! I would have given him a pair of diamond earrings for it, and a fine solitaire in a truss.

Ferdinand. No exportation of wit, in my lifetime, nor importation neither: there is roguery enough in cigars.

John-Mary. None of my ministers ever utter such sentiments, or bring to me those who can.

Ferdinand. Nor mine neither: I doubt whether they ever go to the barber's to pick up sharp things. My valet Runez, a barber's boy some years since, on being reproached by one of them about his former occupation, said, "My froth made folks cleanlier; yours only sticks upon yourself and hardens your dirt." I laughed heartily when his meaning was explained to me, which (such is my quickness in apprehending wit) was done sooner than a text in the Scriptures could be.

Let us now proceed to business: for there is a full day's work before us in this paper.

John-Mary. I am all ear.

Ferdinand. "His Catholic Majesty, Don Ferdinand the Seventh, King of Spain and of the Indies, &c., and his Faithful Majesty, Don John-Mary-Luis, King of the united kingdoms of Portugal, Brazil, and Algarve, of Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India," — what are you counting?

John-Mary. I think they have missed one.

Ferdinand. Which?

John-Mary. I cannot recollect; but, faith! I do verily think one is missing.

Ferdinand. Look sharp then; for our brothers the Holy Allies may divide it among themselves, as they did Poland. They cut up a kingdom with as little ceremony as an orange, and suck it dry in as little time.

John-Mary. Ha! ha! ha! your Catholic Majesty has taken another pinch, I see, from the box of Don Perez. Why, what a stupendous knave the knave is! Have we reached the end of the *Declaration?*

Ferdinand. End? Look here!

John-Mary. Mercy on us! surely they have said the principal things.

Ferdinand. That is likely; but some remonstrances follow. "&c., &c., &c., wishing to maintain the peace of Europe, announce their determination to suppress by force of arms, and by such further means as the Holy Indivisible Trinity has intrusted them with, all secret societies whatever; and their said Majesties, his Catholic and his Faithful, adopting the principles laid down by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, and recognized by every State in Europe as necessary to its order and repose" — your Faithful Majesty snores — "are resolved to appoint in the first instance such commissioners as in their wisdom shall seem fit and effectual."

John-Mary. What shall we do with 'em? Where shall we send 'em? That requires long consideration. As for appointing, the business is soon done.

Ferdinand. If your Majesty will listen, you will find that our brothers leave no trouble whatever for us; they tell us what to do, and they do the best part of it themselves — "in order to pacify, to the glory of God, the loyal and Catholic kingdom of Ireland."

John-Mary. The Irish are not my people: they would take it ill to be pacified by me.

Ferdinand. We must hold out a saving hand to them. The King of Great Britain, whose subjects they are, is invited to assist us.

John-Mary. Then indeed we may safely.

Ferdinand. "It having come to the knowledge of their Catholic and Faithful Majesties, that a faction, supported from without by malcontents and heretics, blind men, led astray by their passions, have, contrary to the wishes and interests of the majority" —

John-Mary. Fine writing! very fine writing! His Most Christian Majesty said the very same thing about your Majesty's rebellious subjects; and I presume that for the future it will always form a part of every State-paper, be the subject what it may.

Ferdinand. — "built residences and churches; and, not contented therewith, have used the same for the purpose of disseminating their wild and pernicious doctrines" —

John-Mary. Would you believe it? They are perverse enough, I know not whether there or in England, to say openly that a niece ought not to sleep with her uncle or great-uncle, nor aunt or great-aunt with her nephew. If a man cannot sleep with his own relations, with whom can he? An uncle forsooth is not to ask in marriage his little niece: nay, is rather to make the same proposal to an utter stranger! I do not wonder at hearing that the northern nations went a thousand miles in search of a country, when they would go the same distance, even now, in search of a wife, rather than take one from their own table and nursery.

Ferdinand. They are still fierce and barbarous, and wander like wild-cats in their amours. Our holy religion has not reclaimed them; and even the Catholics among them are slow to double the threads of consanguinity, and to tie the knot at the end.

John-Mary. Prejudices of ignorance! Proofs however that what the wiser have confessed is true; namely, that genius can no more ripen in the north than pomegranates can, and that they never will be like us.

Ferdinand. No fear of that. Beside, who is there to teach them? Fellows in boots and gilt buttons, hoodless and collarless and bandless, so ignorant that not one in a thousand could sustain a decent thesis on the Immaculate Conception. They call it philosophical to be incredulous on holy things, and they are the most credulous in the world on profane ones. In the war of the intruder against me, a man of letters (such as theirs are) happened to be, from some silly zeal or idle curiosity, at Santander. It was in the month of August at mid-day, when the sun would have broiled a bonito in five minutes, and when the cormorants were sitting fast asleep on the rocks in the harbor, and letting their wings drop lower than their legs, and careless what names the sailors called them for not rising at their approach, that an Englishman hired a launch and six rowers to conduct him to Santillana.

John-Mary. The English, frog-hearted as one would fancy them, are desperate for the women. I hope she would not listen to the lewd heretic.

Ferdinand. Who listen?

John-Mary. The Señora.

Ferdinand. What Señora?

John-Mary. Donna — your Majesty did not mention her baptismal name — Santillana.

Ferdinand (*aside*). Oh you tiresome old fool of a Majesty! Santillana is the name of a village on the coast — town I believe it was once — which a lying Frenchman has fixed upon as the birthplace of one Gil Blas, corrupting all the documents he had found on some such person. This Englishman walked up and down the streets, quite alone; the dogs on the shady side did not give themselves the trouble to bark; the few that growled did it so indolently as not to arouse the next. The leaves of melons, grapes, and figs brought thither in the morning and cast from the windows, crackled under foot. The sailors covered their faces with their *sombreros* and fell asleep. The only things appearing to move in God's universe were the swallows and the flies and this Englishman. The very lizards panted for breath and hardly clung against the wall. The ships upon the sea, as was told me, lay still. It was like the day of judgment between the trumpet and the summons.

John-Mary. People sweated so!

Ferdinand. Here the foolish heretic remained some hours, and, the sailors say, returned just as well satisfied as if he had conversed with any one who could have set him right.

I will continue: "It has been resolved that the above deliberation, together with its causes and consequences, be notified to his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, with a request that he will consider them attentively, and further the resolutions formed thereon by their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful. Desirous of avoiding all possible cause of offence to his said Majesty, and of strengthening the ties of amity and interest which reciprocally bind and unite them, and furthermore of manifesting to the world their sincerity, in their adherence to the principles of the Holy Alliance; and resolved in no instance to depart from their upright and pacific views, — their aforesaid Majesties propose to his aforesaid Majesty:

"That he should proscribe and exterminate the sect of freemasons, of which his said Majesty is a member, save and excepting his own sacred person; and that he should annul every oath which he has taken upon that occasion, and others, such being contrary to the principles of good government, as inculcated by the Holy Alliance, — the excellence of which Holy Alliance his Britannic Majesty has formally and publicly acknowledged, expressing his regret that the constitution of his kingdom did not at that time allow him to become a member of it."

John-Mary. I cannot think he said that.

Ferdinand. He did though; or his minister lied.

John-Mary. He must be a very modest man, to talk of a constitution not "*letting*," with an army such as his, all stanch and true to him, and a parliament he can dissolve at his pleasure; in other words, as my ministers teach me, with a parliament every soul of which he can fine to the amount of at least four thousand pounds for a murmur, — such, it has been proved, is the regular price of seats in it, and a wilful minister could make them come dearer to an ill-advised opponent.

Ferdinand. He is indeed a modest man, and does not do half the harm he might do.

John-Mary. Well, then, I would not make him bite his own fingers till he cries.

Ferdinand. He is so good-natured and compliant, that I could bend him at last into biting his toe-nails, and saying grace for it.

John-Mary. Oh, then, I would not.

Ferdinand. My brother and brother-in-law and cousin, you enter but faint-heartedly into the system of the Holy Alliance. I have more yet for him.

John-Mary. He may turn upon us; let him lie.

Ferdinand. Nothing can alter his sweet temper. When his troops had restored my throne to me, I ordered thanks to be rendered to God publicly in all the churches.

John-Mary. Who would not? I did the same.

Ferdinand. Not without some discontent and scandal. Your Majesty rendered thanks to the Almighty for delivering you from the enemies; I for delivering me from the heretics: and the Almighty did not hear a word from me about the others. His Majesty the King of Great Britain was so pleased at me, that he sent me his congratulations.

John-Mary. He sent the same to me, who thanked God, it seems, for much less than you thanked him for.

Ferdinand. Listen. "That his Britannic Majesty will remove the Protestants from his kingdom of Ireland, placing them in London or Windsor or Brighton, or anywhere it may please his Majesty, under the eye of the police, so that they may not annoy their Catholic brethren; and also that he will be graciously pleased to restore the benefices to the Catholic bishops and clergy. Resolved, as their Catholic and Faithful Majesties are, never to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, they are resolved nevertheless to send an army of one hundred and twelve thousand men to assist in arranging the ancient Church establishment in Ireland, such as it was in the times of the apostles.

"The loyalty of the aforesaid Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, is too well known in Europe to need any pledge, comment, or illustration; else nothing could evince it more perfectly than this frank and early declaration of their sentiments and resolutions."

John-Mary. I do not think he can complain that we are not frank enough. The Holy Allies, like other holy men, wait not for asking: it is only when they are dead that they must be begged and prayed. Well, the paper seems to me a very good paper of the kind; and after your Majesty has signed it, I will do the same.

Ferdinand. Gently; we are not half through it yet.

John-Mary. God has endowed your Majesty with wonderful powers; but I never heard of any man who could read so long together. There are those, it is said, who can get through a gazette at a sitting; but they have their chocolate or lemonade beside them, and a nice curled wafer to suck them through. Moreover, in gazettes they read of festivals and processions; they do not stand upon one leg, like a statue of Fame in a poultry-yard, but keep jogging on pleasantly from one thing to another.

Ferdinand. I once read a whole hour.

John-Mary. On what momentous occasion?

Ferdinand. I had the dysentery and the *Lives of the Martyrs*, and did not like to get up. That reading cured me: I could mark the very place that made me whole.

I will show you what I can do.

"It can hardly be unknown to his Britannic Majesty, that a certain portion of the ultramarine dominions of his Catholic Majesty, to wit, from the forty-second degree of south latitude to the forty-second north, is in a state of most unnatural insurrection, and that the kingdom of Brazil too is disturbed. But their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have the honor to announce to their ancient friend and ally the King of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, that a frigate is despatched by his Catholic Majesty, and a capuchin by his Faithful, and that the well-disposed cannot doubt of their success. After which their said Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will assist and enable his Britannic Majesty to annul his coronation oath and all others, and to do justice to his loyal people. It being evident that all oaths whatever, made by a king to his subjects, are degrading to the royal dignity, and made therefore involuntarily and compulsorily; yet, willing to second the clemency of his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, declare that they will not oblige or urge his Britannic Majesty to the punishment of any abettors in this nefarious and impious mockery of royalty, and, through royalty, of faith and religion; and that they will advise on the contrary, and sign their names and affix their seals to a general act of amnesty, excluding therefrom none other than the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and Bishop of London, and such beside as notified their assent to the same unlawful and compulsory act.

"No officer under the rank of captain shall be molested for the same, unless it can be proved that he drank to the health of the constitutional king, and swore or said that he would die in his defence.

"Nor shall any magistrate or justice of the peace be punished with death or exile, or by any thing more than fine and imprisonment, who can be clearly proved to have been ignorant that 'constitutional' is different from 'arbitrary.'

"Nor shall any doctor of medicine, or surgeon, or apothecary, be subject to capital punishment for attending *constitutional* patients, nor be liable to any other inconvenience than suspension from his profession for six months, until he shall have purged himself from so foul an imputation.

"All degrees, nevertheless, conferred by the universities during the reign of anarchy, shall be null and void, as shall also be all learning (falsely so called) acquired therein ; and whoever does not give a full and particular account of what he has read, or heard in lectures, in the whole of that disastrous time, and who does not swear upon the crucifix that he abominates, abhors, and detests it, and that he will forget the whole of it in one calendar month, is exempted from the provisions contained in this act of grace and amnesty."

John-Mary. That is reasonable ; I would give them time. The King of Great Britain will see, on casting his enlightened eyes over the world, that it is only in Protestant countries that kings have hitherto been unable to modify or lay aside their oaths at their good pleasure ; and that constitutions extorted by the people, it matters not whether long since or lately, and charters and such-like indiscreetly given, have not been revoked or reconsidered in all material points.

Ferdinand. Judiciously remarked, my cousin : a historical fact of the first magnitude!

John-Mary. I heard it from the minister of France.

Ferdinand. A principal figure in the revolutionary whirligig ; he always sat upon the ostrich and whipped the one before him.

John-Mary. Now, brother, whom did you hear that from?

Ferdinand. I forget. It was said of Talleyrand ; it will do for another, if you remove the ostrich, and put cock or pony in the place.

John-Mary. But the King of France always had friends about him : the gentleman from Gascony — Blacas I think the name is — among the rest.

Ferdinand. He turned his pantaloon, bought sleeves quite new, hired running footmen, and was created duke.

John-Mary. I never heard the word "created" in that sense. Admirable! it means, *to make things out of nothing.*

By what I can see of the paper, if that is the place where your thumb is, I am afraid we are still far from land, and have many tacks to make before we reach port.

Ferdinand. Have courage, my brother and cousin, we are half-seas over.

John-Mary. Glory be to God!

Ferdinand. Kyrie eleison!

"If any unfounded jealousy, suggested by crafty and malicious men, for the furtherance of their dark designs, should weigh upon the breast of his Britannic Majesty, as to the foreign force about to be employed in the establishment of his plenary and legitimate authority, — in order to remove it altogether, it is agreed that an equal number of troops, belonging to his Britannic Majesty, shall be permitted to occupy for the same space of time (in the possessions of his Catholic Majesty) the whole of Terra del Fuego, together with the whole Antarctic Continent, not however interfering in its ecclesiastical affairs; and, beside these, the whole northern range of Sierra Nevada; in the possessions of his Faithful Majesty, the entire kingdoms of Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia, in which his Faithful Majesty shall retain no more troops than he may in his wisdom think necessary for religion, on the day of Corpus Domini, the Purification of the Blessed Virgin, and John the Baptist. And all the captain-majors, corregidores, judges of the tribunals (excepting the ecclesiastical), and justices of the peace, of his Faithful Majesty, in those countries, are commanded to give their aid, in order to carry this ordinance into effect."

John-Mary. Bless my heart and soul! is there another paper still? Is that which fell out part of this?

Ferdinand. No, it is a private one; that is, one written by my own order. It being also for the court of St. James, I placed the two together. I think we write better than the Russians and French. The English beat us in style, I hear; but the substance comes to nothing.

John-Mary. Here, however, the French and Russians are very polite and conciliatory. I did not imagine that his Imperial Majesty had our holy Catholic religion so much at heart.

Ferdinand. I assure you he holds it next to the Turkish, though he may not seem to do it. Theirs of the Holy

Alliance is the most civil and inviting; but this pleases me best, being plain and argumentative. I will read it after.

John-Mary. For the love of God, my brother and cousin, read it now, if it were only to break the neck of the cruel long one before us; which like a serpent in the brakes of Brazil shows its head where you think its tail must be, and only coils up to stretch itself and spring out again.

Ferdinand. Any thing to please your Majesty; and I am happy in an opportunity of demonstrating that we can maintain our dignity. By holy Martha! I will no more pay my debts than I will keep my oath.

"The undersigned — has the honor — amity — good understanding — good faith —" Ha! here we have it; we are fairly out of the phrases at last, and in the midst of the business — "not without surprise and concern that the minister of his Britannic Majesty for foreign affairs, after declaring, as he was bound to do, that he would not insist on the payment of the loan contracted in the sittings of the Cortes, or of the interest thereon, should still insist (if indeed he be in earnest) on the indemnity for British ships detained and confiscated on the coasts of South America.

"Now the undersigned is commanded by his royal master, to remark that there does indeed appear to be a shadow of justice in the claims of those Englishmen who advanced him money; for although the interest was onerous in proportion to the difficulties of his Majesty, the exhaustion of his treasury, the rebellion in America, and perhaps also in proportion to the false ideas that ignorant and malevolent men entertained of his Catholic Majesty's good faith, so often and so fully proved, — yet his Catholic Majesty had sworn to observe, defend, and maintain, in all its parts and provisions, the new constitution;* and his Britannic Majesty was officially informed of such oath, and kept a minister at Madrid. Therefore his Britannic Majesty was bound by the precedent of all times and countries (if precedent could be quoted against royal will and pleasure) to insist on the fulfilment of the compact and engagement entered into with British subjects by his Catholic Majesty. Nevertheless his Britannic Majesty did reject most royally the authority of precedent, acknowledging, as became his magnanimity, no authority but God's; and asserted no claim whatever in behalf of his moneyed subjects.

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* In the Proclamation signed by him at Cadiz, September 30, 1823, he says: "I promise a general, complete, and absolute amnesty of all that is past, without exception. I promise that the debts, contracted for the nation by the existing government, shall be ratified. I promise that all generals and other officers of the army, who have defended the constitutional system, shall preserve their rank, appointments, and honors."

That he violated all these promises, is too notorious for any remark.

A rogue may have some urgent reasons for being a rogue; but an honest man can have none for aiding and abetting him in his roguery, nor for countenancing him after it. What then must we think of those princes who reinstated and upheld him?

"The undersigned, then, cannot but recommend to his Majesty's minister for foreign affairs, to reconsider the matter and correct his inconsistency. For surely no greater can be imagined than to forego what have always been considered as just claims, but which their Majesties the Holy Allies are resolved to consider and admit as such no longer; and at the same time to demand an indemnity for ships detained or captured, in places where the navigation of British and all other foreign vessels has been declared and acknowledged illicit, and this by the British government, for many ages.

"The undersigned — high consideration" — high, no doubt, for a blunderer whose best argument he has been reducing to dust between his fingers.

John-Mary. Any two men living would agree on the propriety of this remonstrance; the only doubt would be, whether a debt contracted by your Majesty, the regularity and justice of which was not protested against, nor one particle excepted until long after the whole amount was spent, is debt or not; and, consequently, whether it ought or not to be discharged, — which I consider as a part of the same question.

Ferdinand. Such reasonings suit much better the tradesmen of Lisbon and Cadiz than monarchs who have quelled rebellions. Do you owe the English any money, my brother? If you do, don't pay them.

John-Mary. They would force me.

Ferdinand. Not they truly. What can they do, poor devils, without the ministers?

John-Mary. To borrow from a people and not to pay would be as just a cause of war as to seize upon their property by sea or land, in my ports or upon my roads; and greatly more villanous. I ask for assistance in my necessities, and it is given me in reliance on my good faith —

Ferdinand. Brother John-Mary, you reason like a broker. Send the ministers of England a service of plate, and they will furnish you with better logic, and newer, and more kingly. They will beside tell their people, "Rash men! you lent the money at your own risk: we did not advise you."

John-Mary. They might as well say, "You sent out ships: we did not advise you; what have we to do with pirates? Your Majesty pledged your royal word — "

Ferdinand. They have it then in pledge; let them do what they will with it: I shall not molest them about the matter.

John-Mary. You promised to pay principal and interest; and the obligation lies the stronger, as the most loyal of your own subjects would not supply a cake of chocolate for your breakfast.

Ferdinand. If kings are obliged to pay, they are not free. We are answerable to God only; and when he tells me, I will do it as becomes a Catholic. Your argument on the ships is idle. The ships pay the King of England the duties of export and import; but he is in truth so little of a king, that he cannot put his hand even into the pouch of a tinker, much less into desks and purses, and take out what he wishes. Why should he care then who helps himself to the money not destined by Parliament for his taxes? If I had detained a herring-smack, he would bluster and bully and threaten me with reprisals; but when twenty or thirty of his merchants go to ruin by trusting me, he thinks as I, and as all other wise men do, and says, "The greater fools they!"

John-Mary. He had acknowledged your government as it then stood: he is bound in consequence to protect the property of his subjects intrusted to its good faith.

Ferdinand. Bound! By Santiago! according to your doctrine, we kings are no better than private men. By Christ and the Blessed Virgin! I won't pay. Now then I can't: I should break my vow if I did; and what is a promise to a vow? Is the King of England such a heretic as to push his horn against it? Religion is religion all over the world: vows are sacred at Tunis and at Mecca.

John-Mary. Very true; but it is only for royalty and religion that men are authorized to violate them. I should be in some fear of losing my dominions in America, if my son did not swear to them that he would make them independent.

Ferdinand. I do not well understand how that insures them.

John-Mary. They would else rebel. As matters now stand, my beloved son, aided by England, will oblige the people there to pay me several millions of dollars, and will bring over from Germany some thousands of soldiers, under the pretext of agriculture, who shall cut every throat through which hath passed the impure seditious cry of "independence." He seemed at first afraid of this perjury: but I procured him absolution from Rome for it, and sent him at the same time a consecrated rose and a father's blessing.

Ferdinand. For how long a time are those good?

John-Mary. The virtue of the consecrated rose is durable in proportion to the money paid for it, and the father's blessing to that obtained by it.

Ferdinand. If the Brazilians should relapse, your Majesty might employ the English fleet against them; which, taking advantage of the wind and the snuff, could blind them all without a cannon-shot.

John-Mary. The English are dexterous engineers at blinding people; but the Brazilians have strong eyes, — better in my opinion than the English.

Ferdinand. If sheer lying is the manœuvre, they have the bravest and most experienced fugleman in Europe, as my ministers tell me.

John-Mary. God forbid that any man should lie for me, who has not the grace to go to confession after it, to make an oblation, and to take the Eucharist!

Ferdinand. The Holy Alliance and the English ministers (for they enter fully into its spirit) are ready to punish those moneyed men who have encouraged and supported constitutions, and will leave them to harangue upon their empty coffers. Your Majesty will also see that this absurd claim of indemnity for maritime losses will be dropped and abandoned. I am uncertain only upon the question of the slave-trade; and not very upon that, knowing that the principal friends and supporters of the British minister for foreign affairs are persons connected with slavery and fed upon sugar. On this subject is the following paragraph: —

"Their Catholic and Faithful Majesties, having been unwarily led into the impracticable scheme of abolishing the trade in negroes, do by their royal will and deed retract the stipulation; it having been proved that his Most Christian Majesty made the same promise with the same solemnity, and that nevertheless the faithful subjects of his Most Christian Majesty never at any former period have exercised the trade so extensively as at present. But in order to obviate all real evil that may arise from the continuation of the trade in negroes, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, declare and protest, that, whenever a slave is dying, the crucifix shall be put to his lips and upon his breast; that every force, moral and physical, shall be employed to make him cry 'Credo!' and in such a manner that, if unluckily God should not hear it, the cherubs and seraphs in waiting, or some two of them at the least, shall be able to declare it on their words of honor; and finally that extreme unction shall be administered to him in olive oil, when olive oil does not exceed seven reals the pound, and, when it does, in such other as Holy Church may decree to be salutary and effectual.

"Their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, are far from wishing to wound the feelings of his Britannic Majesty, by any recapitulation of disasters which may have befallen the arms of his Britannic Majesty; yet the glory of God and of the true religion is all in all with them, and they cannot but entreat his Britannic Majesty to consider in his royal wisdom, whether the late discomfiture and destruction of his troops on the coast of Africa, by the Ashantees, is not a sufficient proof that the God of armies and Lord of hosts has animated them to vengeance, for the millions of souls that are lost to his heavenly kingdom, by not being conveyed where the mysteries of the holy Catholic religion may be imparted to them. On which contemplation their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, propose that his Britannic Majesty will treat as pirates those who impede or obstruct this salutary traffic; and that, in conjunction with the naval forces of his Most Christian Majesty, a small auxiliary fleet may be always stationed on the African coast to that purpose and effect; which united fleets however shall be removed when the whole population of Africa is brought over to the words of everlasting life, and duly obedient, in its ecclesiastical polity and discipline, to the see of Rome. In that predicament, it shall no longer be permitted to export the negroes, who shall be treated with the same lenity as those under the same denomination (from their stubbornness) in the European kingdoms of his Catholic Majesty."

John-Mary. Such clemency, I am afraid, would irritate the higher clergy and the Apostolical junta: I mean to say, if your Majesty should really treat the negroes of Spain as kindly as the negroes of Cuba and Puerto Rico are treated by their masters.

Ferdinand. Mere masters are one thing, kings are another. I will consider what befits my crown and dignity; and, if I have promised too much, I will issue an ordinance of revocation.

"The aforesaid duties being executed on the coast of Senegal and Guinea, and insurrection being suppressed on the continent of America, the maritime powers of Europe are alike all interested in bringing under regular government the rebellious slaves of San Domingo; and the more so, inasmuch as the insurrection there has assumed more settled features, and the slaves commit the cruel mockery of regularity and peace, preserving in civil and domestic life the most exact order, and in political and military the most exemplary decorum and the most perfect discipline. Their affectation of honesty, of industry, and of happiness, under a republican form of government, shows the malice of their hearts, and leaves it doubtful whether they can be brought to reason by any other means than well-concerted force. Nevertheless, if they will resign their visionary laws, together with their fathers and mothers, their wives and children, their houses and plantations, the high contracting parties on the other hand will restore to them the mild dominion of their ancient laws, and their former most affectionate and loving masters. The colonels of regiments shall enjoy the privilege of the whip, and the judges shall be assayers of molasses, wearing a red cuff on the left wrist, but without sleeve above it; and, moreover, about their loins an apron of white cotton a full yard in length. None but the principals of the insurrection shall be hanged, and none but the president shall be quartered."

John-Mary. I am rejoiced to find that the Holy Allies are become so mild and gracious. There were some prejudices against them in the beginning, particularly as every one of them took from the next principality as much as he could take, disregarding all similarity in sentiment and all confederacy in action.

Ferdinand. I never approved of that conduct: I gained nothing. The present paper is greatly more moderate; it breathes a pure spirit of conciliation and love toward God and one's neighbor. Only think that the Russian minister should co-operate with the minister of the Most Christian King, in making us say what we are made to say here: —

"It is the resolution of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to assist his Britannic Majesty in bringing into the union of spirit and the bond of peace the dissenters of Scotland, and to divide the Catholic Church (thus happily reinstated throughout the British dominions) into two parts as elsewhere, the high clergy and the low; convinced as they are (no less than is his Britannic Majesty and his ministers) that both Church and State ought to be formed upon the same model, and that two chambers are as necessary to the one as to the other; without which subordination sufficient lustre and dignity cannot be given to the Church triumphant, or sufficient obsequiousness and humility to the main body of suffragans and preachers. Be it however provided and ordered, subject to the approbation and determination of His Holiness the Pope, that no more than forty-five bishops and eight hundred canonics be appointed for the service of the Church in Scotland, and leaving it entirely to the wisdom of his Britannic Majesty to assign them their revenues from the bleaching-grounds and manufactories of that kingdom, converting them into suitable Episcopal domains, monasteries, and convents, to the glory of God and his saints."

John-Mary. This is not so explicit as I could wish. In the manufactories, I am told, there are magical lights, called *gas*-lights. The fathers and nuns would not wish for these abominations; and the places should be lustrated with sulphur and salt-water. When the tubes for conveying these devilish lights have been cast into the furnace and melted down, I think the mischief arising from them will certainly have ceased. They may be sold for the benefit of the ejected; the religious being sure to find as many pipes and conduits for their purposes as they want, from the warm zeal of the faithful.

Ferdinand. "That there may in future be no cause of war or dissension between his Britannic Majesty on the one side and their Majesties the Catholic and the Faithful on the other, it is desirable and earnestly recommended, that his Britannic Majesty be pleased to take some title different from *Britannic;* seeing that, in almanacs and similar publications, it gives a handle to the disaffected to place, as they call it, alphabetically, the name, style, title, and dignity of his Britannic Majesty before the name, style, title, and dignity of their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, to the great scandal of the vassals of their said Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful. In consideration of which (constitution and heresy being uprooted), if there is any star or cross peculiarly agreeable to his Britannic Majesty, it shall forthwith be conveyed to him, with whatever ceremony the said king and his king-at-arms may appoint, just as freely and lovingly as his Britannic Majesty sent the order of the Garter to his Faithful Majesty, on his Faithful Majesty most heroically breaking the oath he had taken to his subjects; and just as freely and lovingly as his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, Autocrat of all the Russias, did also send the order of St. George, to invest therewith his Most Christian Majesty the King of France and Navarre, on his Most Christian Majesty retracting and annulling the principal articles of the charter he had unadvisedly given to his subjects. Which high-minded and glorious actions, and the honors paid to them, clearly prove that no faith is to be kept any more with subjects than with heretics; it being laid down as incontrovertible that kings are answerable to God alone for their actions; and that their actions proceed from their thoughts; and that their thoughts are instilled into them, as occasion may require, by means of the holy unction at their coronation. If stars and crosses are out of fashion, or become too ordinary with his Britannic Majesty, their Majesties, the Catholic and Faithful, will institute each a more magnificent order; and, as the Garter is preoccupied, the decoration shall be stay or petticoat, at the suggestion of his

Britannic Majesty; and his Britannic Majesty shall be the first invested therewith."

John-Mary. I am ready. But I do not see plainly how we can pay such a body of troops as your Majesty was inclined to send over.

Ferdinand. I did not read a word about the payment: that is provided for; the other means are at hand.

John-Mary. The business is complex.

Ferdinand. It would be no State-paper else. Good State-papers can no more be smooth and even, and seen in all points at once, than good fortifications can. I will read, for your satisfaction, one of the supplementary articles: —

"His Britannic Majesty is required to furnish nothing more toward the expedition, here amicably proposed, than transports, uniforms, shoes, forage, and pay; which his Britannic Majesty cannot but consider as moderate, when so desirable an object is to be accomplished. That it is eminently so, it is unnecessary to point out to his Majesty; his minister, the Lord of Liverpool, having prepared the minds of his Majesty's loyal and loving subjects for the same, in his declaration before Parliament that 'the troops of his Most Christian Majesty, on their entrance into Spain, were universally hailed as deliverers by all conditions of people, and with transports of enthusiastic joy.'* Desirous of blessing the loyal and loving subjects of his Britannic Majesty with the same transports, without any object of ambition or aggrandizement, and with a pure ardor for the holy religion and for legitimacy, their Majesties, the Catholic and the Faithful, have ordered their ministers-plenipotentiary to arrange the business with the ministers of his Britannic Majesty; and have appointed each his general (of the Capuchins) to superintend the debarkation of the heretics from the kingdom of Ireland, in two commodious ships, supplied to his

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* Either Lord Liverpool deceived the parliament by a falsehood, now universally notorious, or the person he employed in Spain deceived him. The greater part of the nobility were contented with the established order of things; all the commercial, all the agricultural, and, with hardly an exception, all the literary. Assassins, smugglers, monks, and canons of cathedrals opposed it. In twenty days, more excesses, more robberies, arsons, and murders were committed in Arragon alone, than had been committed in the whole of Spain during all the years of constitutional government.

Catholic Majesty by his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias; the bottoms of which ships have been provisionally calked where the timber is rotten, and the whole peculiarly adapted to the service for which they are appointed."

John-Mary. That is humane; one could not do less. But I fancied that the minister of his Britannic Majesty was permitted by the Holy Alliance to speak unfavorably of the crusade against the constitutionalists.

Ferdinand. It has been agreed on, at the courts of the Holy Alliance, that no offence shall be taken if one minister talks in the House of Commons and at taverns like a *liberal* (it being well understood that he is no more of one than I am), provided that the other shall cry down whatever is constitutional. By these means the popular party is thrown off its guard, and hopes grow up luxuriantly on both sides. Your Majesty is to consider these two men (such are the words of the Russian minister to me) as the hot-water and cold-water ducts of that grand vapor-bath which is to cure all the maladies of kings and nations.

John-Mary. I am truly happy that your Majesty has given me this explanation: I should otherwise have thought them two most impudent impostors. Fortunate, I ought rather to say Providential, is it that the constitutions are thrown down on the continent of Europe, and that only the form remains in England. Yet even the form after a time draws to it and attaches its partisans: as men who have been accustomed to a scolding wife are just as sorrowful in their widowhood as others; and when they marry a second time, if they happen to light upon a quiet one, think themselves almost widowers still. Stories have been related to me of American tribes, which, although they were ready to believe any thing as they said, yet wept over their ugly idols, and could hardly be brought to look at St. Agnes and St. Clara. Who knows whether the king of England himself may not have some such weakness! For, O my brother and cousin, we kings at last are but men, — little wiser than others. I would pray to heaven for his conversion to the Catholic faith, without which no good doctrine of any kind can take root and flourish in him. The force of habit and the force of holiness are well illustrated in the history I shall now relate.

Hurtado Palmaseda dos Rios Amargos, Archbishop of

Evora, always wore a hair-shirt, to the great edification and delight of his diocesans. He had performed so many acts of piety, that at last his niece, Donna Sofonisba Debora de Castelmor, and a young gentlewoman who kept her company, Donna Tanaquil Elisa de Leite, attempted to persuade him that it no longer was necessary to his salvation. Sometimes, to pacify them, he offered one excuse, sometimes another; such as, "It is cool;" "It is warm;" "His soul required it;" "It held fewer fleas than cambric, and did not stick to the skin." In fact, such is the loving-kindness of God and of the blessed Virgin, it really and truly had grown pleasant to him.

Ferdinand. I should like to hear the end of such a saint. Has your Majesty any small relic of him or his shirt?

John-Mary. A something of both: but to proceed.

He died in the odor of sanctity. Many thought his smell was like a white lily's; many said it had more of the tuberose; and there was one who remarked that, in his mind, rather than tuberose or lily, it resembled in fragrance a certain flower in the Island of Japan. As he was a tailor, and had never been a mile out of the city since the hour he was begotten, it was asked of him how he knew any thing about the smell of Japanese flowers. He answered that he had read of it: which, as he was a sedentary man, was weighty, if not convincing. Another said that there was no difference whatever between it and the rose of Sharon, a plant of which he had seen formerly in a garden near Valencia, a town belonging to your Majesty; but his brother corrected him, saying, "Lope, it is indeed very like that rose which I remember you once described to me; yet, if you had ever been at Lebanon, as I have, you would have altered your mind, and have declared that such fragrance as this could come only from the wings of angels, who had settled on the cedars of Lebanon." Nevertheless there were many of the townsmen who, in punishment of their worldly-mindedness and curiosity, could smell nothing more than what they were accustomed to smell in their own habiliments when they threw them off on the Sunday morning. Not lily nor rose nor cedar came distinctly forth; nor could they certify to their consciences aught concerning the said Japanese flower. Toward night, when the room was most crowded, doubts were entertained by some persons in tolerable repute, whether there was any miraculous scent at all. Nay, it is recorded that some of the clergy leaned over the body and smelled it with all their might, and went away saying nothing.

It pleased God that the instrument of conversion to thousands should be the very worst man among them; namely, Tiberio-Maria Somaro.

He had been a soldier in Manilla, and had been seen to leer and wink and lift up his shoulder like an unbeliever, with some other most irreverent and indecent marks of contempt. An aged priest, the last who in his devotion leaned over the body, beheld him with compassion, and taking him gently by the shirt-sleeve (for the weather was hot and he came without his coat) led him in his lightness and incredulity to the bed. He lowered his head indifferently, as if it hung loosely on his neck; and, throwing it up wildly, like a horse that one would halter, cried aloud, — I dare hardly repeat the words, "The — smells of sandal-wood."

It was the will of our blessed Lady that the odor should be such as she vouchsafes to grow exclusively in the east, her native country. Out of the mouth of a vile profane wretch was she pleased to bring conviction.

Ferdinand. If there is no harm in saying it, by her leave, methinks she chose in her wisdom odd words as well as an odd instrument.

John-Mary. The miracle is the greater; nor did it end here.

Ferdinand. For the love of our Lord, my dear brother and cousin, let me hear the rest of it.

John-Mary. Faith! after what your Majesty has been reading, a miracle comes like a fine fresh oyster after a peppery ragout.

Although the Lord and his saints had given the good archbishop strength and courage to endure the hair-shirt while he was in health, and even to solace his friends with the assurance that, as a sinner, it was preferable, in the ease it gave his spirit, to one of linen; yet the skin grows irritable in sickness, which came upon him unexpectedly, confined him to his bed instantly, and carried him off after two days.

Ferdinand. He might have changed it without sin.

John-Mary. Ah, poor man! he did not. He was seen, indeed, when death was inevitable and imminent, which at the beginning he had no suspicion of, to attempt to change it; but he would accept no assistance from any one. He could not accomplish his attempt: no attendant touched him; yet the shirt was changed!

Ferdinand. "Mater amabilis! kyrie eleison! kyrie amabilis! mater eleison!"

John-Mary. My brother and cousin, if I could sing like your Majesty, I would join you.

Ferdinand. I am in a fine frame of mind! My flesh creeps; my skin tightens on the crown of my head like a drum in the north wind on the *prado.* Manifest to me, I pray you, my brother and cousin, the further mercies of the heavenly choir. We must, however, be upon our guard against false miracles: Holy Church (vehement against imposture) teaches us that.

John-Mary. Here was no possibility of imposture.

Ferdinand. Certainly there could be none; but was the cause tried at Rome?

John-Mary. Regularly; and when the passions of men had cooled, as usual.

Ferdinand. How many years had elapsed?

John-Mary. The ordinary number, — about sixty. The church is never precipitate. I have read the whole process, with the signature of eight witnesses, some of whom declare that they never saw the others until they met in the bed-chamber of the archbishop. I have seldom read such irrefragable proofs. He tried to strip himself; he could not; the chaste man would accept, as I told your majesty, no assistance to take off his shirt, not even from Donna Sofonisba, his niece, nor from Donna Tanaquil whom he had educated from eleven years of age. The room was full of attendants, clerical, medical, familiar.

Ferdinand. In the presence of so many persons, he need not have been so scrupulously shy and modest as to deny the young ladies the service of stripping him: as well might our queens object to the presence of archbishop, chancellor, captain of the guard, and six or seven other hidalgos, while they are being delivered of infante or infanta.

John-Mary. Such was the mercy of God and of his mother the blessed Virgin, that, although they knew and decreed that he must die soon, and saw that his struggles to change his shirt had exhausted him, and aware that, if indeed he ever had felt the hair scratch and plague him, it could no longer do it, nevertheless, in mercy to the holy man and for the increase of their glory, they allowed him still his hair-shirt. But the hair was like the goat's of Angola, softer than silk or satin, and lighter.

Ferdinand. "Gloria Deo in excelsis! Ad aquas Babylonis!"

John-Mary. On first reading these facts and the testimonials, I ordered the double miracle to be embroidered in letters of gold, to be inserted in a finely carved frame from Paris, with a rich hanging of damask behind it and a stout plate-glass before, lest it should be frayed or soiled by the beards of the faithful who might kiss it, and a noble wax-candle on each side, burning day and night.

Ferdinand. On the compliance of his Britannic Majesty with our wishes, as suggested and manifested to us by their Majesties of the Holy Alliance, I myself will be at the expense of a copy, in like letters, frame, and hangings, to be suspended as his Majesty may deem fit in his chapel, bedroom, or council-chamber.

John-Mary. And I, for my part, on condition that he becomes a good Catholic, and brings over the lost people of England to the true faith, do promise and stipulate upon my royal word, to give a fair fifth of the miraculous shirt immediately, and a fair tenth of the cilice, or of such portion thereof as by the mercy of God shall at any future time be discovered upon earth.

Ferdinand. Is it expected that part of it may be found again?

John-Mary. The doctors of my universities have not yet decided whether it be the subject of transubstantiation or assumption.

Ferdinand. A most delicate and momentous point, nor hastily to be decided. Has the holy father been consulted upon it?

John-Mary. My bishops would reserve the initiative to themselves, subject however to his infallible decree.

Ferdinand. They have not wit enough: I am resolved to recall the Jesuits. One of their greatest enemies told me a thing of them which fixes my determination: it sums up that a Jesuit is worth two other men, even of the best. When it was objected against them that they professed the strict propriety of lying whenever it suited their purposes, he replied that among other people two negatives make an affirmative, but that among the Jesuits one does.

Now what higher praise can be given them? And this from the mouth of an adversary! I do not approve of lying, and never lie at all, unless in matters of State and conscience.

John-Mary. If your Majesty will inform me in your goodness, at what time the disciples of St. Ignatius take possession of Spain again, I shall receive the intelligence most gratefully. Ever afterward shall I eat only eggs in the shell, drink only water from the spring, and neither take snuff nor wear gloves. What they are as theologians, Mother Church alone can decide; they certainly are deep physicians both in minerals and simples, and save a great deal of bed-making. They are such casters of nativity and such prognosticators of futurity, they can calculate without book to what extent a man shall be griped and cuckolled, and at what hour and into what house the holy sacrament shall be carried before 'em.

Ferdinand. I wonder how the devil they do it.

John-Mary. I wonder how kings will let it be done; so many people are frightened, particularly the women.

Ferdinand. They will never be quiet, unless we give them their own way.

John-Mary. Will they then?

Ferdinand. They say they will. They speak humbly and reverentially, and always begin with "Your Majesty," and "Your Catholic Majesty."

John-Mary. I wish they may end there. Keep them in their posture of humility, and they can do little harm: let them once rise up from it, and they will be avenged for having ever been in it. So say those who know them. When you expose their tricks and make them refund their robberies, they cry, "The Church is in tribulation:" when they have tied your hands behind you, and scourged you, and eaten your dinner, and emptied your snuff-box, and made your wife and children disavow you, and your people threaten your throat, then forsooth, "The Church is triumphant." For these rogues are not Matthew nor Mark, nor Barnabas nor Jude, nor James nor Thomas nor Apollos, nor Simon nor

Saul nor Peter, but "Church, Mother Church, Holy Church," and are identified and indivisible as potted lobsters.*

Ferdinand. Take care! take care! Is there nothing behind those pictures?

John-Mary. Walls; and walls there shall always be, and many too, between me and Jesuits.

Ferdinand. My cousin Charles of France says I must have 'em. He tells me they make the most comfortable creatures for confessors. If you say you have done this or that, they say they have done it too, — by God's providence, — in order to comfort you; and if the sin requires a scourging they will invent such a pleasant way of doing it, you would give a *crusado* to be scourged again. Beside, my cousin tells me that he hopes his daughter of Angoulême will bless his kingdom with an heir to the throne, by the intercession of these holy fathers: and who knows but they may do the like by me? My cousin says, "Had they come earlier, France would have been happy." The other confraternities did their best, and failed. There may indeed be a reason for that, in the horrible atheism of a constitutional bishop, who, when the royal ordinance was issued for illuminating nine saints in Notre Dame, in order to obtain so great a blessing, said peevishly and profanely, "These things are not to be done with candles' ends."

John-Mary. Oh! there he was wrong; there he betrayed his want of faith and discernment. But I have heard it argued that the exactions and immorality of the clergy are among the principal causes of disturbances and revolutions.

Ferdinand. Never believe it. Atheists would decoy you into such persuasion, that they themselves might preach and say masses and possess tithes.

John-Mary. Who knows whether they have not succeeded in some places, looking just like the worthiest rectors and jolliest monks in Christendom.

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* The power of the clergy, under another Bourbon now reigning, may in part be estimated by the following extract from the sentence of a royal court on the Bishop of Nancy: —

" The royal court of Nancy decrees that the passages of the *Mandamus* constitute the crime specified in the 201st and 204th articles of the *Penal Code;* that the *Mandamus* alone is sufficient to prove the culpability of the bishop: but, taking into consideration the *high functions* of the Bishop of Nancy, the court declares that for the present there is no *ground* to proceed."

Ferdinand. Here and there one may have crept into the fold, and carried his books with him: but true priests must be better people than any other, else they could not have received the grace of God to preach his word to the rest; and true monks are better still, for they have performed more miracles, and have performed them too at the very time when the profane and ignorant would fain have proved them to be the most unworthy; thus returning good for evil, blessings for revilings.

Frey Lope de Hornaches was circumvented by his enemies, while he suffered himself, like a lamb, to be conducted to a garden-house by Donna Imaculata Floz de Cabeça: places which your Majesty must know perfectly, as they lie upon the frontier of Alentejo. The enemies, who, your Majesty may suppose from their promptitude, were anciently of some guerilla, caught him inopportunely (as they vainly thought) and led him off (so they scornfully boasted) more lightly accoutred than even partisan-war and vintage-season make requisite, through the long street of Cabeça, into the posada called the "Star of Bethlehem." Here however they had the humanity to give him the remainder of his dress, on his surrendering the veil of Donna Imaculata, which in his hurry he had mistaken for a part of it; though a monk's shirt is seldom so black as that.

John-Mary. Perhaps Frey Lope's was one of a dun camel's hair.

Ferdinand. Nothing more likely. I wonder he did not say it; but he wanted no superfluity of arguments or facts: he had better things at hand. It was Saturday evening.

"I will confound them in their malice and iniquity," said he to the hostess, who was assisting him in several small arrangements when the intruders had left the posada. Accordingly, the next morning he mounted the pulpit, and delivered a discourse on the principles of immorality and infidelity, deriving them from Satan, and tracing them, without once missing their progress, into the lodges of the freemasons, and the conventicles of the Quakers.

John-Mary. Quakers! Quakers! who are they, brother?

Ferdinand. Wicked men, that the devil makes quake eternally, but cannot force to take their hats off: they eat and sleep and say their prayers in 'em.

John-Mary. God then, without a question, turns his back upon them: for nobody can bear that rudeness. But Frey Lope, — how fared he?

Ferdinand. "I do not deny," said he, "that the devil led me yesterday into what you carnal men may properly call temptation. Why did he? To the confusion and conversion of sinners; for the saints, the confessors, and martyrs make him work for them, even on festivals, like a turnspit. Now suppose the mortal sin had been committed, to which every man (not under especial grace) is liable, they would intercede and give their suffrages for the sinner, on his confession. By which dispensation, for one bad thing there are two good ones, — confession here, and in heaven the offering of those suffrages. We, who take upon ourselves the offences of the people, are no better than the people while we are sinning; but while we repeat the words of life in the Mass, and God is created at our voice in the midst of them, we no longer are children of the world, but children of righteousness. He who commits sins is one; he who remits them is another. Look at this timepiece!"

Here he produced one, given to him by an abbess of Merida for sundry works performed on pressing occasions in her convent; he possessing the science of discussing and removing some of the most malignant complaints more speedily than the oldest physician, and being always on the spot in spring and fall.

"This timepiece," he proceeded, "may be inexact by an hour, by two hours, by three hours, in the twenty-four: yet I call it regular." He paused.

"Christians!" added he, "I am rejoiced to observe your humble spirit and pious attention. My words I doubt not are strange to your ears; so are many things at first which afterward are evident and conspicuous. Now this timepiece, although its movements in the sum of their day's duration may be amiss, yet if any of you should be guided by it from hour to hour, whether for labor or rest, he would find that one of them is as long as another: the proportions it marks are then equal and just. So, although a friar or priest shall be inaccurate in his conduct, which either from human infirmity or for some inscrutable purpose may happen, yet that part of it whereat it is your business to look is right enough. If the devil take him aside to tempt him, you have no concern at this juncture with him or the devil; wait patiently till he comes back again, and then mind what he has authority to say."

John-Mary. My brother, you have surely repeated the whole sermon. What memory! what genius!

Ferdinand. I had three thousand days' indulgence for learning it; and it cost me but a fortnight.

Frey Lope quite confounded the heretical and evil-minded. He hath since proved his innocence, to the satisfaction of the most scrupulous and hard-hearted, by fifty-nine signatures attesting, on the experience of the subscribers, that the veil of Donna Imaculata has acquired the miraculous virtue of curing weak eyes.

John-Mary. Hearing at first of the veil, I trembled to think how Frey Lope would come off. "Gloria patri!"

Ferdinand. To abash his accusers and turn round upon his persecutors, he has published the whole sermon, whereto is prefixed the title-page of "Truth unveiled, or the Cross erected in Cabeça." It has been presented to me upon a white satin cushion fringed with silver, preceded by the superior of his order; who informed me that no remarks were made after the delivery, but such as, —

"That watch is no common-place!"

"That watch strikes home!"

"The lady abbess knew what she was about, when she gave Frey Lope that watch!"

"The saintly woman had her finger upon the index; she foresaw that Frey Lope would make a flaming sword of it."

"The black veil and bright eyes for ever!"

"Long life to Frey Lope, with his Truth unveiled, and his Cross erected in Cabeça!"

"Death to the negroes, traitors to our king and Frey Lope!"

I was offended at finding my royal name united with a subject's, until the superior informed me that the words "Frey Lope" did not actually mean Frey Lope, but religion, which has always in good times been identified with the monastic orders.

John-Mary. That is true, and very profound: in matters of religion we always say one thing and mean another. This I heard with my own ears at Quebuz, in a most unctuous sermon preached by the Deacon Joam Salter, who exemplified it by saying that a day signified a year, and sometimes an age, among prophets and debtors, — casting an angry glance at the Visconde Anadia, who confessed to me that he had owed him for some time forty *pesos dueros*.

Ferdinand. My brother, many contraband things may be conveyed into my dominions through your Majesty's frontier; among them are books. Irreligious ones of the first order, such as *Cyclopedias*, *Natural Histories*, *Bibles*, and *Treatises against the Jesuits*, are strictly watched in the territories of Portugal; but latterly there have been others edited of very evil tendency, ridiculing or reviling the functions and characters of princes.

John-Mary. The Jesuits did that.

Ferdinand. They deny it.

John-Mary. We have proofs.

Ferdinand. They disdain proofs, and manfully reject them.

John-Mary. The words are plain.

Ferdinand. So they may appear: they are typical.

John-Mary. What is *typical?*

Ferdinand. *Typical* is — wait a moment — *typical* is — they told me but yesterday — No! *typical* is having two or more senses.

John-Mary. Brother! brother! they will not let *us* have any.

Ferdinand. Oh, yes, they will; only allow them their own way. They cannot act conveniently with others; the horse and ox, they inform me, are not made for the same traces.

John-Mary. I smell poison and gunpowder under their frocks.

Ferdinand. I smell very different things. Happy those that take protection there! They know what books are, and write enough for the whole world. We have taken more than fifty French, English, American, Dutch, Swiss, and other publications, in which I am mentioned as a tyrant, a bigot, a fool, an ingrate, a swindler, a liar, a perjurer. So far was fortunate; but what will you say about my fortune, when I tell your Majesty that I was obliged to hang the valuable servant who discovered and denounced them?

John-Mary. Could that have been lately? I thought your Majesty had long ago hanged every one such.

Ferdinand. I believe he was the last of the kind; but I could not do less. When he had found these offensive words against me in every book he opened, and was still prying more and more, my confessor said it was enough, and asked him why he was not contented with what he had found already, as the other publications had nothing to do with politics or religion. "Father," answered he, "here are some sixty, in various languages, written in various tempers, by men of various religions and various political opinions; yet all say the same thing of our gracious Lord Don Ferdinand. If now I could find a single volume that speaks about him differently, I have only to lay it up, and the fortune of my children is made, twenty years hence, as possessors of the rarest book in the world; for it is hardly to be imagined that any one else would think of preserving a copy."

He declares he spoke this in the innocence of his heart; but innocent people, my confessor says, are very thoughtless, and thoughtless people very mischievous; and mischievous people have begun to think at last that religion and government are their own concerns.

The safest method for us would be to prohibit the importation of every volume, the contents of which are not secured and sanctified by the adorable cross in the title-page.

John-Mary. Your Majesty would act then like some philosopher I have heard mentioned —

Ferdinand. Like some philosopher! Saints and martyrs! Confessors and angels, and Virgin Mother! defend me from it!

John-Mary. He was not indeed so much of a philosopher as your Majesty is afraid he was.

Ferdinand. What did he, then?

John-Mary. He extinguished his lamp lest the fleas should find him and bite him in bed.

Ferdinand. Did he? Then he might have been called a philosopher, when philosopher signified wise man. Until the other day, I only knew that the mischievous sect, who now have taken the name, were the blindest and most ignorant creatures upon earth: I never was informed that they are likewise the most superstitious.

John-Mary. And are they really?

Ferdinand. Judge for yourself now. One of them, an Englishman at Turin, had so little grace, and so little tenderness for his own offspring, that he would not carry it to be baptized, either the first day or the second of its birth; saying, as an excuse, that there was no occasion for it at present, the boy being strong and healthy. However, the proprietor of the lodging, who began to fear that, as the river was overflowing the country, and masses of ice were breaking with violence against the walls of the promenade, his house might be carried away by divine vengeance through the obstinate impiety of his guest, went civilly upstairs and protested that, unless the infant were carried to church within the hour, he would collect his friends and eject it with its mother from the premises. Her husband being from home to view the course of the river in all its terrors, from I forget what palace of our brother of Sardinia situated on a lofty hill in the vicinity, and the worthy nurse corroborating the conscientious host's importunity, she complied. The infant was baptized: nevertheless it died four days afterward of symptoms that resembled a cough and a fever. The heretical parents, in the hardness of their hearts, wept without resignation; and (would you believe it?) were firmly of opinion that the cold water, thrown the more profusely over the creature to wash it from heresy and original sin (whereof heretics have just nine times more than Catholics), caused its death! No great wonder, it may be, that the father did so, engulfed as he was in the abyss of philosophy; but the mother, I hear, was as harmless and quiet as any poor ignorant unbeliever can be, and she also held the same opinion, — though the ceremony was performed on Christmas-day! So much for the reasoning faculties of those whom the Lord abandons to their own devices!

Giovacchino Pallone, the landlord, gave a supper to his friends, and received their congratulations on his good luck in rescuing a soul that never can relapse, and that will keep up his own against the worst that can happen: and his brother Timoteo, the muleteer of Biella, who stood sponsor, has thereby washed his hands of a little murder he committed on a Frenchman, some years back. What a generation! Twelve months ago, if any one looked hard at him, he drew his knife and ran into a church: he now never enters one, unless to ask St. Antonio some favor for his mules. My minister at the Court of Turin informs me that they are grown much fatter; which other men, who have neither faith nor charity, attribute to the easy life they lead with him, now he loiters and spends his money on the roads.

Low ignorant people will indulge their passions and prejudices, although the skirts of their souls must scorch for it.

John-Mary. I should like to purchase a share of Timoteo's ticket for good works, before he draws too hard upon it.

Ferdinand. I intend to establish a new tax, which every man will pay willingly.

John-Mary. I never heard of any such.

Ferdinand. The pope alone has a right over marriages, these being sacraments; therefore I would not dare to think of taxing them: but every man shall pay an impost for sleeping with his wife on the night of his nuptials. The pope would not thwart me in this; particularly as I force every man and woman in my dominions to purchase of him a *Bula de Confecion*, without which they cannot receive absolution on their death-bed, nor leave behind them a valid will, nor preserve their property from confiscation.

O my brother and cousin! my sides will crack with laughing.

John-Mary. Let me hope not. Unused as they are to such exercise, it may indeed do them harm. Take this horn against it.*

Ferdinand. I have horns of my own, better than yours. I have the little-toe nail of St. Jerome, the length of my forefinger.

John-Mary. What makes your Majesty so merry?

Ferdinand. The moment before we met, I signed the capitulation of Torrijo.

John-Mary. I am glad to hear it. He is reputed to be one of the bravest and most honorable men in Spain. Dear brother and cousin, what makes you toss up so many pinches of snuff into your nose?

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* The Romans and Neapolitans, and many Spaniards and Portuguese, of every rank and condition, carry a piece of coral, amber, steel, or other substance, at their watch-chain or their breast, in the form of a horn, to protect them against *evil eyes* and other such mischief. Whoever meets a monk the first person in the morning, turns the point towards him; even a heretic is not more inauspicious. Some, ashamed of carrying this amulet, turn their forefinger slily, somewhat bent, under the coat-flap or elsewhere. Fortunate, if all their superstitions were thus infantine and innocent!

Ferdinand. To help to make me angry and grave again. I will gibbet that Torrijo.

John-Mary. The same who capitulated?

Ferdinand. The very same.

John-Mary. What has he done since?

Ferdinand. I know nothing more about him. The best of the joke is, the Duc d'Angoulême promised to him and to the other constitutionalists rank, pay, and security. He ought to have known from my station and character that his promise was illusory, and that neither another man's promises nor my own are, or ever shall be, binding upon me. Indeed, to tell you a secret, he knew it as well as you do;* but he wanted to purchase the name of pacificator as cheaply as that of hero.

John-Mary. He could not hope that, nor want it. Every French prince is a hero by acclamation the hour of his birth, and pacificator of the universe the first squeal he utters. There is no instance wherein they have not been victorious: the worst that ever happened to them is that Fortune has sometimes snatched victory out of their hands, when their enemies have bitten the dust upon the snow or sea, and been utterly annihilated. Sometimes a seventy-four in the disguise of a corvette has pounced upon a frigate or two, which all the courage of Frenchmen could not save from the perfidious islanders, who fed their prisoners eleven weeks on sawdust and salt-water.

Ferdinand. Yet some people, and some who desire to please me, call me a true Bourbon! Never in my life did I know any thing like myself, excepting a Polichinello at Andujar; and him I ordered to be brought before the council of Castile for counterfeiting me. By some negligence or connivance he escaped, and was condemned to be hanged in effigy as contumacious.

John-Mary. Might I recommend it to the serious consideration of your Majesty, whether so popular a speaker might not with advantage be included in the amnesty?

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* The perfidy of Bonaparte on no occasion was so infamous as that of his *Most Christian* successor in Spain. The Duc d'Angoulême was surety for the performance of the treaties and capitulations he entered into with the constitutionalists; all which are violated. He invaded the country, to take the power out of the people's hands, — and the vilest of the populace now possess it entirely. Legitimate government and Catholic religion are maintained by a mob of plunderers and assassins, with a fugitive, perjurer, and parricide at the head of them.

Ferdinand. You mean entrapped and hanged. Amnesty does not signify that, but only confiscation and imprisonment; with cudgelling and whipping at intervals, such as holidays for example, and the quartering of volunteer dragoons for the remainder of life.

John-Mary. I should have suggested a place at the council-board, where, seated under your president, he would greatly strengthen the majority.

Ferdinand. I have another cause for good humor. I have found out an enemy of old Yerequi.

John-Mary. Who is Yerequi?

Ferdinand. Do not you know that he was my preceptor?

John-Mary. Well, he and everybody else has an enemy: it is no difficult matter to discover one, provided he is not in the number of our bosom-friends. I would not punish this enemy of Señor Yerequi, unless he has offended against the State or the Church. He may indeed have injured a benefactor. Friendships are not sacred things, according to any council that was ever held, or any decretal of the most rigid pope that ever filled the chair of St. Peter.

Ferdinand. What! can't you understand? Who talked of punishing a spy and confidant? A pious man, too, and one who can groan at the right place in his breviary like a white bear, and sing *Te Deum* like a Tyrolean bullfinch, wanting nothing but a pinch of snuff to begin and end with. And nothing more shall he ever get from me. Yerequi is the scape-goat to punish. He hardly goes beyond the *credo;* and I could see in his face, when I was little more than a child, that he thought I deserved a whipping. I can whip now; and I dare, — which is more than he can say.

John-Mary. Brother Ferdinand, I once heard a remark of an old lady, — a relative of ours at Bemposta, when brother Luis of France lost his head for breaking his word, together with that other little thing which the constitutionalists in their jargon call betraying his country, — that a few drops of blood taken from the nether quarters of princes, early in the day, might save them afterward more than they can well spare higher up.

Ferdinand. Oh! oh! down with that hand from the neck, for the love of Christ! What do you smile at? Put it up again; put it on the very spot: I don't mind a caper for it. I only fancied I was afraid; that is, I only fancied it might make you so, or at least rather uncomfortable; for myself I was not in the least.

John-Mary. A little alarmed; a little bit shocked and shivering; a very, very little: I do think, now, brother Ferdinand; and I beg your pardon for my inadvertency.

Ferdinand. No, by Santiago! no, by San José! no, by San Spiridion! I never felt a moment's fear in my whole life. I have thought it; and others have thought it too; but they lied, — the fools and thieves lied; there was nothing in it, as I hope for Paradise.

I will now tell you, my brother and cousin, what I intend to do with Bishop Queypo. Take out your handkerchief: you will laugh until you cry again. It is my plan and order to have him condemned to six years' imprisonment in a monastery, after a year or two of jail. Is not that pleasant?

John-Mary. It may be just.

Ferdinand. But is not it laughable?

John-Mary. How so? Laughable things, my cousin and brother, require a good deal of circumspection and inquiry. One would not laugh out all at once, as a mule brays, but rather say a prayer or *credo* between the thing laughed at and the laugh.

Ferdinand. Do you know the old viper's age?

John-Mary. Bishop Queypo's?

Ferdinand. Bishop Queypo's, yes; but he is not the bishop he was, by a quintal.

John-Mary. I do not know him: I never heard of him before.

Ferdinand. Oh! then no wonder you missed the joke. Eight years' imprisonment for a man eighty years old! Laugh now! laugh now! Here is another good thing. People think him very learned and pious, very patient and conscientious: Saez recommends that the younger monks be appointed to instruct him in his Christian duties.

John-Mary. Brother, brother! his Master Christ will call him away in the midst of the lesson, and let us hope he may be found perfect.

Ferdinand. What! before the six next years of his imprisonment are over? I shall pray against that every night and morning, and spend in the churches ten thousand crowns to cross it. However, if he dies before the term of the sentence is completed, he shall not be buried in his cathedral, nor with mitre and crosier on his tombstone. But I cannot think Mary and the other saints are so spiteful to me: I fancy I see them with their ears at the door, listening to the constitutional rebel as he says his lesson, and now and then putting him out. I know they will do any thing for me: I have always put my trust in them.

John-Mary. Bishops are under the protection of angels.

Ferdinand. I know that. I have contrived that they shall not approach Señor Queypo.

John-Mary. Impossible! my dear cousin and brother!

Ferdinand. Possible enough, and sure enough, though perhaps they little suspect it.

John-Mary. Nay, nay, my brother! that laughter — I beg pardon — I mean no offence — but surely that laughter is rather too irreverent. Pious men may do many things that others may not; but we must not tempt nor be tempted.

Ferdinand. 'Fore God, he is little temptation for 'em.

John-Mary. Your Majesty's genius is great beyond comparison, and the mercies God hath shown you are manifold.

Ferdinand. Else the rogues would have had me on the gallows. This little bit of lead kept me down on my legs: had they searched me and found it and taken it away, I might have mounted the ladder.

John-Mary. Is one kiss permitted me on that sacred image?

Ferdinand. Kiss it; but under the left jaw: this is the part to be guarded.

Now about the angels.

John-Mary. And the angels, too, will protect whom they please.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin, one word in your ear! Of all the monasteries in my dominions, that to which I have destined old Queypo is the fullest of lice and fleas; the dogs and cats know it, and will not enter on fish-days or flesh-days; the martins and swallows scream as they fly past, and never did one of them build her nest under the roof. This I believe is the reason, but I have heard of another, — that they come from Barbary, and, being Moorish, instinctively shun the purity of our faith.

John-Mary. I have observed them under the tiles of my convents in great plenty.

Ferdinand. Your monks are less holy: they wash and comb themselves.

John-Mary. Malice says it. Sometimes in excessively hot weather they do, and to hear confessions in private houses, where an odor too religious might affect the sick, particularly the women.

Ferdinand. Mere men of the world! men *nostræ generationis!* The women should be accustomed to the odor while they are well.

John-Mary. Generally they are; but there are some faint stomachs that want civet even in sanctity.

Ferdinand. Jades! I wish I had them under lock and key with old Queypo. If the angels, as I was telling you, came within whistle of those walls, they would have nothing else to do for the remainder of the week than to pick one another's wings.

John-Mary. Brother, I doubt whether the angels are subject to such vermin.

Ferdinand. In heaven certainly not; but here even Michael, though in the act of cutting down a heretic, must put aside his sword and scratch himself. The older angels are too cunning; they know the place. As for the younger, I am secure of them: I have ordered that no change of linen be brought to the wicked wretch; his clothes have been rotting on his body for several months, and at last they are so full of holes that no decent young angel would turn his eyes toward them.*

An excellent plan has been laid before me for the deportation of all the constitutionalists.

John-Mary. Deportation! whither?

Ferdinand. The plan contains nothing about that. Sealed orders may be opened when they are at sea.

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* These cruelties were all committed against Queypo for having taken the oath of allegiance, which Ferdinand himself took, to the Constitution. On his removal from the jail to the monastery, some women had the compassion and courage to throw a little of their own apparel over his nakedness, and to cover his aged head from the mid-day sun in July.

John-Mary. Your Majesty must provide biscuits and water, in a quantity proportionate to the voyage.

Ferdinand. Not I, not I; the plan has nothing in it of biscuits and water. Beside, is there not water enough in the sea for any number? And let them borrow biscuits from the sailors, on their own credit.

John-Mary. But the sailors must have enough.

Ferdinand. So they shall.

John-Mary. To give or lend?

Ferdinand. I have nothing to do with the traffic of sailors.

John-Mary. Unless it pleases God to work a miracle in favor of the constitutionalists, they must perish.

Ferdinand. In *their* favor! Do you know what they have done?

John-Mary. Unwise things, no doubt: but your Majesty seems to me less happy now, less tranquil, and less safe, than when you joined them.

Ferdinand. The mule that breaks loose is less quiet than when he was in the shafts; but he is free.

John-Mary. My brother, if that word animates even you so greatly, what wonder if it animated the less intelligent!

Ferdinand. Again, again I ask you, Do you know what they have committed?

John-Mary. Recently?

Ferdinand. Within this week.

John-Mary. Not fully nor exactly.

Ferdinand. Sacrilege, sacrilege. Robbers have broken into a church at Logroño, and stolen the body of God.

John-Mary. "Ave Maria! Clamavi de profunditatibus!" I hope they are taken, and the body of our Lord recovered.

Ferdinand. Recovered, it is true, but after dogs had eaten it.

John-Mary. Alas! alas! alas! that is not recovered.

Ferdinand. Brother and cousin, do not be heretical!

John-Mary. God forbid!

Ferdinand. The true faith is, that the body of our Lord having only passed the diaphragm of dog or other animal is the Lord's body still: let it enter the viscera, the long gut I mean, and not even his blessed Mother could make it his again.

John-Mary. I am so full of horror, I want to hear the rest.

Ferdinand. The thieves were pursued by monks, women, soldiers, and dogs. Nothing could exceed, as was thought, the right spirit of the dogs: they appeared to be angrier than the monks themselves; it was believed that the Lord would glorify himself by these vile animals. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," and so forth, — I forget the remainder; no matter. Suddenly, when they had fastened on the heaviest and slowest of the sacrilegious, he who held the holy vessel threw it on the ground, and out fell the body of God! The very dog that was thought the most zealous left the rogue for it, and would have swallowed it. You know, my cousin and brother, that swallowing the wafer is no easy matter when we first begin: it often sticks to the roof of the mouth; and I have seen a nun who has done penance all her life, because she coughed it out.

John-Mary. Did no lightning nor other judgment fall upon the dog?

Ferdinand. On the contrary, it was feared that he might fairly claim eternal life; which would have been a dreadful dispensation, for he is the noisiest dog in Logroño. But the women and monks knew their business. They drove a stake an ell long under his tail, and held him with his head downward, until a surgeon could arrive, who carefully removed his lower entrails. The Host was not found there: on which the bells were rung, tapestry displayed, and cannon fired. It was however in the stomach, whence the creature ejected it from his mouth with severe convulsions. Several devils flew out at the same moment. Some people say they could distinguish eight or nine; others could count but four, being terrified and taken suddenly, although they heard the voices of many.

John-Mary. What could they have been about?

Ferdinand. Tempting, tempting, tempting: their old trade.

John-Mary. But out they flew then? "Gloria Deo in excelsis!" if the wind was fair for Morocco, and they took that course. If they tarried in Portugal, it could only be among the Jews or English. But in what condition was the blessed body?

Ferdinand. It was discovered enveloped in bile. The priests say that the bile is the dog's bile: the monks, with greater piety, contend that it proceeds from the body of our

Lord, indignant at such treatment, and that what appeared the most awful visitation was a miracle vouchsafed to the city of Logroño. The people in their consternation see no miracle in an affront producing bile, and pray before it, that in due time it may depart. Their contrition has begun to produce this effect, and every morning it is somewhat lessened.

John-Mary. Have the bishops and archbishops been consulted?

Ferdinand. Naturally.

John-Mary. What can be done?

Ferdinand. They have ordered two public processions: one, to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty for the affront of stealing His Divine Majesty's body; the other, to make him forget what the dog did, from beginning to end;* which, as I told you, seems to be accomplishing. I have issued an edict, that every dog of the same family with that most execrable one, be hanged or shot; and that whoever shall be convicted of having in his possession one begotten by, or allied to, paternally or maternally, the said most execrable shall be considered as a heretic, infidel, and traitor.

John-Mary. Let us hope, by the blessing of God's Mother and her sweet Infant, that affairs will begin, ere long, to go on better in your Majesty's kingdoms.

Ferdinand. We may indeed hope it, by the blessing of St. Iago added to the Infant's and the Virgin-mother's, — I mean the *mother of the thousand pains;* none of the rest for me! In token of it, they delivered into my hands two societies of Freemasons. One was detected with a line upon the table; which line the heretical thieves declared was a fishing-line; although there was no other sign of it than the hook and horse-hair. The other was heard to take the most tremendous and diabolical of oaths, — I dare not repeat it. Yes, I will —

"Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!"

Now then hear it.

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* "On the 4th of July, 1825, the convent of St. Antony was robbed of the sacred vessel and consecrated wafers. The bishop ordered a public procession, in order to appease the anger of the Divine Majesty." — *Lisbon Gazette.* Anger against whom?

It must be a very weak mind that fancies Christianity can be injured by these recitals of superstition, in which the ideas of Divine Majesty are quite as absurd as the wildest in the religion of Bramah.

John-Mary. "Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo! Et cum spiritu tuo!"

I am prepared, my brother: it can do me no harm.

Ferdinand. They swore they would love and help their brethren in all dangers and adversities. So! they would love them on the scaffold, and help them, if they could, at the stake. The people tore them to pieces, as cleverly as Andalusian colts could have done it. Here, my brother and cousin, behold the vast superiority of our religion over theirs! The monks who caught them *in flagrante* —

John-Mary. A bad rebellious town! Whereabout does it lie?

Ferdinand. I don't know exactly, but somewhere southward, — no matter for that. These charitable monks, who had been ejected from the same place, sang the service for the defunct upon them; and (would you believe it?) their wives and daughters ran out of their houses and called the holy men — afore God, I think it sinful to say what the women called them. But the Virgin shall be informed of it, word for word; and the sluts shall blush at such language. You see, even the women, though they never heard the oath nor entered the chamber, were infected, — old and young! What a serpent is this *Freemasonry!*

We shall come at last to the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections. I told Father Cirilo so, and he gave me the best advice a true vassal and good Catholic could give. He said to me, "Sire, will you pardon the frankness of my speech?"

I replied, "Say any thing, Father Cirilo, if you can remove by it my perplexities."

"May I liken your Majesty to an inferior creature?" added he.

It did not very well please me to be likened to any thing on earth; yet I answered (for I began to be curious and anxious), "Liken me, liken me; make haste."

"Then," said Father Cirilo gravely, "your Majesty, by such paternal clemency as you would extend, in coming to what your Majesty is graciously pleased to call the knot of traitors at the bottom of our disturbances and insurrections, reminds me of a negro —"

"Hold! hold!" I exclaimed, for I fancied he meant a constitutionalist. He corrected my mistake, and declared he only meant, as his explanation would demonstrate, a poor fellow-Christian from Puerto Rico. He continued, " The good slave and cook, Dias, had just returned from the happy country still under your Majesty's paternal care in the Americas, and was ordered by his master's more experienced servant in the same capacity, Juan Martinez Almagro of Seville, to prepare the onions for dinner. Dias had seen him begin to peel one, and immediately turned to the same occupation. Now he had lived with an old aunt of his master, whose stomach could not bear onions, and he had never dressed or seen any. He thought he could commit no mistake in the peeling of them, as he had observed the master-cook tearing off and throwing aside two or three coats of one. He therefore went on ; and coming at last to nothing, cried, 'Don Juan ! I do not find the onion.' In like manner does your Majesty. You must begin with the first peel, throw that into the boiler ; then take the second and throw that in ; and then in succession the remainder. All are implicated in the conspiracy against your Majesty's beneficent government, excepting those who look after the conspirators ; one among a thousand."

I could hardly have imagined, my brother and cousin, the wickedness of my people if Father Cirilo had not demonstrated it. Lately came the fact to our knowledge that, although a great part of the constitutionalists have no religion, a certain sect is springing up of zealots and fanatics. Instead of sacrificing a god, five of which can be bought for a farthing (so indulgent is he in letting us both buy and eat him), these unconscionable wretches have nothing less in view than the abolition of our bull-fights, by the sacrifice of our cattle. In the papers of a constitutionalist we found many axioms and problems ; to some of which were written the words, "It seems reasonable ;" to others, " Not improbable ; " to more still, "Query." But we found in larger letters, and without any of these notes, signed by a miscreant of the name "Constat, " these words : —

" Before a long serenity can be hoped for Europe, the black cattle must be sacrificed to the Tempests."

Tempests means *devils*, who often come in them, and to whom the new sect offers sacrifice.

John-Mary. Very bad ! very bad ! But devils may be exorcised, and, I believe, from living men rather than from dead ones. If we hang and burn any, the devils will fly into others and escape us. Exorcism makes them so heartily sick, that they have no appetite for any such tenement as they have been ousted from, and have need of their native air again.

Ferdinand. Do you know, brother Don John-Mary, how happy I am above the other princes of the age?

John-Mary. Your Majesty is indeed so, apparently.

Ferdinand. You must know why.

John-Mary. Among the many causes of exultation —

Ferdinand. Well, well! go on, — why the devil do you stop?

John-Mary. It would be difficult to hit upon the precise one. Perhaps by your Majesty being the Most Catholic.

Ferdinand. That only led to it. Surely you know well enough I am the object of a particular prophecy in the Holy Bible. I have a whole prophecy to myself.

First I must inform you, what I understand is believed by every sect of Christians, — if indeed any are to be called Christians who refuse to obey the vicar of Christ —

John-Mary. No, no, no! There may be Pelagians, Arians, Protestants, Freemasons; but Holy Mother Church, as Canon Bento Pinto da Cunha preached to us in my chapel, is no Amphisbæna.

Ferdinand. Who is Amphisbæna?

John-Mary. I could not rightly understand him, whether it was really a single beast with two heads, tugging two ways, one of them where the tail should be —

Ferdinand. Nonsense! nonsense!

John-Mary. He seemed to explain it in this manner; but I fancy he must have meant two creatures of the canine race, pelted in the street for immorality.

Ferdinand. Ay, ay; there is sense in that. But what has it to do with the prophecy?

John-Mary. Your Majesty was about to mention a tenet of the Church that every man adhered to.

Ferdinand. Right! right! Whatever the prophets and doctors and evangelists and disciples said to people, the people took as if it was said to them.

John-Mary. Certainly.

Ferdinand. The more fools they for their pains. Nothing was meant as it was spoken: and if it was said to one it was intended for another. The prophets had a sort of squint in their tongues. If they promised any thing good to any one, the simpleton was sure to be disappointed in it; and if they threatened a rogue or a city, the threat fell on other folks a thousand miles off. Now you are prepared in some sort for my prophecy. Many at the time believed our Lord was talking to some people who grudged him a little essence of vanilla, and who pretended they would have given the three "reals" (the price of it in those days) to the poor, rather than perfume his stockings and pantaloon with it, much as they might want it in that hot country. They did not observe him looking over his shoulder toward me, who was not then born; nor understand him, saying, "The poor ye have always with you."

Habetis pauperes semper vobiscum.

John-Mary. "Gloria Deo in excelsis!"

Ferdinand. Now I have, in Spain alone, not counting the Americas and Indies, above eight hundred thousand mouths, that must either be filled by alms or stopped by halters.

John Mary. Sad alternative!

Ferdinand. Sad enough for *them:* but show me another king, in our times, whom God and his blessed Mother and those about them have thought worthy of a special prophecy. The most favored of my ancestors never had in their dominions more than half the number of those who held such tickets of admission to the kingdom of heaven. All orders of monks, all ranks of religionists cry, "Beati pauperes!" What a number of people have I made eternally happy, without any care or trouble about 'em! And the very best in my dominions — I mean of laymen. Priests and monks do not require a similar state of probation. They are ready for martyrdom when their Lord calls them, but would fare reasonably well seven days in the week, in order to work the better in his vineyard. The rest I have made light for the long journey, and almost as ready to undertake it as their spiritual guides. Have I not reason then to be superlatively joyful?

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

Ferdinand. Hold! Have you a dispensation, my brother and cousin, for using the words of the Bible? I would not venture to go beyond St. Isidore or St. Augustine.

John-Mary. They may always be used toward crowned heads. It is generally thought by theologians that the best of them were made expressly for us.

Ferdinand. Not unlikely. You are deep, my brother, in the dogmatists.

John-Mary. Discreetly; sufficiently; not much amiss; but I began to doubt whether the said oil of gladness —

Ferdinand. The devil you did! — to doubt about it!

John-Mary. Whether it is an oil that is likely to *keep*, though it has been in great demand of late among the champions of legitimacy. I am afraid some hot weather may affect it.

Ferdinand. And now, Don John-Mary, my brother and cousin, I must come to the point with you, in the most amicable way possible, on your invasion of my territories.

John-Mary. May it please your Majesty to inform me what portion of your Majesty's territory has been rashly entered by my troops, without my knowledge?

Ferdinand. I know not whether your forces, my brother and cousin, have invaded it; but you style yourself King of India. How can this be, when I myself am King of both the Indies? Your Majesty is legitimately (inasmuch as what is founded on usurpation can be legitimate) King of Portugal, Algarve, Brazil, Guinea, Ethiopia, Arabia, and Persia.

John-Mary. Certainly, my brother, and of India; not of *both* Indies.

Ferdinand. No, by the Mother of God! nor of one.

John-Mary. Pardon me there, Don Ferdinand, this gold piece will prove it. (*Aside.*) He pockets it! No matter!

Ferdinand. Will you resign it, my dear brother?

John-Mary. Willingly, willingly! five hundred.

Ferdinand. What do you mean, my brother and cousin?

John-Mary. The crusado.

Ferdinand. What crusado?

John-Mary. That upon which I exhibited to your Majesty my arms and rights.

Ferdinand. Blood of the martyrs! belly and backbone of the confessors! you never showed me one such in the whole course of your life.

John-Mary. I intended it then, and will at any time.

Ferdinand. No shuffling, my brother and cousin! Will you resign my kingdom?

John-Mary. I will never resign the kingdoms that the Holy Trinity hath placed under my sceptre. My good people of India shall not be deprived of a father by an unworthy cession.

Ferdinand. Then God and my right! I will fight for it to the last drop of my blood.

John-Mary. By proxy as usual, I hope, my brother Ferdinand: your Majesty has already spilled in this manner the best belonging to you, enough to float more than your fleets, and never soiled frill nor ruffle, — though you once (to do you justice) had your stocking down at heel from it.

Under the administration of Canning — who, threatening to establish at one time absolutism, at another time republicanism, was abjured by both parties, — it was permitted Louis XVIII. to undo all that our armies, from the time of Peterborough to the time of Wellesley, had been fighting for in the Peninsula, and ultimately had attained. French influence was restored. After a long series of cruelties, judicial and extra-judicial, and after the death of Ferdinand, Spain turned on her side again, but never could rise up. However, there was one honest man still left in public life; and, singular enough, he was placed at the head of the nation. Louis Philippe saw this, and thought it a personal affront. To supplant Espartero he sent across the Pyrenees small sums, but sufficient to make the nearest of the military stumble and fall; and they were prepared to receive that person of his family who united most of harlotry and bigotry. She disbursed more largely, from what had been deposited by her in France, both during her husband's reign and after his decease. Spain was instantly prostrate before her. Such is the result of a long and sanguinary war against the *Intruder:* here lie her constitutions, every chapter of every one, even their title-pages, indexes, and covers; here lie the laurels of Wellesley, withered, weightless, and bestrewing the path of Narvaez. What misery will not kings inflict on nations for the aggrandizement of a family! But what misery, what degradation, what infamy ever equalled those inflicted upon Spain, in thrusting back against her, first a pensioner, then an outcast; and constraining her, with traitors and assassins at her throat, to lick up again those two vomits? Let it never more be questioned that Louis Philippe is a genuine branch of the Bourbons, whatever may be the resemblance he bears in person and demeanor to the catchpole at the *Stinca* in Florence.

XVII. KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLES, MR. PEEL, MR. CROKER, AND INTERPRETER.

King. I receive with satisfaction the royal sons of my brother, the King of England, whose noble nature and high exploits have filled the whole space between him and me, and are become familiar to my people as fish and bread-fruit.

Peel. Sire, we dispose indeed of his family and of his subjects universally; but we are not the sons of our most gracious king.

Croker. Blood and 'ounds! Why tell the fool that we are not his sons?

King. You are then the high priest?

Peel. Not exactly that, neither, Sire; but I make him do and say what I order. I dictate the forms of prayer and appoint the chief priests.

King (*to Croker*). And pray, mighty lord, by what appellation am I to address your celestiality?

Croker. I am principal of the admiralty.

King (*to Interpreter*). What is admiralty?

Interpreter. The ships and captains and admirals.

Peel. His Majesty seems faint.

Croker. He stares at me like a stuck pig.

King (*to Interpreter.*) I cannot, with my ideas of propriety, fall down before him, but any thing short of that. Would he permit me to take his hand?

Interpreter. I cannot answer for him. Time was, he would have been ready to take mine — with a dollar in it.

King. The other high lord governs the king's family and people; but this governs the king and the air and the waters and the world. Dog! dost grin?

Interpreter. I will tell your Majesty another time how mistaken you are.

King. No other times for me: tell me now. I must know, as other kings do, the men I deal with.

Interpreter. Ah, Sire! your former mistake was nothing to this. As other kings do! One must cross the widest of the seas to find them: they lie among coral, and clothe in feathers, or are in buff.

King. High and mighty, land-and-sea-and-sky lords, in order to render the honors due to your rank and dignity, I, a stranger to you —

Peel. Sire, we are come only to announce to your Majesty the pleasure his Majesty the King of England will experience on receiving your Majesty at his court.

King (*to Interpreter*). Is it the custom of the land to interrupt a person who is speaking?

Interpreter. It is the custom all over Europe, excepting Turkey, where manners are more decorous.

King (*to Interpreter*). How do they do in their Parliament?

Interpreter. The same thing perpetually, unless the orator has something to give them. In that case there is no other interruption than applause.

King. Tell your king, O king's-family-and-people-feeder, that I forerun his wishes, and will be present at his court to-morrow.

Peel. Dear Croker, do inform him, for upon my soul I have not the face, that he must pull off that odd dress of his, and order a court one.

Croker. What have I to do with plucking and trussing the creature? Tell him yourself; it lies within your office.

Peel. Sire! I am sorry to announce —

King. He says he is sorry: I understand all that. Try to comfort him. Bring out a skinful of delicate whale-oil; or, in the urgency, persuade him to smell this little slip of salt ling, which I always carry about me.

Interpreter. Put it up, put it up: do not let them see it. The word "*sorry*" means in general quite the contrary; when it does not, it means nothing at all. Among the last letters I received is one beginning, "I am sorry to inform you that your father is dead; but am extremely happy to add that he has left to you the whole of his little property, your elder brother having been unexpectedly taken off after twelve days' severe suffering from his unfortunate duel."

King. You have taught me a great deal of English in a little time.

Well, king's-feeder and high-priest-maker, what dolorous event impedes your enunciation?

(*To the Interpreter.*) Surely nobody has told him that his father is dead; for he really looks quite concerned.

Peel. Sire, I am sorry to announce to your Majesty that your Majesty cannot be received in any but a court-dress.

King. Oh! I know it, I know it well: I have brought with me fifty court-dresses.

Peel. Permit me to explain, Sire: I mean to say, the court-dress of the Court of St. James.

King. I have not one. Apparently St. James requires as much buckling as a coach-horse; and one would fancy his votaries have broken knees. I saw several well-looking men bound in that joint; and doubtless by the ablest surgeon. They were going to thank the Saint for the commencement of their recovery, and they mounted the palace-stairs as briskly as if nothing had happened.

Peel. I will send a tailor to your Majesty, with your Majesty's royal permission.

King (*to Interpreter*). What is that?

Interpreter. One who makes court-dresses.

King (*to Interpreter*). In truth no king was ever received with more hospitality, kindness, and distinction than I am. All the first dignitaries of the State attend me. The court-tailor holds, I suppose, the third rank in the kingdom.

Interpreter. There are some between, not many. He, however, is next to the king himself, or rather his copartner, in conferring distinctions. Without him the greatest and highest man in England would be nothing. Silk gowns swell little men into great ones, and silk ribbons elevate the lightest up to the most conspicuous station.

King (*to Interpreter*). Perhaps the silk is a charm too against anger and thunder.

Croker. What a bore! I am out of all patience.

Peel. I regret that your Majesty should experience any thing like delay or disappointment; but the etiquette of our court requires a strict compliance with custom, in matters of dress.

King. Pray, how many dresses has your king?

Croker. Don't answer the rascal. These barbarians are always inquisitive.

Peel. Sire, I cannot exactly tell your Majesty how many his Majesty possesses, not having the honor to preside over his wardrobe; but of course on gala-days he always wears a new one.

King. Gala-days I suppose are the days when he wrestles and tears his clothes. For in this cold climate I can well imagine the richer may wrestle dressed. But your king must have many suits. I am sensible of his affability and liberality, and shall be quite contented with such distinction as it may please his Majesty to confer on me; but among men of equal rank, unequal as is the power, treaties may be formed, compacts settled —

Croker. A slice of Sandwich, I trust, may come to us thereby; ay, Bob?

King (*to Interpreter*). The great whale, the admiral-feeder, the navy-flint, is prouder and fiercer than the wizard-feeder and prayer-pointer, disposer of the king's family and subjects while dry-shod and upon the dirt. The latter is the civiler, but, if features tell me any thing, cold, smooth, slippery, and hard to hold as a porpoise.

Interpreter. The other looks as if he would pick a quarrel; he would quite as readily pick a — but your Majesty does not wear one.

King. Pick-a! pick-a! pick-a! What dost mean, word-eater-and-voider?

Interpreter. Your Majesty's fine language does not supply me with the word; and if I made an adequate sign of it I might be hanged.

King. My language is the richest in the world, and the very best. I have two or three words for one thing.

Interpreter. Sire, we have twenty. *Roguery* for instance. We box the compass and come quite round to *honesty* and *honor;* but some writers (not many indeed) make a distinction, and put an *s* to the latter.

King. We kings are very nice upon higher points, but not upon these. There are in my islands some men who understand all sorts of words, native or imported: I take them as they come. If people are good, let them be easy in speech and free in action; let every one roast his fish as he likes, and catch it as he can.

Croker. Your Majesty was saying something of treaties and compacts. If I can serve your Majesty in the interpretation of your royal wishes, you may command me.

King. I have an interpreter here I can trust better.

Croker (*to Interpreter*). He never said that, sirrah. He has good manners.

Interpreter. Then, Mr. Croker, do not omit such an opportunity of acquiring them. Do not wait for Lieutenant White to propose to you again an excursion through the window, for telling him to "moderate his impertinent, vulgar Irish," when the gentleman had spoken most respectfully, under a sense of injury, and when in his father's house yours would not have had the assurance to be seated.

Croker. Sir, I remember no such occurrence.

Interpreter. Wonderful, indeed! Such occurrences are the only ones that usually make a deep impression on such people. The lieutenant held up a fist, not made to crack a Croker, or any thing of the kind, but able to split a cocoa-nut on a pincushion. Not remember it, indeed!

Croker. Peel, have you no prison, no treadmill, for such fellows? We are here upon the king's service.

Peel. In England, though.

King. I request of that minister's celestiality that he will not light his match where there is no gun. What faces these Europeans have! they can fire them when they please. The Great Spirit has in his wisdom appointed all things for the countries in which they exist. What a blessing in these cold climates, where water is turned into dust and rock, and the feathers that fall from heaven's birds and winged genii are colder than sea-shells, that the higher and nobler part at least of the inhabitants can conjure up into their eyes, and between their cheeks, such a quantity of flame and heat.

Peel. Was that for us?

Interpreter. No, sir.

Peel. If your Sandwichian Majesty is graciously disposed to enter into any treaty with his Britannic Majesty, my royal master, I am empowered by his aforesaid, to wit, his Britannic Majesty, to receive, consider, and lay it before his said Majesty, for his Majesty's further consideration, by and with the advice of his *Privy Council.*

King. The very thing for his Privy Council. His Majesty sticks a new and brighter and loftier plume in my hair at every word of your discourse with me. On the court-day, in presence of all his nobility, male and female, I would decorate his Majesty with a noble dress, suitable to his dignity, with my own hands; declaring upon my royal word that I have worn the same dress twenty times on the greatest ceremonies of religion and State, and that I slept in the lower part of it the night of my nuptials. Now I request from his Majesty, I being a less powerful king, a dress which his Majesty shall have worn only twice or thrice on public festivities, and once only in dalliance with some favorite; and that his royal hands shall invest me with nothing more of it than that part which the most active man in the world could not leap into by himself, and which no other nations than the most civilized and ingenious have discovered the means of putting on: this being the principal, if not the only distinction between the polished and the rude. After the surmounting of such a difficulty in science, I do not wonder that you can count the stars, and measure their sizes and distances, which I think I could do myself, if I had leisure and they would wait for me.

Croker. Does the beast quiz us? He looks in earnest.

Peel. He really is serious, and expects an answer.

Sire, I will communicate to his Majesty the heads of your Majesty's communication; and I entertain no doubt that his Majesty will most graciously pay that attention which is due to so ancient and faithful an ally, and which is conservative of the harmony that happily exists between the two nations.

XVIII. KING OF AVA AND RAO-GONG-FAO.

King. Who is the slave that, in the posture so becoming a mortal, draweth his brow and his knees together on the pavement of this my heaven, pointing with the centre of his circumference to that cloudier one, of which my brother the Sun is rajah?

Prime Chamberlain. Lord of light! behold the created of thy golden foot, him whom we in our language of men do call Rao-Gong-Fao.

King. The Sun our brother permits the tender blade of rice to lift its head under him, after many moons. We likewise, but greater in our clemency, allow the creature of our beneficence to unfold himself by just degrees in the space of one hour. Meanwhile let him answer the words of wisdom, as they flow from the imperturbable fountain of eternal truth.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Tiger-crushing-elephant! Crocodile-of-chrysolite! River-of-milk-and-honey!

King. In our condescension of Majesty, we command thee to leave untold, at present, the remainder of the seven thousand names, wherewith the languages of the universal earth, having exhausted themselves, would enrich us.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. The dust obeys the wind.

King. Answer thou the questions of our all-searching Intelligence.

Hath our slave, the rajah of those two little islets drawn by white bears, accepted our conditions? Or must we, in our indignation, submerge him and his islets and his white bears, throwing one of our jewels at them?

Rao. Have mercy! Forbear yet a little while, O Right-hand-of-omnipotence! Let neither a jewel from thy armlet plunge him into the abyss, nor an irresistible ray from thy incensed eye transfix him. Verily he hath heard reason and truth. He hath accepted thy gifts, O Disposer-of-empire! When I informed him that, in consideration of the cold wherewith his people are afflicted, my king consented to use his interest with his brother, not only not to withhold his light, but to increase it, and would graciously order a whole grove of high trees to be levelled with the earth, in order that they might not intercept his warmth from the two bear-borne islets of the western sea, he appeared much gratified. And whereas the noblest of his people wear a garter on the outside of that dress which covers the knee, while others can only wear it on the inside, the rajah gave orders that one should be drawn closely round me, higher than any man present ever wore it; and that it should surround not my knee nor my buttock, but my whole body and arms together, with many folds: not unlike the ceremony which the Persian and Arabian poets, if our learned men understand them, relate as anciently performed amid the funeral honors of Egyptian kings; being the last and greatest the survivors could offer to their defunct masters. They call it in their language a *strait-waistcoat;* and none are permitted to wear it in the streets. Far is thy servant, O Mountain-of-myrrh, from ascribing to himself the desert. It was a token of what the rajah thought due unto thee, O Oil-of-camphor! And when I informed him that, in return for this benefit of warmth, your Celestitude wished only the restitution of the few cities your soldiers and counsellors had intrusted to his people, and the remission of some lacs of rupees, which it was thought reasonable to promise them because they cried for the same, he was overjoyed.

King. What lacs? What rupees? I never heard about them.

Rao. Tortoise-of-adamant! Earth-sustainer! When the natives of the two islets, together with some vagabonds they had collected from certain plains near the Ganges, lost themselves in our country, they were constrained by hunger to take several necessaries of life from the slaves of your Divine Majesty. The said slaves were angry, and called some soldiers to their aid; and disturbance ensued, in which a soldier of the Celestial Empire was slain, and three wounded. The servants of your Divine Majesty then sent other soldiers against them, with orders to bring them into your serene presence, or at least as far as the first court. They, hearing of this order, were coming forward in great haste and perturbation. But certain wise generals then bethought themselves that these unbelievers, in their ignorance of polished customs, might peradventure be inconvenient and indecorous; and chose rather to provide for their necessities with a few pieces of silver to each man, and a few cities to lodge them in. The cannon was left on the walls with plenty of powder and shot, that they might defend themselves against the jackals and hyenas, when no longer under the protection of your Celestial army. It is wonderful how this plain simple story was changed in the country of the ungodly. The rajah of the two isles was undeceived by me; finally he was persuaded that your Divine Majesty had acted with no other feeling than that of hospitality; and he displayed as serene a countenance as if it had been irradiated by a beam of light from your Divine Majesty's.

King. Show me a copy of the orders he gave, for the remission of the money his servants would obtain from mine.

Rao. Unapproachable Excelsitude! He told me he did not interfere in the quarrels of his servants.

King. He said it before: I pardoned him. Proceed.

Rao. He was happy to hear from me, that your Divine Majesty had considered the cessions of every kind, both in towns and silver, as gifts of hospitality; and he called three gods to witness; who however refused to come —

King. Then it is a trick. Why did not he bring them by main force?

Rao. O Lamp-blazing-with-sandal-wood! their priests came for them, with their shirts over their coats, and bearing on their heads the last offerings; being the whitest flour, sprinkled into the hair of cattle, and kept from blowing away by the purest liquefied butter and the choicest fat of animals. They had likewise round their legs certain tight silken bands, mysteriously dipped in wine; and in their shoes were buckles, of a metal not unlike silver, — mystical types of constancy and firmness. Nor is there an instance, once in a year, of these holy men breaking their words and promises, from the time they put on these buckles to the time they take the same off again. If they swear to any thing in them, unless it be that they never will consent to be placed above the other priests, they hardly ever violate the oath. On this one occasion they violate it; chiefly to make the other priests merry with them, and to teach them to do likewise, on the like occasion.

King. Well, but what advantage, what security dost thou bring me? What were the priests to answer for the rajah?

Rao. Pagod-of-holiness! he declared, and they declared for him, as seeing into his heart, that he hoped to be the imitator of your Divine Majesty, whenever an equal number of guests from your Celestial dominions should honor him with such a friendly visit in his island.

King. Son of a dog! did he say this?

Rao. Lightning-of-destruction! thus spake the rajah, son of a dog.

King. Flang-Sarabang-Quang.

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Count out the money. The children of the White Bear understand and talk Peguese.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Heart-of-emerald-in-diamond-case!

King. Lift up thy last two fingers from the earth?

Rao. The Lord-of-life hath spoken.

King. I have heard that in the two bear-borne islets there are no bamboos. What houses then can there be? Have the people any?

Rao. Numerous, numerous, numerous, O Whirlwind-of-might! They have cities larger than ours.

King. Lead out that slave; scourge him and slit his tongue for lying, Flang-Sarabang-Quang.

Flang. Sun-of-truth! may the voice of gray hairs be heard?

King. Let us hear it.

Flang. Omnipresent! let men lie.

King. How! to me? Art thou too, O Flang-Sarabang-Quang, come from that islet, where the first slave became the first for lying to his rajah, and betraying his colleague? This we have heard of old; but the rajah wanted him to lie to other rajahs, and found in his whole dominions no other slave so capable. Let Rao-Gong-Fao lie, since such is the voice of gray hairs; but let him not lie unto me, until commanded. Lovest thou not truth, O Flang-Sarabang-Quang?

Flang. Steel-piercing-questioner-of-prostrate-souls! I am aged. When I was a youth I loved that thing and some others, and found they did me little good. Truth, both in seasons of quiet and of disturbance, raiseth men's anger. One speaks truth to another, and both grow hot; even the silent, whose lungs have not labored. The rajah or king heareth of it, and he groweth hotter still. They two boil on two sides, he in the centre; but all boil and foam and bubble, and fume away the good that is in them. Now, though I have heard lies these sixty-five years, I have always found them productive of complacency. Some of them were malignant; yet the malignancy was for the absent; and, supposing he heard of it afterward, only one could be annoyed where fifty were gratified. If there is a man in the Celestial Empire who will lay his hand upon his breast, and declare in the presence of our gods that he hath derived more pleasure from truth than from lies, then let Rao-Gong-Fao be thrown on his belly, and let his back be channelled for a bamboo-bed.

King. Thou speakest unprofitably, O Flang-Sarabang-Quang!

Lies are good only for good government, and are sacred things. We coin, but punish coiners.

I desire to hear from my slave, Rao-Gong-Fao, the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully. Swear to me, O Rao-Gong-Fao, that no other word shall escape thy lips in my presence.

Rao. By the great pearl, glory of pearls, greatest of the five on which five worlds repose at the extremity of the golden foot, making all other pearls hide their varying and trembling lustre in the opaque jelly of fishes, and making even the brightest of diamonds take refuge in the rocks before it! I, Rao-Gong-Fao, will speak the truth only, and the truth plainly, and the truth fully.

King. Of what materials do these poor creatures of the islets build their houses? Answer me, as fountain at once and recipient of wisdom, and mingle not my glorious titles in thy relation of them.

Rao. The worm carrieth not his slime into the blossom of beauty and bliss.

The inhabitants of the greater islet, O King, construct their habitations of dust and chaff.

King. Like swallows' nests?

Rao. Not in form, O King, exteriorly or interiorly. Indeed they seem to display some intelligence and aptitude at imitation in their dwellings.

King. I would hear more. Hast thou collected any thing about the smaller islet?

Rao. Thy slave hath learned, O King, that the houses in certain parts of it are not dissimilar; but generally they are low, and built of another kind of dust, totally without chaff, which those in easy circumstances live upon.

King. Voyagers have related that even the royal palace is unvarnished on the outside, and not very bright within; and that the holes in the wall are filled up with pieces of mirror; to hint that you must not examine them, but look to the flaws in yourself.

Rao. I believe it; and, although the people are violent, they are capable of reflection, and of receiving such a lesson in the palace of the rajah. He himself hath much prudence, and more courtesy. When he received me at his residence, he was cautious to fasten a star against his breast; unwilling to show any thing that could be mistaken for a sun, out of respect and homage to the glorious prince who sent me, resplendent arbiter of the Celestial Empire.

King. He did well.

Rao. The streets of London, his chief city, were mostly narrow and crooked and painted black, but without varnish. This color, worn likewise by the priests, is in honor of a certain deity they call the devil, in whose service the English are very much employed. The greater part of the day they are doing whatever they can devise as most agreeable to him; toward the evening they call their servants together, and make them cry and sing and kneel and jump up again, and invoke another deity, in various tones of voice, to drive their old favorite away! They are very fond of these single combats, and often imitate them in the streets.

King. It would be humane to instruct them better by means of missionaries.

Rao. Their priests fancy they can instruct ours.

King. Unilluminated by the reflection of light from the golden foot, a priest who fancies he can teach another priest is the more ignorant and stupid of the two.

It is difficult to believe that all the streets in a city, or even all the temples, are dedicated to a couple of deities.

Rao. The temples bear the names of different ones, but nevertheless are dedicated to the service of two only; the others seem to be merely called as witnesses to the contest, or rather as spectators of the games instituted in honor of the great competitors. I entered one, resembling a room in a tavern, where it was announced that the devil's old master had come up at last and gained a great victory over him. Would your Celestitude believe it? The whole company wept. The report gained ground, and manifested itself throughout the city. The new houses were not painted black, several of the new temples were not; beside, I found some of the priests in a street to which the king has given his own name, and where he keeps wives for them, and educates young priestesses; and neither these nor the priests wore black outwardly, although one of the females retained a tinge of it about her, made with some unguent, just for appearance, if she should be examined in private. I found the priests better men than those who wept in the other place; for they laughed, and seemed heartily glad. One of them, who lent me a young priestess for a wife, on my paying her mother a few pieces of gold, assured me that the new streets were built wider since the last earthquake; that the houses, which I imagined were covered with blue paper, were roofed in fact with a material not unlike stone in substance, although of incredible lightness. Still I am of opinion that, in despite of precautions, if two or three of these houses fell on any very young or very old person, it might harm and even lame him. My guide took up a portion of one, called a *brick*, and pulverized it between his fingers, and blew it into the air. Even this did not satisfy me; it only proved that if the street, in falling, crippled nobody, it might blind fifty; and this might happen to strong men in common with weak ones.

King. Have they any animals among them, — any swine, dogs, oxen, horses, elephants?

Rao. Surely such a number of horses doth not exist in the remainder of the world as in the city of London. I have seen six carrying one old woman, who had more years than pounds weight. Agriculture is in such high esteem in this nation, that a wagoner is next in honor to a rajah. Not only is he privileged to wear a long robe in public, and to carry a sceptre of seven cubits, but he alone, like the rajah, hath a right to harness eight horses to his vehicle.

Sheep, oxen, and swine I have seen in country-places, but I winked and dissembled that I saw them. Whether the island contains many is among the mysteries of State. I often heard it affirmed; but my best friends were unwilling to clear up my doubts upon it. A dealer in tea, very rich, one of the lords of Hindostan, desired me to ask him the question no more: even he was fearful of punishment. Perhaps I might never have known, O Celestitude, that there are elephants in this land, if I had not been accidentally in a street where a fire broke out. Several of the creatures were brought forth from sacred inclosures, all under wooden covers; and marvellous was it to behold them casting up whole fountains of waters, not only against the walls, but even upon the roof. The English have the art of making their trunks grow for this purpose, to a length surpassing belief. With what patience did the creatures suffer themselves to be mounted and drenched and directed! And how unmoved they appeared in the midst of an innumerable multitude, shouting and shoving, and under incessant flakes of fire falling round them! I was afraid to ask any questions about them, seeing that Englishmen are unwilling to let strangers know the number they possess of them ; for they are in the greatest dread of their enemy called the French, having lately beaten him.

King. How is this? What absurdity art thou talking, — afraid of him *because* they have beaten him ?

Rao. O King! Conqueror-of-nations! Golden-footed! Golden-eyed! Shaker-of-thrones! the West differeth from the East, — but not so much as the men differ in them. The English are never afraid of enemies they have not beaten ; the moment they have beaten them, they go bareheaded, and fast and pray, and implore permission to live quietly another year: which favor they rarely obtain before they have given back all they won, and sworn before three or four gods of good faith that they will be peaceable in future. After which ceremony they entreat their enemies to feel if they have any coin in their pockets ; and, if they have, to take it out, and then to tie their hands behind them for a season.

King. Nobody would tell me this until now.

Flang-Sarabang-Quang!

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Count not out the money. He who cried, "Count out the money," was an evil spirit: it was not thy rajah.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Celestiality!

King. Rise to within fourteen inches and one-third of thy natural and utmost height.

Rao. The atom ascends from the chariot-wheel of Omnipotence, and twinkles in his light, and begins to take its form under the eye of its Creator.

King. Is there any probability of the English engaging in war again speedily?

Rao. Not against the French ; whom they beat so severely for imposing a rajah on some kingdom near, that, to make them amends and to keep them good-humored, they are permitting and encouraging them to impose another, who had attempted to poison his father on failing to dethrone him. The people made him swear that he would not impale them, nor roast them alive, nor hang any but those who had fought for him and saved his head from the axe. But having hung all these he began hanging the rest.

King. Why did they make him swear then? They deserved it.

Rao. So said the French, O Rajah! Scale-of-equity! and the English owned for once that the French spake truly; and having seen their error in driving them away, together with the milder rajah, who had forbidden his cooks to roast men alive, they now assist them heartily in replacing the parricide, whose first royal ordinance was, "Let my cooks preach salvation and roast men alive." Upon which, great numbers of cooks, who dwell together and possess a great part of the kingdom, came forth from their cells, and patted on the face the people they met, and said "God be with you!" and cut their throats in the most tender way, and left them. This they did when they found only few; but when there were enough to pay the value of the fagots, they roasted them alive with great jubilee, according to the royal ordinance. Many poor wretches cried out to the English for protection, and begged at least a knife or a cudgel to frighten the cooks away; but the French declared that if the English lent any assistance, in violation of royalty and religion, they would run before them again over the snowy mountains and break their fat hearts. The English fought before to drive out the French from this country, thinking that the possession of it would make them too powerful, and feeling the injury such possession did their commerce. If ever they fight again, it will be to keep them in; for it is a maxim of State among them, that it is a folly to fight twice for the same thing. The French exclude their ships and supplant their merchandise; so that I see no chance of a war between them: but I descry it in another quarter.

King. Speak on, O Rao-Gong-Fao! Thou hast much wisdom. Speak, and spare not.

Rao. O Hooded-serpent among rajahs, striking in silence! Insinuator of death and dissolution to whosoever crosses thy path! the English have ever been so dearly beloved by their sisters, that at last they will hang them in their garters.

King. Their sisters! hang them in their garters! for loving them!

Rao. The same policy, O Wonderful, reigns here among them, as guides them against their enemy the French. They fear those they have beaten; and hate mortally those who caress and help them. Those who are called their sisters, from their vicinity and affection, are not all women. They are the inhabitants, both male and female, of that other islet called Sister: though Britain is never called sister nor brother, nor any such name, having in truth but little right to it.

King. Will the white bears, that drag the islets from one place to another, stand still while the people fight and quarrel?

Rao. Dispenser-of-wisdom! Palm-tree-of-the-genii! No white bear drags either.

King. Away with him! away with him! What benefit can I expect from the mouth of Infidelity? What blessing, unless I close it?

Flang-Sarabang-Quang!

Flang. Sublimity!

King. Hearest thou this?

Flang. Thy servant heareth.

King. And thine eyes rest within thy head? And thy mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well with wonder?

Flang. Sublimity! My eyes rest within my head, and my mouth becometh not as the mouth of a well with wonder; forasmuch as the white bears may have died by the visitation of a god. He may have been wroth with the wicked people for molesting us, and may have smitten the white bears. If Rao-Gong-Fao had said that the islets were *never* borne about by them, I should be the first to recommend that he be stoned to death, to avert the anger of God both from us and him. For we have it plain and unequivocal in the books composed by the prophet entitled "The Manifestations;" which likewise teach us how many wings and eyes each bear hath, and what strength and comeliness.

King. I myself have perused that sacred book, with ineffable delight. It hath foretold me every event of my reign, and in particular the effect of emetics and cathartics, and will foretell every thing that must happen on earth, until the great tortoise, which supports it, casts his shell. This also it hath foretold.

Rao-Gong-Fao! rise into second life. Open thy lips again and speak. What hast thou learned of the new cause of trouble between the islets?

Rao. They do not worship the same gods.

King. Could not they let the gods, who are stronger than they are, fight it out among themselves?

Rao. The gods, I understand, and particularly the inferior ones, have lost a good deal of blood already, and would fain lie still awhile. But there is an old man in a jungle, several days' voyage from both islands, whom they call, after his residence, the "jungler" or "juggler." If any man prays to any god, without first asking his leave and paying for it, he curses him member by member, and orders his priest to curse him, and forbids all persons to give him a mouthful of grain or root or cold water, or even to lend him a spark of fire from his pipe. The inhabitants of Sister do not listen to any priest without a certificate from the juggler, that he is able to make a god and eat him in a moment: for the inhabitants of Sister bear a great respect to those who eat and drink heartily, and an equal contempt for every other kind of ability. It is not requisite that the juggler should see the novitiate who is to become a priest, or should know any thing about him: it is only needful that he should receive his vows of obedience, and his protestation that he believes the juggler to derive his authority from God himself, through an unbroken succession of jugglers, and to possess God's own spirit.

King. How can he believe this?

Rao. All things by degrees, O Starry-firmament! First, he is taught that grain is meat; and secondly that meat is God; and thirdly that to eat a fish is piety; and fourthly that to eat a monkey or goat is impiety; and fifthly that to eat God himself is the best service his creatures can render him. After these preliminaries, it is not very far nor very difficult to believe that a juggler's spirit is a divine one.

King. Blindness! blindness! Catch me twenty or thirty of my cleverest priests, bind them hand and foot, and send them out missionaries of truth to the benighted.

Is the difference between the two islets old or recent?

Rao. A little while ago the inhabitants of both worshipped the juggler equally. Something, in which a woman and a sum of money were concerned, made a former king of Britain quarrel with the old man or pretend to quarrel; and he seized upon all the lands and temples, and upon all the cattle and precious metals appertaining to them; and he swore he would be juggler in his own kingdom. The old juggler's priests went over to his side, having much veneration for their lands and temples, and opened many books demonstrating that they should do it, the same being foretold. Nevertheless, the consciences of many pricked them, when they saw their ancient gods grinning from the walls at them. By degrees they plucked up courage, and grew as angry as the gods were, and brought buckets of lime into the temples, and whitened the paintings. The principal change in the religion is the transfer of property; the principal difference in the priests themselves is, the old juggler's priests declare and swear that they *do* eat God, and will eat him to their dying day. The new jugglers keep not so constantly to one story: sometimes they say that they *do* eat God "verily and indeed;" sometimes not *quite* verily nor *quite* indeed, but *quasi* verily and *quasi* indeed, — a word borrowed from the primitive language of the old juggler. And, if you press them hard, and ask, "Do you or do you not?" they tell you their Church is liberal, and you may go and be damned.

King. What means that?

Rao. The most favorite term in all the religions of the West. They agree in nothing but in damning one another. I have known even the common people of London ejaculate the sacred word in the streets, without a church near them, and even when they seemed very far from any religious feeling.

King. I would not make a movement until I had ascertained the point in dispute between the islanders, and the chances of reconciliation.

Rao. The old man of the jungle, O Meter-out-of-wisdom and Inspirer-of-concord! will never let that be; and the rajah of Britain says he has learned his part, and is as good a juggler as the old man. At which Sister is exasperated, and calls him impious and accursed. She reminds him that his ancestors believed in the divinity of the old juggler; and that the people of Britain never killed so many of their enemies as when they were under his guidance, and when he consecrated their standards, and blessed and poisoned their arms. She demands that a certain number of her inhabitants may wear their hats, boots, and great-coats in winter and summer; and sit down and whistle and hiss and hoot and cry, "Hear him, hear him!" and "Question, question!" in the same large hall where the sugar-boilers and money-changers of England meet to discuss their interests, and to divide among themselves the people's money. He declares he does not mind the people's money, nor regard the interruption and unfitness; but he fears they will propose to transmit a portion of his subsidies to the old juggler, and obey him in voting as he lists. He consents that, if they will swear to have in future no dealings whatever with the old juggler, he the rajah will be graciously pleased to let them wear hats, boots, and great-coats in winter and summer, in the said hall; and sit down and whistle and hiss and hoot and cry, "Hear him, hear him!" and "Question, question!" and that furthermore he will authorize them, in common with the English of the said hall, to call each other one name more than their own.

On their part they protest that, even if they swear an oath, it shall be an oath no longer when the old juggler says it shall not be one; that they have sworn to him; that, supposing they had not, their fathers and mothers had for them; and that they cannot but believe what their parents said they should, the very day of their birth, though it were that a horse-shoe is a sheep's head, or a sow's bristle the crest of a turkey-cock. This is thought the strongest of their arguments, as resting on the common faith of both nations.

King. The question is, I perceive, whether the priesthood of the old juggler or that of the rajah shall possess power and wealth.

I am minded to despatch thee again, O Rao-Gong-Fao, with a letter of advice to my tributary the king of the islets.

Flang-Sarabang-Quang!

Flang. Serenity!

King. Incline thy back, and gather up the emeralds: they are these.

My child, rajah of the two islets of the West, Britain and Sister! my peace and protection be with thee!

Wishing to compose the differences that have existed for several moons between thee and Sister, my eyes never rested until this dew of wisdom fell from my brain.

My child! let the children of Sister wear hats, boots, great-coats, winter and summer, in the great chamber; let them sit down and whistle and hiss and hoot and cry, "Hear him, hear him!" and "Question, question!" and do therein whatever else their nature needs; and let them have one name more than their own, as have the money-changers and sugar-boilers. Be not angered, my child, if the children of Sister do appeal to the juggler as formerly, and believe in him, and worship him. One previous step is alone necessary to their admission into the great chamber. Take thou, O rajah my child, all the lands and other riches belonging to the temples. No appeals will ever afterward be carried into the jungle: for the old juggler would drive away any who brought him one, and would call it a mockery; and the priests of the two factions, now ready to tear each other's eyes and tongues out, will slink away when they meet, and not look one another in the face.

Rao-Gong-Fao!

Rao. Mine-of-wealth, terrestrial and celestial!

King. Tell my son that the money thus raised is most sacred and most fortunate; and that I devote it, with my prayers and vigils, to his sole service, in place of those sordid cowries and accursed rupees, which unholy and violent men have touched, and which they would have persuaded me (who have no such mischievous intent) to pour into his treasury.

XIX. PHOTO ZAVELLAS AND KAIDO.

Kaido. Photo, we meet in sorrow.

Zavellas. In sorrow, my beloved sister, have we often parted; for often have we lamented the death of those who followed us, and who believed on the word we gave them that the God of battles would protect the just; but never until now did either hear from the other the language of despondency. Tell me, Kaido, what is there that hangs about thy heart so heavily, and will not fall from it between us two?

Kaido. When I remember how much you have suffered, O my brother, first from a perfidious enemy, and latterly from an ungrateful country —

Zavellas. Cease, my sister! One of these things alone should be remembered.

Kaido. Let me return then home. I see, what indeed I saw as clearly ere I came, your righteous indignation. Had only the archons entreated me to undertake the mission, I should have doubted more and hesitated longer.

Zavellas. Who then sent thee on a way so beset with dangers?

Kaido. Mosko, the tender wife, the timid mother; she whose generous fears would never let her leave your side in battle, nor now unclasp the son so late recovered. She tells you again, through me, to return to Ali Bey; to pass the prison of the many who have fought around you; and to ask admittance at the door wherein your youngest child was kept three whole years away from you.

Zavellas. For what?

Kaido. Well may you inquire it. The house of our fathers is sunk in ashes. On my road hither I stepped over the remnants of the beams, and among the rude stone images, their supporters, blackened but incorruptible. No man hath ventured to appropriate or remove them: there they lie, as they lay the sad morning when your hand set fire to the roof.

O Suli! O my country! never should my tears have fallen upon this calamity: a worse now threatens thee, — the powerful, the magnanimous abandon and betray thee.

Zavellas. A worse indeed!

Kaido. Nay, a worse yet.

Zavellas. There cannot be.

Kaido. There is.

Zavellas. Threatening us?

Kaido. Befalling us. Gold hath entered our walls.

Zavellas. Then it entered through other apertures than the mansion of Zavellas.

Kaido. Some comfort in our adversity!

Zavellas. A great and lasting one.

Kaido. Though it has brought with it fatal counsels.

Zavellas. Fatal they are indeed to those who forfeit the esteem, and grievous to those who lose the fellowship, of the Botzari. Noti and Kitzo, who follow the steps of Markos, how grand are they! Usually it happens in men as in plants, my Kaido, where one blossom is remarkable for its fulness and its beauty, those beside it are hollow or small. Two great brothers were too much even for fable, when fable went down lower than the gods. Here are two; of whom either may contend with the heroes of antiquity, such as our country alone have given birth to. Belief that the high capacious soul of these brethren will watch and sustain me from a distance is dearer to me than to link my hand in theirs. But who is he that should dare to hope it? Who shall stand with them next to liberty, next to Greece?

Kaido. If only the thought of such as these dwelt with us, we might bear intense evil patiently.

Zavellas. Sad indeed is it to consider how much of mischief can a few bad men accomplish; how little of good can many better.

Now tell me, Kaido, what hast thou heard disquieting?

Kaido. Heard I not, O Photo, the speech of the archons? Did they not conjure you, in the name of our country, to leave it; to accept the conditions of Ali Tebelen; to rely on his faith, — the faith of a traitor, a murderer, an empoisoner?

Zavellas. Thou hast remarked something since; for that only raised thy scorn, and thou wast silent.

Kaido. Saw I not, amid the conflict of my woe and of my exultation, — saw I not (and shall I forget it?) Photo Zavellas throw his arms around the necks of those elders, entreating them never more to think of him but in their orisons, never more to trust the enemy after this peace-offering?

Zavellas. If I, undistinguished as I am and destitute of experience, could lay a charge so weighty on such authoritative men, how much greater right have they to demand from me the execution of their designs?

Kaido. Brother, what I undertook to do, I have done; nor dare I attempt to dissuade you. I came not, O Photo, to remind you that you are banished by them who received at your hand their deliverance and existence; that your children through them have no father's roof to shelter, no father's eye to watch over them. This, however, I will announce to you — for the blood of our parents cries out on me to say it — and do not reprove me, Photo, though it should shake your purpose: if I am guilty of duplicity, your danger makes me so.

Zavellas. Thou falterest; falter still. Thou tremblest; and I do not bid thee not to tremble. Peace! silence! tell me nothing. What canst thou teach me of Ali Tebelen which the least suspicious might not suspect? Sister, it is not this embrace that ought to assure thee I neither am stern toward thee nor insensible of thy love: my determination itself, which thou wouldst remove, should prove it; for on that rests the glory of our father's house. Couldst thou endure to find the voices in the street drop lower at thy approach; mirth become gloom; and hearty laughter hollow brittleness, cracked in the middle at one freezing glance? And what sounds, thinkest thou, will avenge this silence? I will tell thee; they are these: "The courage of Photo was a traitor's; his humility a slave's."

The very thought, in my horror, makes me hug to me virtues which perhaps belong not to me. Oh! thou hast done wrong already; thou hast made me prize myself! Leave me my true worth; leave me my own; let me be and be known to be what I am!

Kaido. Forgive me! forgive me! Do not trust Ali Tebelen.

Zavellas. He hath sworn such perfect esteem for me, and hath declared his resolution to celebrate the treaty with such solemnity, that either the dagger or poison, I foresee, will ratify it. Nevertheless, there are those in Suli who are persuaded that the embassy, with which they would intrust me, may prolong, if not establish, their freedom. I indeed think differently: but where is now my vote? What right hath an exiled man to offer his opinion on the public weal?

Kaido. Pardon me, O my countrymen and my countrywomen, if I am less faithful in the charge ye have confided to me! I departed with no such intent. My brother stands before me, safe, healthy, free; can I suffer him to go and never more to see him, knowing that I never shall, and that a word of mine may preserve him to us all?

Zavellas. Speak not that word, O Kaido, if reproach must follow it; if, when it hath fallen from thy lips, it must stand for ever between thee and honor. Life we shall have again: a God hath promised it; beatitude we may or we may not; fidelity to our fathers, our children, our country is the grain that holds the germ of it. Let us never be numbered with those who barter it, or who believe that Heaven hath imparted to man a sounder sustenance.

Kaido. Ali Tebelen (you know it not; I know it to a certainty) hath sworn your death. Now go, if any reason upon earth impels you; if any duty calls where none can be available, where none can be performed: go, if you shall benefit your country by giving up to chains and tortures the bravest of her defenders.

Zavellas. This only course lies before me.

Kaido. Abandon your ruinous and untenable fortress* while the way is open and the toils unspread. Provisions must soon fail you, and egress be intercepted. Fight among the hospitable and unconquerable of Parga. Their numbers are diminished year after year; but the courage of every man among them who hath fallen seems to have been portioned out by some guardian angel on the thirsting hearts of the rest. Venice casts a look of compassion on them; and the Seven Isles continually send them succor. Never can that day be dreaded, under no sign in the heavens is it marked by destiny, when so valiant and virtuous a race shall be abandoned. Humbled as are the fortunes of her Protectress, the memory of her past exploits, of her power and of her dignity, keeps her upright. Will she aid in crushing the desolate? Will she sell the bruised slave at her own doors?

Zavellas. No nation, O Kaido, is capable of this turpitude: none would wish it; none, wishing it, could accomplish it. Rather than be delivered over to the infidel, the Pargans would dig up again the bones of their forefathers, carry them in their bosoms, and plunge with them from the summit of the rocks into the sea.

I too have a country: if I cannot save her, I may at least obey her. The injury I have received (but indeed it should never be called so) only raises my heart the higher. Thanks to them who have given me a power, a victory I could not have gained without them. Promise them my duty.

Kaido. From these arms, then, God receive thee into his!

Zavellas. Courage! courage! weak, lingering Kaido! — pray to Him for the soul of Zavellas, for the safety of better men.

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* *Santa Veneranda*, a fortified monastery.

XX. MIGUEL AND HIS MOTHER.

Mother. My dearest son Miguel, before I give you my benediction on your return, or receive a kiss from you, — although in my hurry and in the kindness of my heart I wiped away the snuff for the purpose, and you stand expecting it, — I must be assured that you are deserving to bear the name of a glorious archangel, and that what you propose to swear to-morrow you will unswear the day after.

Miguel. Dearest mother, most unworthy should I hold myself to bear the name of our brave and gallant archangel, if I hesitated to assert the dignity of the throne by breaking that oath, or any other to which the people is a party.

Mother. Now come to my arms, my dutiful child!

Miguel (*sneezing*). What a jar of snuff my mother is!

Mother. Ha! ha! ha! so many blessings upon thee! These sneezes foretell much good; three, in honor of the Holy Trinity, — the very names you swear upon.

A word in your ear! Do you know we have been forced to marry your sister?

Miguel. What uncle have you found for her?

Mother. Alas! none whatever; nor even a relative in blood. The young reprobate had not the confidence to wait a few years for a nephew.

Why do you shake your head, holding the whole red of both lips between your teeth?

Miguel. I too must marry!

Mother. Ay, ay! but lawfully and religiously and royally, and according to the custom of our house. My dear son, I shall put my dear granddaughter into bed with you on the day she is twelve years old. Before that time I will look out sharply, and afterward you must.

Miguel. I heard a sermon at Paris, in which the missionary told the young ladies, to their faces, that a man ought to have as many eyes as a spider, and as much facility in spinning a web, if he hoped to catch them or hamper them in their frolics. "Do you receive them elderly," said he, "they are peevish, and make you more so; do you take them in the middle of life, they think themselves just a match for you, and the contest is never decided until one of the antagonists is made suppler by the last unction, — before which period there is trick for trick, taunt for taunt, accusation for accusation; if you expect any advantage from a tenderer age, you discover that they are childishly fond of exhibiting before your male friends how greatly and in how short a time they have advanced under your instructions."

Mother. Nothing short of inspiration could have taught the blessed missionary these truths. Seculars do not know half the wickedness of the world, nor believe it, nor dream of it, until their pastors lead them by the hand and show it them. Well, another time about this. The girl might, however, have waited for some royal prince to espouse her: then many would have taken her part, and more would have sympathized with the husband. Well, well! these are light matters; very vexatious though, when one has nothing else to think of.

How were you received at the English court?

Miguel. Passably. The court was as civil and polite as could be expected from a Protestant and northern one.

Mother. And the people, how did they behave?

Miguel. The commonalty is the rudest in the world, — even the richer.

Mother. I wonder the nation should continue to be so unlike ours; many of it have been at Lisbon: beside, they take snuff and are baptized.

Miguel. They treated me no better than if I had been brought up without either. One asked me who whipped off my father.

Mother. Whipped off! he went off without a whipping!

Miguel. The fellow meant despatched, — sent out of the world.

Mother. What business was that of the fellow's? Was not the King my own husband? Might not I do as I liked with my own? What have their princes been fighting for? Was it not for the rights of the throne? You had no more hand in it than the rest of us. Ferdinand of Spain attempted the same against my brother Carlos; and was not he complimented in a private letter by the King of England for escaping from the Cortes? And was he ever blamed by that king or any other for what he did in his own house? Would Señor Can nin have been permitted to occupy the post he did occupy, unless he had consented to the overthrow of the liberal party in Spain? And did he not order Señor A'Court to denounce to us the most liberal of them, Alpuente, and to drive him out of his bed at midnight, trembling under the coldness of the rain and under the weight of his eighty-one years? And has not Señor A'Court been made a peer for it, and other such services? All kings love our Cousin Ferdinand, excepting those who have lent him money; and none think the worse of him for the misfortune of missing his blow against his father. They cannot laugh at us on that score. If you have no other cause to complain of rudeness, you may ride over this triumphantly.

Miguel. Another man said he was sorry I had no daughter, because it forced me to marry my niece in her stead, which was going too far for an Infante.

Mother. Ignorant creature! The Pope would have had many doubts and doubloons before he consented to it. He boggles at an aunt, and grudges a great-aunt. A golden pix and chalice must precede them; and many jars of tamarinds must loosen his catarrh before he says *benedicite.*

Did our Cousin of France take our cause into consideration?

Miguel. He advised me by all means to swear to the Constitution.

Mother. He advise it! an old battered bestial rake! He advise it! What! the Most Christian King! Oh the weak powder-puff of throne and altar!

Miguel. I asked his Majesty whether in his wisdom he thought I might safely overturn it. He replied that, whatever any king chose to do, it was the duty and determination of the Holy Alliance to provide that he should do it safely. "As for safety, then," said he, "be entirely at your ease." I asked him whether he saw any impropriety in it. He answered that he was not sufficiently versed in the finer and higher parts of divinity to solve the question; and that I had universities and confessors in Portugal as clear-sighted as any in France. He doubted not they would enlighten me, and pray for me, and bring their flocks about me to defend me, and was confident I had as little to fear in spirituals as in temporals.

"In case of a slight commotion," said his Majesty with his usual benignity, "my troops are near at hand, and they have had some practice in composing such slight and transient differences. It is time," added he, "that the Bourbons and their connections should be united in amity and policy, and that heresy should repose no longer on one single lily."

Mother. Did you know what he meant?

Miguel. The duchess of Angoulême told me.

Mother. Chaves is in the mountains: you must ride over and embrace him; or let him kiss your hand at least. Pedro has been playing the fool in Brazil, and wishes to play it here. When he was a child I could with a whip or a whistle make him hear reason; though, to confess the truth, so little of a prince is he by nature, he had not much more understanding at three years of age than he has at present. You, my dear Miguel, have been constantly the same: a rare quality! Such men are fit to rule the world; and, as far as I can see behind and before me, always have ruled it and always will.

Now we will leave reflections for business. Tell me, what said that generous open-hearted man, Prince Metternich? Stay; I hope you did not sit down with him at cards. He plays well; he wins many gold pieces in the year. Tell me, tell me; for if you have lost any thing to him, any great matter, I will not send him the seven parrots in honor of the seven churches, nor the twelve monkeys (great and small) in honor of the holy apostles.

Miguel. Dear mother, he does not want parrots nor monkeys, and cares as little for the apostles as an Algerine or a Dutchman. I played with him; and, although he plays remarkably well, I won fifty louis of him.

Mother. Really! Well, having made the vow, I must send the monkeys and parrots; they are dedicated and devoted, and I declared to the apostles my intention. Beside, I have a bird-of-paradise for his wife, stuffed with nutmegs, musk, and camphor, and with two rubies for the eyes. Listen! one is a garnet.

Do you happen to have the fifty louis about you, son Miguel?

Miguel. Dear mother, I reserve them as an offering to the archangel. He would be very angry to be treated worse than a dozen poor apostles, some of them not gentlemen by birth.

Mother. The archangel is high-minded: he cares little for money.

Miguel. A fine candelabrum would gratify him.

Mother. There is no room for another in his church —

Miguel. A new hilt to his sword —

Mother. Beware, child! People like best the sword they are longest used to handle: his hath a gloriously rich hilt to it, and there are many sapphires in it, rough and prominent, that make the grasp steady. He would not cut so well with another for some time.

Miguel. Mother, I must keep them; seriously I must, for another momentous service.

Mother. Another momentous service! Is there any such beside the faith?

Miguel. When I was in England I was forced to ride out every day.

Mother. Have not you paid for your horse-hire?

Miguel. Horses were lent me.

Mother. How then?

Miguel. I have cracked my pantaloon, riding with the Duque do Duero and Conde Dudeli.

Mother. A very Christian-like title is the Duque do Duero; is it one of ours, or Castilian?

Miguel. Do not you know the title?

Mother. I thought it had been extinct.

Miguel. Sweet mother, the Duque do Duero is an Englishman, the great captain that killed Don Napoleon da Buenaparte.

Mother. With his own hand?

Miguel. He unhorsed him, and his charger trampled the giant to death. I inquired, and heard it from those who saw it.

Mother. If he had killed the misbeliever with his own hand, I should have thought more highly of him; but that is no great matter which a horse can do best.

And who is the other, the Conde Dudeli, who did such signal mischief to your fork?

Miguel. I lived in his house, he being the first minister of State.

Mother. Did he treat you handsomely, my child?

Miguel. Handsomely, for a heretic. He gave me plenty of fish and eggs both Fridays and Saturdays. People say he has in his service one of the best cooks in England: yet you will laugh when you hear how he cooked things.

The eggs in England are not unlike ours. They have escaped the effects of what is miscalled the Reformation. Fish, I just now told you, they have in that country; but they are somewhat deficient in the nobler species, — no bonita, no dolphin; and porpoises and seals must be excessively dear, and the fishermen very inexpert in catching them, not a single slice having ever been offered to me at the best covered and most delicate table. They seem really to prefer the coarser kinds. The Mayor of London sent, as a present to Conde Dudeli, a prodigious fish he called *sturgeon;* a sort of dog-fish, but of the mastiff breed, and uncontrollable by cookery. If veal could be twisted into the consistency of a cable, it would bear a distant resemblance to veal. My teeth are unexceptionable; but they carried off perforce a coil of it between every two. Fishes of this kind are said to be plentiful in Russia, and come pickled into England. Perhaps much of the deal timber, which bears a heavy duty in the port of London, is smuggled under the name of sturgeon.

Mother. Never hint it to them: let the knaves be cheated in the customs. Poor Miguel! so they reduced thee to eat chips and shavings, and splinters and blocks! What! nothing more delicate?

Miguel. I once was served with what I flattered myself were surely snails; but I found they were only oysters. Another time, when I fancied I had a fine cuttle-fish before me, they put me off with a sole.

Mother. Heretics! heretics! poor blind creatures! little better than Moors, Jews, and Freemasons!

Miguel. I have tasted in England eight or nine different kinds of soup; and vainly have I sounded the most promising of them for a single morsel of fat bacon or fresh pork.

Mother. Have they no chestnuts and acorns then? Or are all the pigs kept to clean the streets?

Miguel. I do not know; but neither fat bacon nor lean ever enters their soup: nor does pork, nor sausage, nor heart, nor liver, nor cavear, nor vetch, nor gourd, nor oil, nor cheese.

Mother. Ha! ha! I see how it is. They must trade with some nations where cheese and oil and cavear and gourd and vetch are always in great demand; and these they export for lucre. And perhaps their animals have no heart or liver within them. But sausage and pork and bacon, — son

Miguel, don't you smell something there? The English are Jews in disguise: I often thought as much. They won't have Virgin; they won't have Child; they won't have bacon.

Miguel. I did not say quite that. They eat swine-flesh; bacon has been brought to me at table: I have seen them eat it, though strangely.

Mother. With what forms and ceremonies?

Miguel. Little of those; for in the mere act of eating they really are adepts, and very explicit.

Mother. How then? how then? I crack to hear.

Miguel. Boiled, actually boiled! hot, smoking hot! and served up whole!

Mother. Smoking a little, but put into ice, no doubt, to render it eatable; with the radishes, figs, shalots, chives, bean-pods, green almond-shells, liquorice, and stewed prunes.

Miguel. I never saw those with it, all the while I was in England; but I once observed it eaten with half-grown peas: and another time a minister of State was so preoccupied by stress of business, that he forgot there was chicken on his plate, and (as I live!) ate both together.

Mother. And they gave you neither stewed prunes nor figs with it! My son, they slighted you out of hatred to me, who always had an eye upon them which they never could bear. Ham before a queen's son in this naked fashion! And, forsooth, they talk about alliance!

Miguel. They often slighted me in the midst of magnificence, and apparently of hospitality. On my birthday, on the festival of our blessed saint and archangel Don Miguel, out of pretence of doing me honor a nobleman of high distinction invited his sons from a public school to dine with him in London. They did not indeed dine with him: and you will presently guess the reason. Their dinner was served up to them in another room; and you must be astonished when I declare to you that the principal dish contained a goose.

Mother. A what?

Miguel. A goose; and roasted. I do protest to you it smelled like a gang of reapers.

Mother. I was never in Galicia; I never saw any reapers.

Miguel. I have passed through them, crossing the roads in this our Portugal.

Mother. Ay, ay; we must have reapers from somewhere: it escaped me. How did the children chew and swallow such carrion? Plenty of raisins, I hope.

Miguel. Not a raisin!

Mother. Why! even a tender and delicate young fox-cub would require a sprinkling of raisins to subdue its domineering lusciousness. Geese are more unctuous than he. Foxes, I suspect, are no dainties when they have left mother's milk for field-mice and moles and poultry; but there is never a time when geese have this advantage. Birds, I think I have heard, are unaccustomed to suckle.

Miguel. On recollection, the children ate apple-sauce with their goose.

Mother. Ha, now! that really does come a step nearer Christianity.

Miguel. Once they placed the hinder quarter of a prodigious sheep directly opposite, with the least becoming part of its tail toward me.

Mother. Sheep! tail toward an Infante of Portugal! son of an Infanta of Spain! What, in the name of holy Mary! could a sheep or a tail do there?

Miguel. You will hardly believe me, when I tell you that the English, although they do not eat horse-flesh, yet eat mutton.

Mother. Of course the very lowest only.

Miguel. Not only the lowest, but marquises and bishops.

Mother. In time of scarcity.

Miguel. Latterly, all times have been times of scarcity in that over-taxed and over-peopled country. These are the very words of one among the wisest in it; who told me, however, that even the rich in better times would eat mutton.

Mother. Privately, I presume.

Miguel. By degrees they have been brought to eat it openly, and even at great dinners.

Mother. Lord help 'em!

Miguel. I saw a whole quarter, weighing ten pounds at the least, at once upon the table; and the whole in one dish.

Mother. They must have vast caldrons and furnaces.

Miguel. It was roasted.

Mother. How could it be? Have they any volcanoes in London? Or do they cook such dishes at the cannon-foundry?

Miguel. They have no volcanoes in the capital, nor nearer than the county of Iceland.

Mother. You mean Ireland, son Miguel; I know they have a volcano there: priests report it.

Miguel. The rich families keep prodigious stores of carbon underground, and sell it to the poorer in hard seasons. Although, in our acceptation of the word, they are not cannibals, nor, strictly speaking, eat raw flesh, yet they only half-roast it; and the government of France came to an understanding with that of England, to give me half-roasted meat, and to serve it up so hot that it burned my mouth. Even the plates and dishes were hot. I think on recollection they once put the same slight upon me at Vienna. That indeed one could endure; one has only to wait a few minutes, and in cold weather the food would grow lukewarm and tractable. They do not cut it in pieces, nor separate it in any manner, before they begin to eat; but set about it voraciously, and as fast as a morsel is detached it is consumed. They have servants enough; they might surely have them taught to divide their meat for them. Already they do indeed cut slices from it at the side-board and hand them round. From the mutton I was mentioning I actually saw the blood follow the knife.

Mother. How! was it killed in the dining-room?

Miguel. No; in carving I saw it, and expected to hear a bleating. Another day there was a peacock served up at the second course, which even had the feathers on its head unsinged, and of as fine a purple as when it strutted on the grass. Involuntarily did I cover my waistcoat and cravat with my napkin and hold it up to my eyes; I feared so the sudden expansion of the tail.

Mother. What! had it the tail on too?

Miguel. Not within sight: I thought it might be concealed in the body; God knows what they did with it, unless they turned it into sauce. The following Thursday there was a young pig, whole, and almost alive. The dirty creatures did not disembowel it, and out came the entrails, with all it had eaten; and it looked in my face as if it squealed to me for protection. There were hares too with their ears on; whole hares! I do believe, though I would not assert it, they had even their teeth in their heads. Certainly they had been well-fed by the cook; their interiors were quite full, and I could smell the herbs they had eaten. They were polished on the outside like military boots, and had neither honey nor treacle, neither anise nor cinnamon, neither chocolate nor canary, neither pomegranate nor citron, neither elecampane nor angelica, neither chestnuts nor pistachios, nor even fennel and pine-seeds about 'em.

Mother. Do the English take their sustenance by means of the mouth?

Miguel. Entirely, as I imagine; I never saw the contrary.

Mother. Unfortunate, benighted souls! So little notion have they of Christianity, they cannot even cook!

Miguel. You know they have not any oil, the produce of their county.

Mother. No?

Miguel. No olives.

Mother. Are you sure?

Miguel. Near London and Windsor I am ready to swear there is not one.

Mother. Not even in the king's park? God then has cursed the land.

Miguel. Perhaps toward Scotland there may be, and upon the hills that have the benefit of the sea-breezes.

Mother. No, child! no, no, no! I see how it is; I see it clearly. The Lord in his judgment and mercy has cursed the land of the Philistines.

Miguel. And, what is more, he takes away the flavor from all the oil that is imported, excepting the fish-oil, which he leaves them for encouragement to turn Catholics, it always reminding them of the olive. As for theirs, I declare you could as easily taste fresh butter. They tell us it comes from Provence, a city in France; no wonder, then, in the hands of Jacobins, it comes over mixed with water. They have indeed fish-oil in plenty.

Mother. But fish-oil, son Miguel, is good neither for body nor soul. Is not Count Dudeli rich enough to allow his wine and oil a seasonable time to mature in?

Miguel. The English use more wine than oil.

Mother. More wine than oil? Do they light the lamps in the churches with wine?

Miguel. I am informed they light none in those places.

Mother. They are bad enough; but don't believe that, son Miguel! God would take daylight from them for ever if they dared to put out his lamps.

But, son Miguel, you seem no thinner than usual; you must have found something you could eat contentedly, and perhaps these dishes were invented for no other purpose than to excite your wonder: a sort of wit, ay?

Miguel. Lord Dudeli is a very witty man, and has many clever things of his own, ready both for friends and strangers; and moreover is much enriched by succeeding to Don Jorge da Cannin, in whose office he found catalogues and strings of 'em, hanging on every peg for every occasion. He showed me the labels to several of these, in his Right Honorable predecessor's own hand; which labels I mistook for doctor's prescriptions, although the writing was clear and steady. I took down the words; here they are in my new pocket-book. "For gout; for gravel; for hernia; for asthma; for gun-shot wounds; for sabre-cuts; for ophthalmia."

I observed that a broad-nibbed pen had been drawn over the words, "for gout," and apparently with violence; that in very fine characters there was written under *hernia*, "employed in the House of Commons with great success;" under *sabre-cuts* and *ophthalmia*, "a division in the house upon it — Egypt — Walcheren — thought too like Will Wyndham's 'killed off.'"

Mother. Gibberish! gibberish! most wit is.

Miguel. His friends assured me that his wit upon these subjects was irresistible, and will immortalize him. But immortality, my confessor told me, is become so creaky and crazy, that he would not be tempted to buy an annuity upon it at three years' purchase. He demonstrated that true immortality in this world can be given only by the Pope, and only when two centuries have elapsed after the burial, and when all but His Holiness have forgotten the deeds and existence of the defunct about to be beatified. One gentleman who was present, a good Catholic too, begged to differ from him. He said he certainly had seen the foliage of plants between the leaves of books, and that they must have been there a hundred years; on which principle the great men in England contrive to get their names inserted in large well-shutting volumes, called biographical; and the most malignant detractor cannot lug them out again. Beside, in the Treasury and Exchequer there are others peculiarly belonging to those offices, open for the insurance of this said immortality, and whoever is minister receives a ticket gratis; that is, the people pay for it.

Lord Dudeli gave me one of these jests daily, five-and-twenty minutes after dinner; and once, with the assistance of his cook, a sharp and satirical one at the dinner itself, under a dish-cover.

Mother. Ha! cooks are great helps to great men in wit and pleasantry. What was it he said when he came in?

Miguel. He did not enter. It was Friday, and there were several kinds of fish at table; and knowing that I could eat little else, and observing that I had been helped to a slice of turbot, and had requested a trifle of assafœtida and a few lumps of sugar and a pinch of saffron and a radish and a dandelion, a servant brought me a lobster, well enough cut into pieces, but swimming, or bemired rather, in a semi-liquid paste of flour and butter; and though he saw I had turbot before me, and had heard me call for oil and vinegar and grated goat-cheese which a civiler valet had already brought, he bowed with the gravest face in the world, and offered me the two fish together, to say nothing of the butter. I took it ill, but sate silent. To appease my just resentment, the rest of the company did actually eat both at once; and some of them so heartily, it was evident they wished me to believe it is the custom of the country.

Mother. Fit punishment! though imposed by themselves. Strange uncivilized people! It may be, however, that this is their way of fasting; for they have some notions of religion, though erroneous and foolish.

Miguel. Mother, nothing can escape your sagacity and penetration: you are perfectly right. And now I remember another fast of theirs, kept in perverseness on Monday. Count Dudeli had partridges at table; and I observed that he took a piece of bread poultice, brought hot to him from a hospital, and ate it with the breast of the bird. The others thought to get offices under him by doing the same; and, although several did it, there was not one that was forced to leave the company; such strong stomachs have the English, however unfortified by saffron and assafœtida. I could say more upon this subject that would stagger the faith of a Capuchin; but the Capuchin would be glad to hear it.

Mother. So should I then.

Miguel. The English have a university at a city they call Oxford; city they call it, not knowing that cities must have walls and custom-house officers at the gates. There is one college in that university, where a most singular and most abominable kind of penance is inflicted; and not only the members of that, but several in others, are condemned to eat, on certain days of the year, or perhaps on one day only (let us hope it!), what they call the *New-college pudding.* Mother, I dare not tell you of what material it is composed. They would alter the form at least, if they had any decency. I should be inaccurate if I called it inhuman; but how brandy or cinnamon or pimento, or drug of any kind, can enable men to swallow one morsel, is beyond my comprehension.

Mother. The English have strange notions in regard to what appeases the wrath of God. As for the court, I have always hated it. What baseness and avarice! not to make amends for the devastation of your raiment, occasioned by the backwardness of the people in the science of saddlery. Was there no pad, velvet or rabbit-skin?

Miguel. None, upon my life!

Mother. Was it then from a brass nail that had lost its head, or from a corner of the board that had broken out behind?

Miguel. Neither; they have no nails whatsoever, nor boards of a hand's breadth, in their saddles.

Mother. Not even the nobles?

Miguel. Not even they.

Mother. The late war, then, has brought them down where they should be. So pressed for timber and stores, we have nothing to fear from 'em. Since we are resolved on a rupture, I see no better way than through your pantaloon. We will remonstrate: here is a fine opening; and much may come from it if properly handled. Should we engage in war, we must all contribute. The fifty pieces — Metternich would not lose fifty pieces for nothing.

Miguel. He did though.

Mother. Perhaps you saw him privately some time afterward.

Miguel. He told me that his head ached violently from the vast exertion he had made in his unsuccessful and hopeless attempt at cards with me; and that until the present time he had thought himself a calculator.

Mother. How did he proceed to cure his headache? Did he go to bed and cry *credo* three-times-three?

Miguel. He forgot to inform me.

Mother. It might not have done. I have a formulary, but none shall ever hear it; for God could never punish a drunkard or demagogue who might happen to pick it up and to carry it in his mouth. Perhaps on my death-bed — mind, I don't promise: I only said *perhaps.* I am liberal if you are. Now tell me about the clever Prince Metternich, — so clever that nobody knows what he would be at; and at last he deceives the wisest of us.

Miguel. When we were alone, he kissed my hand affectionately and humbly, and said that henceforward he could consider me in no other light than as King of Portugal and Algarve, and not so much in pursuance of the powers intrusted to me by my august brother —

Mother. August blockhead! My choler rises into my throat! The Constitutional mule! Miguel! Miguel! deserve the title of the *Most Faithful;* deserve to sit among the other kings of Europe, and dethrone the lamp-lighter. Did not Prince Metternich give you this counsel?

Miguel. In truth he did no such thing.

Mother. Pretty prince! fine counsellor! What is the man fit for? What did he say then?

Miguel. He said he did not consider me the true and worthy possessor of the Lusitanian sceptre so much from any regard to the appointment of Don Pedro, his Imperial Majesty of the Brazils, while there were restrictions upon me which his Imperial Wisdom showed no disposition to remove —

Mother. What would you have? How could he speak more plainly or more sensibly, in diplomatic language? Proceed, proceed.

Miguel. As from the prodigious genius I had displayed in matters requiring — "Pah! pah!" cried he, "no voice can express it. Such kings want no advisers; they are only impediments to the royal spirit. What a stroke will it be of your Majesty's, to raise or countenance a slight disturbance in Lisbon, whereby the English troops will be detained from assisting the insurgents and schismatics in Greece, and from oppressing the poor Catholics in Armenia, and in the East and West Indies, and in Ireland and Sumatra."

Mother. He deserves the name he has acquired in Europe.

Miguel. Why so hard upon him, mother, all on a sudden?

Mother. Hard upon him! I say again he deserves it, for the clearness and rectitude of his views. In regard to the fifty pieces, they, being the fruit of the gaming-table, might be placed by me in holier hands than those they came from, and may help to bring down on us the benediction of Heaven. Being king, you cannot want them.

Miguel. Mother, you always prevail: do with 'em as you please.

Mother. I will spend them in prayers to turn the hearts of the English. They have many things in common with us: I myself have seen them smoke cigars; they can play at cards, and even cheat; they can whistle, and almost dance. Having been baptized, they might be brought over to our doctrines, if God would have any thing to say to them after so long and obstinate a rebellion. Well, my son, you promise to take the oath to-morrow, and to cancel it the day following?

Miguel. Solemnly.

Mother. Jesu bless you then! and San Miguel remind him!

Here is a little list of names it may be as well to run over; some trifling fines from the proud and wealthy; a few imprisonments for those who are only heirs,—longer or shorter in proportion to the ages of their fathers; very rare executions,—thirty or forty, it may be, for those who bring the axe on their necks by having such stiff ones. Six or seven of the more obstinate regiments may be consigned in succession to dungeons, into which the water can enter as freely as the jailer; or into the holds of ships, in which it would puzzle a Dominican to determine whether the timber or the biscuits are fullest of worms.

Let us hear Mass directly in the chapel. I am hungry; and dinner is ready at noon to a moment.

XXI. SANDT AND KOTZEBUE.

Sandt. Generally men of letters in our days, contrary to the practice of antiquity, are little fond of admitting the young and unlearned into their studies or their society.

Kotzebue. They should rather those than others. The young *must* cease to be young, and the unlearned *may* cease to be unlearned. According to the letters you bring with you, sir, there is only youth against you. In the seclusion of a college life, you appear to have studied with much assiduity and advantage, and to have pursued no other courses than the paths of wisdom.

Sandt. Do you approve of the pursuit?

Kotzebue. Who does not?

Sandt. None, if you will consent that they direct the chase, bag the game, inebriate some of the sportsmen, and leave the rest behind in the slough. May I ask you another question?

Kotzebue. Certainly.

Sandt. Where lie the paths of wisdom? — I did not expect, my dear sir, to throw you back upon your chair. I hope it was no rudeness to seek information from you?

Kotzebue. The paths of wisdom, young man, are those which lead us to truth and happiness.

Sandt. If they lead us away from fortune, from employments, from civil and political utility; if they cast us where the powerful persecute, where the rich trample us down, and where the poorer, at seeing it, despise us, rejecting our counsel and spurning our consolation,— what valuable truth do they enable us to discover, or what rational happiness to expect? To say that wisdom leads to truth, is only to say that wisdom leads to wisdom; for such is truth. Nonsense is better than falsehood; and we come to that.

Kotzebue. How?

Sandt. No falsehood is more palpable than that wisdom leads to happiness; I mean in this world: in another we may well indeed believe that the words are constructed of very different materials. But here we are, standing on a barren molehill that crumbles and sinks under our tread; here we are, and show me from hence, Von Kotzebue, a discoverer who has not suffered for his discovery, — whether it be of a world or of a truth, whether a Columbus or a Galileo. Let us come down lower. Show me a man who has detected the injustice of a law, the absurdity of a tenet, the malversation of a minister, or the impiety of a priest, and who has not been stoned or hanged or burned or imprisoned or exiled or reduced to poverty. The chain of Prometheus is hanging yet upon his rock, and weaker limbs writhe daily in its rusty links. Who then, unless for others, would be a darer of wisdom? And yet, how full of it is even the inanimate world! We may gather it out of stones and straws. Much lies within the reach of all: little has been collected by the wisest of the wise. O slaves to passion! O minions to power! ye carry your own scourges about you; ye endure their tortures daily; yet ye crouch for more! Ye believe that God beholds you; ye know that he will punish you even worse than ye punish yourselves; and still ye lick the dust where the Old Serpent went before you!

Kotzebue. I am afraid, sir, you have formed to yourself a romantic and strange idea both of happiness and of wisdom.

Sandt. I too am afraid it may be so. My idea of happiness is the power of communicating peace, good-will, gentle affections, ease, comfort, independence, freedom, to all men capable of them.

Kotzebue. The idea is, truly, no humble one.

Sandt. A higher may descend more securely on a stronger mind. The power of communicating those blessings to the capable is enough for my aspirations. A stronger mind may exercise its faculties in the divine work of creating the capacity.

Kotzebue. Childish! childish! Men have cravings enow already; give them fresh capacities, and they will have fresh appetites. Let us be contented in the sphere wherein it is the will of Providence to place us; and let us render ourselves useful in it to the uttermost of our power, without idle aspirations after impracticable good.

Sandt. O sir, you lead me where I tremble to step, — to the haunts of your intellect, to the recesses of your spirit. Alas! alas! how small and how vacant is the central chamber of the lofty pyramid!

Kotzebue. Is this to me?

Sandt. To you, and many mightier. Reverting to your own words, — could not you yourself have remained in the sphere you were placed in?

Kotzebue. What sphere? I have written dramas and novels and travels. I have been called to the Imperial Court of Russia.

Sandt. You sought celebrity: I blame not that. The thick air of multitudes may be good for some constitutions of mind, as the thinner of solitudes is for others. Some horses will not run without the clapping of hands; others fly out of the course rather than hear it. But let us come to the point. Imperial courts! what do they know of letters? What letters do they countenance, do they tolerate?

Kotzebue. Plays.

Sandt. Playthings.

Kotzebue. Travels.

Sandt. On their business. O ye paviers of the dreary road along which their cannon rolls for conquest! my blood throbs at every stroke of your rammers. When will ye lay them by?

Kotzebue. We are not such drudges.

Sandt. Germans! Germans! must ye never have a rood on earth ye can call your own, in the vast inheritance of your fathers?

Kotzebue. Those who strive and labor gain it; and many have rich possessions.

Sandt. None; not the highest.

Kotzebue. Perhaps you may think them insecure; but they are not lost yet, although the rapacity of France does indeed threaten to swallow them up. But her fraudulence is more to be apprehended than her force. The promise of liberty is more formidable than the threat of servitude. The wise know that she never will bring us freedom; the brave know that she never can bring us thraldom. She herself is alike impatient of both; in the dazzle of arms she mistakes the one for the other, and is never more agitated than in the midst of peace.

Sandt. The fools who went to war against her did the only thing that could unite her; and every sword they drew was a conductor of that lightning which fell upon their heads. But we must now look at our homes. Where there is no strict union, there is no perfect love; and where no perfect love, there is no true helper. Are you satisfied, sir, at the celebrity and the distinctions you have obtained?

Kotzebue. My celebrity and distinctions, if I must speak of them, quite satisfy me. Neither in youth nor in advancing age, neither in difficult nor in easy circumstances, have I ventured to proclaim myself the tutor or the guardian of mankind.

Sandt. I understand the reproof, and receive it humbly and gratefully. You did well in writing the dramas and the novels and the travels; but, pardon my question, who called you to the courts of princes in strange countries?

Kotzebue. They themselves.

Sandt. They have no more right to take you away from your country, than to eradicate a forest, or to subvert a church in it. You belong to the land that bore you, and were not at liberty, — if right and liberty are one, and, unless they are, they are good for nothing, — you were not at liberty, I repeat it, to enter into the service of an alien.

Kotzebue. No magistrate, higher or lower, forbade me. Fine notions of freedom are these!

Sandt. A man is always a minor in regard to his fatherland; and the servants of his fatherland are wrong and criminal if they whisper in his ear that he may go away, that he may work in another country, that he may ask to be fed in it, and that he may wait there until orders and tasks are given for his hands to execute. Being a German, you volunlarily placed yourself in a position where you might eventually be coerced to act against Germans.

Kotzebue. I would not.

Sandt. Perhaps you think so.

Kotzebue. Sir, I know my duty.

Sandt. We all do; yet duties are transgressed, and daily. Where the will is weak in accepting, it is weaker in resisting. Already have you left the ranks of your fellow-citizens; already have you taken the enlisting-money and marched away.

Kotzebue. Phrases! metaphors! and let me tell you, M. Sandt, not very polite ones. You have hitherto seen little of the world, and you speak rather the language of books than of men.

Sandt. What! are books written by some creatures of less intellect than ours? I fancied them to convey the language and reasonings of men. I was wrong and you are right, Von Kotzebue! They are, in general, the productions of such as have neither the constancy of courage nor the continuity of sense to act up to what they know to be right, or to maintain it, even in words, to the end of their lives. You are aware that I am speaking now of political ethics. This is the worst I can think of the matter; and bad enough is this.

Kotzebue. You misunderstand me. Our conduct must fall in with our circumstances. We may be patriotic, yet not Puritanical in our patriotism; not harsh, nor intolerant, nor contracted. The philosophical mind should consider the whole world as its habitation, and not look so minutely into it as to see the lines that divide nations and governments; much less should it act the part of a busy shrew, and take pleasure in giving loose to the tongue at finding things a little out of place.

Sandt. We will leave the shrew where we find her: she certainly is better with the comedian than with the philosopher. But this indistinctness in the moral and political line begets indifference. He who does not keep his own country more closely in view than any other soon mixes land with sea, and sea with air, and loses sight of every thing, at last, for which he was placed in contact with his fellowmen. Let us unite, if possible, with the nearest; let usages and familiarities bind us: this being once accomplished, let us confederate for security and peace with all the people round, particularly with people of the same language, laws, and religion. We pour out wine to those about us, wishing the same fellowship and conviviality to others; but to enlarge the circle would disturb and deaden its harmony. We irrigate the ground in our gardens; the public road may require the water equally, yet we give it rather to our borders; and first to those that lie against the house! God himself did not fill the world at once with happy creatures; he enlivened one small portion of it with them, and began with single affections, as well as pure and unmixed. We must have an object and an aim, or our strength, if any strength belongs to us, will be useless.

Kotzebue. There is much good sense in these remarks;

but I am not at all times at leisure and in readiness to receive instruction. I am old enough to have laid down my own plans of life; and I trust I am by no means deficient in the relations I bear to society.

Sandt. Lovest thou thy children? Oh! my heart bleeds! But the birds can fly; and the nest requires no warmth from the parent, no cover against the rain and the wind.

Kotzebue. This is wildness; this is agony. Your face is laden with large drops; some of them tears, some not. Be more rational and calm, my dear young man, and less enthusiastic.

Sandt. They who will not let us be rational make us enthusiastic by force. Do you love your children?—I ask you again. If you do, you must love them more than another man's. Only they who are indifferent to all profess a parity.

Kotzebue. Sir, indeed your conversation very much surprises me.

Sandt. I see it does; you stare, and would look proud. Emperors and kings, and all but maniacs would lose that faculty with me. I could speedily bring them to a just sense of their nothingness, unless their ears were calked and pitched, although I am no Savonarola. He too died sadly!

Kotzebue. Amid so much confidence of power, and such an assumption of authority, your voice is gentle, almost plaintive.

Sandt. It should be plaintive. Oh, could it but be persuasive!

Kotzebue. Why take this deep interest in me? I do not merit nor require it. Surely any one would think we had been acquainted with each other for many years.

Sandt. What! should I have asked you such a question as the last, after long knowing you?

Kotzebue (*aside*). This resembles insanity.

Sandt. The insane have quick ears, sir, and sometimes quick apprehensions.

Kotzebue. I really beg your pardon.

Sandt. I ought not then to have heard you, and beg yours. My madness could release many from a worse; from a madness which hurts them grievously; a madness which has been and will be hereditary: mine, again and again I repeat it, would burst asunder the strong swathes that fasten them to pillar and post. Sir! sir! if I entertained not the remains of respect for you in your domestic state, I should never have held with you this conversation. Germany is Germany: she ought to have nothing political in common with what is not Germany. Her freedom and security now demand that she celebrate the communion of the faithful. Our country is the only one in all the explored regions on earth that never has been conquered. Arabia and Russia boast it falsely; France falsely; Rome falsely. A fragment off the empire of Darius fell and crushed her; Valentinian was the footstool of Sapor, and Rome was buried in Byzantium. Boys must not learn this, and men will not. Britain, the wealthiest and most powerful of nations, and, after our own, the most literate and humane, received from us colonies and laws. Alas! those laws, which she retains as her fairest heritage, we value not: we surrender them to gangs of robbers, who fortify themselves within walled cities, and enter into leagues against us. When they quarrel they push us upon one another's sword, and command us to thank God for the victories that enslave us. These are the glories we celebrate; these are the festivals we hold on the burial-mounds of our ancestors. Blessed are those who lie under them! blessed are also those who remember what they were, and call upon their names in the holiness of love!

Kotzebue. Moderate the transport that inflames and consumes you. There is no dishonor in a nation being conquered by a stronger.

Sandt. There may be great dishonor in letting it be the stronger; great, for instance, in our disunion.

Kotzebue. We have only been conquered by the French in our turn.

Sandt. No, sir, no; we have not been, in turn or out. Our puny princes were disarmed by promises and lies; they accepted paper crowns from the very thief who was sweeping into his hat their forks and spoons. A cunning traitor snared incautious ones, plucked them, devoured them, and slept upon their feathers.

Kotzebue. I would rather turn back with you to the ancient glories of our country than fix my attention on the sorrowful scenes more near to us. We may be justly proud of our literary men, who unite the suffrages of every capital to the exclusion of almost all their own.

Sandt. Many Germans well deserve this honor; others are manger-fed and hirelings.

Kotzebue. The English and the Greeks are the only nations that rival us in poetry, or in any works of imagination.

Sandt. While on this high ground we pretend to a rivalship with England and Greece, can we reflect without a sinking of the heart on our inferiority in political and civil dignity? Why are we lower than they? Our mothers are like their mothers; our children are like their children; our limbs are as strong, our capacities are as enlarged; our desire of improvement in the arts and sciences is neither less vivid and generous, nor less temperate and well-directed. The Greeks were under disadvantages which never bore in any degree on us; yet they rose through them vigorously and erectly. They were Asiatic in what ought to be the finer part of the affections; their women were veiled and secluded, never visited the captive, never released the slave, never sat by the sick in the hospital, never heard the child's lesson repeated in the school. Ours are more tender, compassionate, and charitable than poets have feigned of the past, or prophets have announced of the future; and, nursed at their breasts and educated at their feet, blush we not at our degeneracy? The most indifferent stranger feels a pleasure at finding, in the worst written history of Spain, her various kingdoms ultimately mingled; although the character of the governors, and perhaps of the governed, is congenial to few. What delight then must overflow on Europe from seeing the mother of her noblest nation rear again her venerable head, and bless all her children for the first time united!

Kotzebue. I am bound to oppose such a project.

Sandt. Say not so: in God's name, say not so!

Kotzebue. In such confederacy I see nothing but conspiracy and rebellion; and I am bound, I tell you again, sir, to defeat it, if possible.

Sandt. Bound! I must then release you.

Kotzebue. How should you, young gentleman, release me?

Sandt. May no pain follow the cutting of the knot. But think again; think better; spare me!

Kotzebue. I will not betray you.

Sandt. That would serve nobody: yet, if in your opinion betraying me could benefit you or your family, deem it no harm; so much greater has been done by you in abandoning the cause of Germany. Here is your paper; here is your ink.

Kotzebue. Do you imagine me an informer?

Sandt. From maxims and conduct such as yours spring up the brood, the necessity, and the occupation of them. There would be none, if good men thought it a part of goodness to be as active and vigilant as the bad. I must go, sir! Return to yourself in time! How it pains me to think of losing you! Be my friend!

Kotzebue. I would be.

Sandt. Be a German!

Kotzebue. I am.

Sandt (*having gone out*). Perjurer and profaner! Yet his heart is kindly. I must grieve for him! Away with tenderness! I disrobe him of the privilege to pity me or to praise me, as he would have done had I lived of old. Better men shall do more. God calls them; me too he calls; I will enter the door again. May the greater sacrifice bring the people together, and hold them evermore in peace and concord. The lesser victim follows willingly. (*Enters again.*)

Turn! die! (*Strikes.*)

Alas! alas! no man ever fell alone. How many innocent always perish with one guilty, and writhe longer!

Unhappy children! I shall weep for you elsewhere. Some days are left me. In a very few the whole of this little world will lie between us. I have sanctified in you the memory of your father. Genius but reveals dishonor; commiseration covers it.

XXII. THE CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI AND PICTURE-DEALERS.

MARCHESE SCAMPA, CONTE BIANCHERIA, SIGNOR CORAZZA, CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI.

Legate. Most illustrious Signor Marchese! I grieve deeply to have incommoded you. Most illustrious Signor Conte Cesare! I am sorry to have caused you any disturbance. Most esteemed, prized, and ornamented Signor Corazza! I feel somewhat of uneasiness at requiring your attendance.

Scampa. Your Eminence may dispose of me purely at her pleasure.

Biancheria. I am your Eminence's most obsequious, most devoted, and most humble servant.

Corazza. I kiss the sacred hem of her purple, humbly inclining myself.

Legate. On my faith, Signors! a pretty piece of pastry you have been making! A fine embroilment on my body!

Scampa. Eminence! all men have had their embroilments.

Biancheria. Pieces of pastry all men have made, Eminence!

Legate. Signor, I fear these will stick upon your fingers sometime yet; although I pray God you may, with his help, wash yourselves clean.

Scampa. We are in his hands.

Biancheria. — And your Eminence's.

Scampa. I meant hers all the while.

Corazza. Surely; securely: I am in hers, the whole of me.

Legate. 'Tis well. Now in the name of Dominedio, most gentle sirs, how could you play these tricks? What doings are these? I accuse you of nothing: I am convinced you are innocent, most innocent, more than most innocent. And yet, diamene, they will have it otherwise.

Scampa. God and your Eminence with us, our uprightness is not to be disputed.

Biancheria. We know what we know; we are what we are; we can tell them that. Let them mind it. What says Signor Marchese? Do I speak well?

Scampa. True, most true, Signor Conte! always under the correction of his Eminence.

Legate. Forasmuch as I have understanding in me, there are not two honester gentlemen in Bologna. Very old houses! vastly rich heretofore: rich still. Honey does not run from the pot without leaving some against the sides; ay, Signor Marchese?

(*Aside.*) It sticks hard; but I have a spoon that will scrape it.

You appear to be incommoded by a cough, Signor Marchese! Will my snuff-box relieve it?

Scampa. Infinite thanks, Eminence! immortal condescension! It would cure Cairo: it would have stopped the seven plagues of Egypt.

Legate. Signor Conte, we are coming to the business. Pardon my habits of dispatch! Only be explicit; be clear: I must do my duty; I may be lenient. Much is left to my judgment and discretion; and you noble personages are the very last in the world who would wish to lead it astray, or make it harsh.

An English gentleman, with more earnestness than —

All at once. As usual with the nation.

Legate. —has applied to me personally.

Scampa. Personally! to a Porporato!

Biancheria. Personally! to a Cardinal-Legate!

Corazza. Ohibo! Personally! to an Eminence of Holy Church! with a maggiorduomo, four cooks, six chaplains, and (Sant Antonio) the six finest mules in all the Patrimony! Cospetto! the heretic!

Legate. So it is: by letter to me, I mean.

All. Letter! more and more presumptuous!

Scampa. No preliminary!

Biancheria. Secretary, even secretary, had been too high. Maestro di casa, maestro di scuderia, cameriere, page, porter, or any other dignitary of the household, might have received it in the first instance, under the form of supplication. But letter! letter! letter! my head turns round with it.

Scampa. Carbonaro!

Corazza. Giovane Italia! disguised as an Englishman.

Scampa. Eminence, we are gallant men, men of honor, men of garb, and her most obsequious. Some regards are due to persons of distinction. Why should he trouble your Eminence with his concerns? Petty matters! trifles! trivialities! Law indeed to an Englishman is like his native air: he flies to it as he flies to his ship; he loses his appetite if he misses it; and he never thinks he has enough of it until it has fairly stripped him, and begins to lie heavy on his stomach. It is his tea, his plum-pudding, his punch, his night-cap.

Legate. Happy! if he can throw it off so easily when he wakens. Law in England ought to be in capital condition, if exercise can accomplish it.

Biancheria. There are common laws and common lawyers in Bologna, blessed be his Holiness! And nothing new about them, nothing wild and extravagant, nothing visionary. They are ancient and awful as our Garisenda, and, like Garisenda, lean toward the inhabitants.

Scampa. Talk of patriotism! this I call patriotism. We can buy injustice of any tribunal in Italy, and at a reasonable price: it would be hard indeed if we cannot buy justice for a little more, in proportion to the rarity, and if we are forced to go beyond our native country for this greatest benefit of a paternal government. I should be sorry to prefer any on earth to my own Bologna, blest as it is with the rule and guidance of the Prince of the Apostles, but more immediately under his delegate, the Holiness of our Lord, Leo the Twelfth, now sitting and reigning, and worthily and plenarily represented by your Eminence. But, Eminence, pardon me if I sob aloud and beat my breast at saying it, there are countries, — yes, there are countries in our Italy, where insolent Englishmen are thrown utterly into the shade, their audacity rising beyond endurance. One of them, believe me, had the temerity to take the wall of Don Neri Corsini, a Roman prince, a prime minister. Nobly and worthily did his Highness treat this sacrilege.

Legate. I am uninterested in the event: excuse my interruption.

Scampa. Condescend to listen. The proud Englishman had bought a villa and a couple of farms under Fiesole; rooting up olives, cutting down vines, the madman! A Frenchman was his neighbor. He had a right to the waste water of the proud Englishman's fountain. The proud Englishman, in his spite and malignity, not only shaved every morning, and ordered all his men servants, to the number of five, to shave also just as frequently, but he washed his hands and face several times in the day, and especially at that season when water is most wanted. In like manner did all his children, four of them; and all four bathed: all four, Eminence! all four! every day! the malignant father setting them the example.

Legate. Heretics and Turks are much addicted to bathing. It might be superstition, or it might be an idea of cleanliness. The English are malicious one against another, almost universally; but toward foreigners there appears to be more contemptuousness than malice.

Scampa. Your Eminence has the eye upon the key-hole, and sees the whole chamber. Pride and malice — the right side and the left side of the Devil — constitute the Englishman. O the persecutor! This, the very worst of them all, excepting the wretch who would, in the presence of your Eminence, deflower the fair fame of innocent men like me, — this one committed the injury through wanton extravagance, shaving, washing, bathing, beside watering two hundred orange, lemon, citron trees, and then laurels and myrtles, and rhododendrons and magnolias, and fantastical outlandish flowers innumerable. No wonder there was little waste water. The Frenchman cited him before the tribunals. At first they favored the Englishman, as was intended. The Frenchman, as Frenchmen always do, shifted his ground a little, and won the second cause. In the third the Englishman had his turn, to prove the fairness of processes in Tuscany. Then a couple of the judges were persuaded to see their error, and voted on the contrary side. Presently more had their eyes opened for them. In vain did the proud Englishman hold in contempt the variations of the opponent and the judges: in vain, over and over, did he offer tenfold the value of the water, supposing the water was the thing wanted, which the Frenchman had declared he never cared about, having plenty on each side of his house. No, this would never serve the purpose of those who patted him on the back. His suit assumed a somewhat different form, term after term; otherwise it could not easily have been so protracted. Nothing was now left for the proud Englishman but appeal to the last resort; but, just before the defection of the two favorable judges was decided on and arranged, the Court of Appeal in the last resort was purposely suppressed. Such was the fate of the proud Englishman and his waste water.

Legate. I hope, Signor Marchese, that the matter ends here; for you must remember that I have other business in hand.

Scampa. Patience, Eminence, patience! It does not end here, nor could it reasonably. This arrogant, infuriated man, this devastator of vines and olives, this substituter of grass and moss for cabbages and onions was sentenced to construct with efficient masonry a competent reservoir in front and within ten paces of his hall-door. Such a sentence, if such a sentence had been possible against a noble Tuscan, would have broken the heart of Conte Gherardesca, the late proprietor, although he resided there but seldom, and enjoyed but few perhaps of the cabbages and onions so unworthily supplanted. Just punishment for this overbearing pertinacious Englishman! reminding him for ever of what is due to a Roman prince and prime minister; such a diplomatist that he had the honor of serving both his native sovereign, the Grand Duke Ferdinand, and the Emperor Napoleon at the same time, enjoying the countenance of each, unsuspected by the other. And a shining countenance it was. Faith of Bacchus! it was an omelet well fried on each side, and enough of it to fatten a Carthusian.

Legate. To what does this tend, Signor Marchese?

Scampa. It tends, Eminence, to prove satisfactorily the small regard entertained for Englishmen in other quarters of our Italy; it tends to prove, above all things, their contempt of dignities; and how easily, by the grace of your Eminence, they may be disappointed in their extravagant recourse to litigation. The litigant was condemned to a series of lawsuits for nine years, with more variations than ever were composed by Rossini. It was decided from the beginning that some should be won and some lost, and that at last all the costs should be cast upon this proud Englishman. The whole property of his adversary amounts not to the sum expended in the maintenance of what he presumed to call his rights: a favorite word, Eminence, with those islanders. He was a true Englishman, unbending to authority, repulsive to rank, and bearing an abominable dash of charcoal on his shoulders, black, black as Satanasso. He would not have gained his lawsuit even if he had consented to pay down the fair market-price, which his proud stomach would never do. But *we* are ready, Eminence, — *we* are ready; for no men alive observe more strictly the usages of their fathers. We hate revolutionary notions; we hate false doctrines: honor and religion and love of our neighbor, is our motto.

Legate. I wish so great a hardship had befallen no better man than the person you describe: but, remember, I am not sitting here to examine the merits of his case. We have our own laws.

Scampa. I call that a happy country whose law is as movable as Easter, and as manageable and pleasant as the Carnival. If it is not so in the States of the Church, where upon earth ought it to be? I pay to His Holiness fifteen Roman crowns yearly, for dispensation to eat flesh in Lent.*

Legate. You seem strong and healthy, Most Illustrious!

Scampa. Under the blessing of Heaven, by paying the fifteen crowns, I continue so. If all would do the same, their sins would fall off them as the scales fall from a leper. Ling may help to lift a man out of Purgatory; but Roman crowns, legitimate and unclipped, can alone pave the way to Paradise. I am no niggard, no Englishman: right well do I know, and more especially do I acknowledge, that His Holiness is not only an apostle, but a prince, and that his dignity is to be duly supported by all true Christians. I glory in being one; and God forbid I should ever be so straitened in circumstances for want of protection, as to cry out for an abatement. In Tuscany the judges will hear reason, when the wand of the apparitor is tipped with gold and the litigant speaks in French. It is better he should speak it first to Don Neri, who understands it perfectly.

Legate. I do entreat you, Signor Marchese, to come at once to the point.

Scampa. I would gladly, triumphantly, ecstatically shed the last drop of my blood for His Holiness; but, ohibo! what is all a man's blood worth when it is robbed of its vital heat, of its menestra, its fry, and its roast? I am a good subject, a good Catholic, true, faithful, vigilant; I am a gallant man, a brave man; but I have my fears. There are carbonari everywhere: there is carbon under the chair of His Holiness. A hard blow, an angry breath, a humiliating indignity, a cruel unpaternal — what am I saying? what am I thinking of? — may — mercy upon us! may — O holy Virgin avert it! — may, alas! set his footstool in such a blaze, ay, footstool and canopy, purple and triple crown, as all the tears of your Eminence, and of the devoted servant at your feet, would be insufficient to extinguish.

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* A *family*, however healthy, may obtain it at that price; and some very pious ones do.

Legate. What would you have, gentlemen?

Biancheria. Eminence, we do not ask more for ourselves who are Italians, than was graciously conceded to a foreigner.

Legate. The French have it always in their power to do a great deal of mischief; and such is their natural disposition. The tiger in his cage is just as restless as in his wilderness, and his keeper must now and then humor him.

Biancheria. We ask to be protected from no Frenchman upon earth, which would be beyond any reasonable hope, but only from our accursed Englishman; who, by his pertinacity and obduracy, has proved himself to be made of the same paste as the other, and drawn out of the same oven. Like the other, he would rather put in jeopardy three thousand crowns than distribute a few hundreds in charity among the faithful domestics of your Eminence, and their virtuous wives and amiable children. What hearts, ahime! what hearts these English carry with them about Italy! In fact, Eminence, an Englishman closes his fist on these occasions as firmly as if he were boxing. The main difference is that on these if he is beaten he has the folly to complain, whereas on the other he would be silent if you had beaten him half into a mummy. Knock out an eye, and he gives you his hand; mistake a picture in selling it to him, and he delivers you over to the executioner.

Scampa. If not quite that, he makes you give back the money; and thus, blemishing your honor, he leaves an incurable wound in the very centre of the heart.

Legate. Gently, good Signor Marchese! such hard thumps on the exterior may produce an effect no less fatal. I should apprehend ossification and aneurism. We must bear with human infirmity. All nations have their customs, all individuals their privileges and foibles. As the English fight best upon the ocean, it is probable and presumable that they see best with their heads under water; which opinion some of the pictures, bought by them on dry land at enormous prices for their national gallery, seem to confirm. Certainly they little know our usages: but they know incomparably more about theoretical law than about its practical administration. Perhaps, as you suggest, they are somewhat too indifferent to the deferential delicacy of its domestic courtesies. Knowing the weaknesses to which, as children of Adam, we all are liable, I would not animadvert on them severely, nor prejudge them. True it is, the Frenchman is more sociable at all times, and more amiable at most; and if there are seasons when he must inevitably swear and fight, we may charitably believe that he follows the law of his nature in so doing; that God made him so; and we must take him as we find him. And we shall the more readily do this, if we remark his perfect ease and indifference what he swears to and what he fights for.

Biancheria. For my part, I have no complaint to make against him: no Frenchman ever carried off any of my pictures.

Legate. Signor Conte, keep your own secret. Do not imply, as your speech would do, that you never had any worth carrying off.

Corazza. Our Italy would rise up in arms against the despoiler and deflowerer. Your Eminence would issue a rescript, an ordinance: we are safe. Ah, Signor Conte, not without an inspiration did you remind his Eminence of our Garisenda, and her maternal leaning toward us. Signor Conte and Signor Marchese would melt St. Peter and persuade St. Thomas, when they were stubbornest. I am ready to weep.

Legate. At what, Signor Corazza?

Corazza. Ca! at what? It lies beyond expression.

Legate. Well, in this article of weeping we perhaps may help you.

Corazza (*aside*). Per Bacco! it grows serious!

Legate. The foreigner threatens —

All. The assassin!

Legate. — to send the Process before the Ruota Criminale at Rome, first submitting it to the Pontifical Chancery.

Scampa. Chancery! We are fresh eggs; we are live oysters; we are swallowed up; the Day of Judgment cannot piece us again! If any thing reasonable had been offered, then indeed who knows? Eminence, only hear the Englishman's proposals! That the pictures should be sent back; true, at the purchaser's charge: but what compensation for losing the sight of our pictures? Pictures that have been hanging in our palaces from time immemorial; pictures that have made men, women, and children stand breathless under them; pictures that at last were given to the Englishman at his own price; for he would not listen to reason. I told him I had a presentiment of heart-breaking; I clasped my hands; I lifted up my eyes imploringly to the ceiling, until my sighs carried down a cobweb from a height of twelve *braccie*, and almost blinded me. I made no complaint; I bring no action for damages. There is one Scampa in the world; only one: here he stands.

Biancheria. Think, figure it, Eminence! He offered us our pictures again, with only one-half of the money! Could a Jew do worse? The Pontifical Chancery and the Ruota Criminale would never tribulate gallant men in this guise. We must go to Rome with sacks in our great coats; and the judges there can smell silver from gold through a Russia-leather portmanteau, mix it as you will. Here in Bologna the judges are our neighbors, and act like neighbors. No pride, no fastidiousness; they have patience and hear reason. Only one word from your Eminence, and all stands well.

Legate. Reason too is heard at Rome.

Scampa. It goes by the diligence to the banker's, and — Santa Maria! — makes but a short stay there.

Biancheria. Yes, Eminence! At Rome too they hear reason and have patience; but they require more reason from us, and more patience. Sacks, Eminence! sacks and sacks, Eminence! exterminated mountains! Mexico, Peru, Cordilleras!

Corazza. Is money chaff, Signor Marchese? Signor Conte, is money swept off with the beard and suds at the barber's? To me it does not seem so. I am a poor man, but honest. I work, I work hard; ca! if any one knew it.

Legate. At what do you work, most respectable Signor Corazza, my most worshipful master?

Corazza. At my business, day after day, all day long. Oh the life! to gain a crown-piece after years and years, and many and many! To stand and stand, and sigh and sigh, with my hands before me; now straight down, now across: sad variety! Now looking at one Virgin, now at another; now at this Bambino, now at that; never minding me; tiring my heart and tearing it and gnawing it, summer and winter, spring and autumn; while others are in villa! — hosiers and hatters, who cannot distinguish a picture from a counterpane, a Porporato from a Pievano. Ca! and these people get more money than they can spend: what livers and brains! what capons! what trout! Their wine comes from twenty miles off; cospetto! One keeps his civetta, another his billiard-table, another his — what not? Here am I! no wine, no billiard, no pallone, no laughing, no noise! The very carts in the streets grumble to be in it at such a season. All I possess of the country is a grillo in a cage of straw. The blessed Saint who lost her eyes — if she can be said to have lost them when she carried them in a dish — suffered less than mine did when I lost my Guido.

Legate. Have you nothing of the kind remaining?

Corazza. Providence never abandons the faithful. A Ludovico, — pure, sincere, intact; purest, sincerest, intactest, — but alas! no menestra in pentola; no more menestra than if there were no rice-ground in Lombardy. This I call enduring fatigue, Signor Marchese! This I call sweating, Signor Conte! This I call tribulation, Eminence! Your Eminence can feel all this for us poor people in the trade. Look now! look now! only look! Here comes an Englishman to the Pelican; a milord; a real milord of London. The fame of the finest pieces in the world reaches him on the steps: not mine; I do not say mine; but the pieces of Signor Marchese and Signor Conte, rimbombing through the universe. He hardly asks for dinner: Signor Perotti, Signor Flavio, — your Eminence must know him, padrone of the Pelican, — says, "Leave that to me." Now Signor Flavio speaks English as well as milord Beron or milord Scacchesperro. "Do you want cash, sir? I will take any bill upon London, two months, three months." Oh the ingratitude of the canaglia! The pictures are given; thrown away (do I speak well, Signor Marchese?), packed up, sealed at the custom-house, sent off; Signor Flavio goes along with them, loses his business, his rest, his peace of mind, crosses the Apennines, as Annibel did, and reaches Florence, eviscerated, exossated, with nine great packages! nine! the treasures of Bologna!

Biancheria. We lie near the woods, or we never could have given the empty cases for the money we gave the pictures at.

Scampa. I doubt, after all, whether they will cover the carpenter's bill.

Corazza. Be tranquil, Signor Marchese! I have calculated that they certainly will, if he waits, as usual, a reasonable while for the payment.

Scampa. It was a great inconvenience to me; I made a great sacrifice: I thought of building a palace with the planks. Will your Eminence just look over the ground-plan?

Legate. Prodigiously magnificent elevation! Blessed Saints!

Scampa. One might imagine that a little of the timber would be left. Quite the contrary. I have ruined the way through my estate by the carriage of supplementary loads; and I should not have regretted it if I could have given satisfaction. I am ready to do the like again for any one who thinks more liberally.

Biancheria. It must be by particular favor; and with strong recommendations, that an Englishman ever enters my house again. My stock of timber was small: however, if it had pleased His Beatitude the Holiness of our Lord to equip a galley or two against the Turks or Greeks, I had wherewithal at his service. Now, now indeed, not a stick is left me! not a thorn, not a dead leaf on the floor: the packages took all.

Corazza. Men of humble condition must be cautious in their resentments. My temper is forgiving; my heart is large; I am ready to press my enemy to it again when he sees his error.

Legate. He fancies he has already seen it, my most ornamented friend and worthy patron! His correspondent at

Florence assures me, on the authority of the whole Academy, that he has been defrauded.

Biancheria. If this gentleman is a gentleman of the law, he may lie legally; but if he acts merely as a friend, and in private, he acts insidiously. What gentleman in Italy ever took upon himself the business of another, where he fancied the other had been imprudent and might lose by that imprudence, whether life or property? The English alone are discontented with their own dangers, and run into those of other people. They pursue thieves; they mount upon conflagrations. Instead of joining the stronger, they join the weaker, subverting the order of things. Even dogs and wolves know better.

Scampa. I am ruined by them; this is all I pretend to know of their doings. Since I sold them my pictures, I am infested and persecuted and worried to death by duns. They belabor and martellate my ears worse than the terza-rima of Dante, the next taking up the rhyme of the last. I am not a dealer in pictures: I only sell when any one takes a fancy to this or that; and merely to show that we in Bologna are as condescending and polite to strangers as the people of Rome or Florence.

Legate. Very proper; but this double baptism of pictures, this dipping of old ones in the font again, and substituting a name the original sponsor never dreamed of giving, — this, methinks, Signor Marchese, under correction, is somewhat questionable and exceptionable.

Scampa. Under the correction of your Eminence, bending myself most submissively, I have as much right to call my pictures by what appellation I please as my house-dog. He whose son has been Christened by the name of Tommaso may deem it more pleasurable to his ear, or more conducive to his welfare, or more appertaining to the dignity of his beloved heir, to designate him by that of Pietro or Giovanni. Again, I have as much right to ask a thousand crowns as a hundred. Asking does not cut purses nor force open bankers' desks. Beside, have I ever transgressed by laying claim to infallibility? Only one upon earth is infallible; and he not in pictures: it is only in things that nobody in this world can comprehend.

Legate. Piously and judiciously spoken.

Scampa. Eminence! I am liable to errors; I am frail; I am a man; we are all of us dust; we are all of us ashes, — here to-day, there to-morrow: but I stick to my religion; I wear my honor next my heart. I should like to catch this Englishman by twilight: I should like to hear how he would answer an honest man to his face. No subterfuges with me. Accidents have happened; malaria; judgments. Many have fallen sick by holding their noses too close to the ground, like dogs in the grotto at Naples yonder.

Legate. Be calm, Signor Marchese!

Scampa. My blood rises against oppression and injustice. These proud Englishmen shall never govern us. We are under the Church; God be praised! We are under his blessed Saints and your Eminence. Englishmen! what are Englishmen? In their ships they may do something. Give me one, visage to visage in the shaven field, and capperi! he should soon see who was before him: ay, capperi! should he. Uh! uh! I almost crack my teeth with my courage.

Legate. Spare them! spare them! good Signor Marchese! they are worth their weight in gold at your age. Let us respect our veterans, so sadly thinned by the enemy.

Scampa. I have the blood of youth in my veins.

Legate. You must feel it very comfortable.

Scampa. It boils within me.

Legate. Let it; let it; better within than without. Surely it is applicable to pleasanter purposes than broils.

Scampa. Stains upon honor —

Legate. — May be covered with blood more easily than washed out with it. You are calmer, Signor Conte! Let me remark to you, then, that the Englishman in question has sent to me an attestation on a certain picture, purporting to bear the seal of our Academy: this seal is declared by one of our own Academicians, now in Florence, to be a forgery.

All. A traitor! a traitor! a traitor to his country!

Biancheria. The Englishman himself forged it.

Corazza. The English are capable. I never saw people write with such ease and fluency.

Scampa. Very great forgers; very notorious. Many are hanged for it every year in London; some of the most respectable persons in the whole nation, who spend several thousand dollars a year, — milords, bankers, bishops.

Biancheria. Bishops! more shame upon them! Ours in Italy are long-dips, four-and-twenty to the pound; in England they are as substantial as sausages. What the devil should they forge but their credentials?

Scampa. I said, and I repeat it, many English are hanged for it every year; not one Italian. Lord Kenyon, the greatest judge in the kingdom, declared it lawful against an enemy; now Catholics are enemies in the eye of the Anglican Church, and the English laws acknowledge and act upon it; therefore, on their own principles, we may fairly and justifiably be guilty of it, at our good pleasure. Not that we ever are.

Biancheria. A secretary, by inadvertency, may affix a seal to a wrong paper. We cannot look to these bagatelles; we cannot light the taper for all our letters: we have extensive correspondences: a good deal of money comes yearly by this way into the Legations.

Scampa. An easy quiet liberality; some slight preference to the native. A little more regard to his testimony who is a Christian, than to a Quaker's, a Turk's, a Lutheran's, an Anabaptist's, a Freemason's, may benefit the individual, consolidate the government, and calm those uneasinesses and ranklings which have kept our wretched country —

Biancheria (*whispering to him*). Ohibo! take heed! diamene!

Scampa. — wretched, until the arrival of your Eminence, by perpetual insurrections. Only two years ago (horrible to think of!) Cardinal Rivarola was shot in his carriage. God knows why. Mystery hangs over every thing here below. Idle men are seen about, ready to be hired: their work requires but short instruments and short warning.

Legate. Pooh! pooh! Signor Marchese! never fear them; we will watch over you. Government can pay them best; they are idle or at work as we judge proper. Englishmen have long purses, but never hire any help in their anger.

Corazza. Economical indeed! mean-spirited creatures!

Biancheria. But they carry sticks, and confound distinctions with them.

Scampa. Bloody rogues are left yet in the Legations; and not all of them on the mountains. Have a care, Eminence! they pretend to love their country. Such folks are always dangerous: their whistle is heard farther than any. We have seen — O Christ! O holy Virgin! — surgeon's work does not stand well. I weep at thinking — my eyes overflow — I kiss the feet that represent His Holiness.

Legate. Signor Marchese, you overpower me. And, Signor Conte, you also at my other! nay, nay, in the name of — Cazzo! — you go too far. I do entreat you to rise up from my feet; your lips make them too hot; they do indeed. Gentlemen, the pleasure of your company has almost caused me to forget that you do me the honor of consulting with me on business of importance. Forgery is really an ugly thing in my view of the subject. Swindling sounds indifferently. The Academicians of Florence have formally and unanimously decided that your pictures are not only no originals, but are wretched copies. Fifteen names, the names of all present, are subscribed to the declaration, signed by the president, the senator Alessandri! "Siamo di concorde avviso che il primo sia una copia mediocre, &c.: che il secondo appertenga ad un debole imitatore della scuola Bolognese; e gli ultimi due sieno fatti da un cattivo seguace," &c.

Biancheria. Eminence! let the Academicians of Florence look at the pictures that the most liberal and intelligent of our Italian princes (I mean secular; no offence to our Lord and Master His Beatitude) has bought in their own city, and under their own eyes. How happens it that he has friends about him who recommend to him the purchase, at many thousand crowns, of pieces not worth five figs? Domenichinos! Salvators, Leonardos, Murillos! Is the Guido in the Tribuna any Guido at all? Would your Eminence give three crowns for it, out of the frame?

Scampa. Their Domenichino in the same Tribuna, — did Domenichino ever see it? However, it is better than a real work of his in the Palazzo Pitti, which the Grand Duke's purveyors bought for him at the price of fifteen hundred louis. Eminence! would you give fifty crowns for it? Our Lord would never have talked a half-minute with such a Magdalen as that: he would have thrown her pot of pomatum in her face.

Corazza. Under favor, how happens it that they recommend to the Grand Duke restorers and cleaners who never learned any thing of the art, and never attempted it on their own dirt and rags?

Scampa. How happens it that the finest pictures in the world have been ruined within these two years? The friend of His Imperial Highness, who recommended these rascals and their rubbish, has unquestionably his profits.

Corazza. And why should not we have ours? We who rub nothing out at all, and put little on —

Legate. Except in price, most adorned sir.

Biancheria. I would not wish my observations to transpire. If the scourers at Florence go on as they have been going on lately, the collections at the gallery and at Pitti will be fit only for the Committee of Taste in London; and the Grand Duke must have recourse to us for what is unsold in our corridors.

Legate. Sorry am I to understand that so zealous a protector, and so liberal an encourager, of the arts has fallen among thieves.

Scampa. However, he has purchased some fine pictures. Old pencils are red-hot iron to young fingers: all are burned at first.

Biancheria. Unhappily, the two purest and most perfect works of Raphael are transferred from Tuscany to Bavaria: his Bindo Altoviti and his Tempi Madonna.

Legate. Raphael has been surpassed in portraits by Titian and Giorgione. But Tuscany may weep for ever over her loss in the Bindo Altoviti, which I have often seen in the palace where it was painted. Towns, fortresses, provinces, are won, recovered, restored, repurchased: kings will keep Raphaels; kings alone, or higher dignitaries, should possess them.

Scampa. He who would sell his Raphael would sell his child.

Biancheria. Cospetto! thirty.

Scampa. Or his father.

Biancheria. Cappari! All, all, to the last.

Legate. Leonardos, Correggios, rare, very rare; but only one genius ever existed who could unite what is most divine on earth with what is most adorable in heaven. He gives sanctity to her youth, and tenderness to the old man that gazes on her. He purifies love in the virgin's heart; he absorbs it in the mother's.

Corazza. Many allow him the preference over our school.

Legate. Ca! ca! ca! your school! an immondezzaio to a Sistine Chapel.

Scampa. Eminence, in Rome, protected by popes and cardinals, he reached perfection.

Legate. Protected! He walked among saints and prophets, their herald upon earth. What a man! what a man! his shadow in our path will not let lies pass current, nor flattery sink into the breast. No, Marchese! At Rome he thought he could embellish what is most beautiful in sentiment; at Florence, until the scourers brought their pestilence into the city, his genius soared in all its light angelic strength. At Florence he was the interpreter of Heaven; at Rome he was only the conqueror of Michel Angelo: he had left Paradise, he had entered Eden.

Scampa. In your Rome the great Florentine taught him dignity.

Legate. Strange mistake! Was ever painter so dignified as Frate Bartolommeo, whom he studied before he went to Rome? In amplitude, in gravity, in majesty, Fra Bartolommeo is much the superior of Michel Angelo: both want grace; both are defective in composition. These two qualities were in the soul of Raphael; had he looked for them externally, he might have found them on the gates of the Battisterio. I admire and venerate the power of Michel Angelo; but the boy of Urbino reached the head of this giant at the first throw. He did not strip your skins over your heads to show where your muscles lie; nor throw Hercules into the manger at Bethlehem; nor fall upon Alcmena for Mary.

I know not how it happens, but love of the arts leads me astray. When persons of intelligence on such subjects are about me, I am apt to prolong the discourse. But the pleasantest day must end; the finest sunset is at last a sunset.

Gentlemen, on the word of a friend, and such I am to all intrusted to my governance, and especially to men of merit, to persons of distinction, true Bolognese, real professors,— Gentlemen, you will find it better to contrive, if possible, that this awkward question do not come before the ordinary tribunals.

Scampa. Eminence, what in God's name can they do against us if we are protected?

Biancheria. The milord erred in his judgment; we did not err in ours. If men are to suffer for errors, which, alas! seems the lot of humanity, let those suffer who do err; by no means those who do not. No man was ever brave at this embroidery of picture-fancying until he had often pricked his finger. Now I would advise milord to put his between his lips, and not to hold it up in public with a paltry jet bead of blood on it, as if he endured the sufferings of a martyr. We ought to complain; not he. Is it right or reasonable, or according to justice or law, that good quiet Christians, pursuing the steps of their forefathers — do I say well, Signor Marchese?

Scampa. Capitally! admirably! sound argument! touching truth! But I am not to judge, — I am a party, it seems!

Biancheria. That good quiet Christians, etc., loyal subjects, etc., gallant men, men of honor, men of garb, etc., — should be persecuted and ransacked and trodden upon and torn and worried and dilacerated and devoured by these arrogant insatiable English!

Scampa. Bravo! bravo! bravo!

Corazza. Ancora! ancora! bisse, bisse, bisse!

Biancheria. These arrogant insatiable English, what would they have? I gave them my flesh and blood; would they seize my bones? Let them, let them! since for even one's bones there is no rest on earth; none whatever; not a pin's point; saving upon the breast of your Eminence.

Legate. Ohibo! where is the need of weeping and wailing, Signor Conte?

Biancheria. Magdalen wept and wailed, Peter wept and wailed; but they had gone astray, they had slipped and sidled: I have followed my line of duty; I have acted consistently; I have gone on as I began. Why should these infuriated monsters run from under the North Pole against me? Why be permitted to stroke up, in a manner, my spinal hair from tail to nape in this fashion? Merciful Jesu! eradicating, eradicating! flaying, laying! The acquirer of the pictures, he complain too! he complain! after spoiling his own speculation! Had he kept his tongue from ringing, his seven hundred louis, the poor compensation for our masterpieces, would have procured him a seat in the Committee of Taste in London; and every piece would have turned out a miraculous loaf, a Christ in the Garden. What power! what patronage! And they eat, Eminence! they eat! or they are much belied. If another man's macaroni is a foot long, theirs is a yard. Fry, fry, fry, all day: the kitchen hums and buzzes like a spring meadow; it frets and fumes and wheezes with its labor; one cook cannot hear another; you might travel as far as from Bologna to Ancona between the boiled and the roast. And what do we get? At the uttermost the scale of an anchovy, with scarcely oil enough to float it —

Corazza. And perhaps, late in the season, the extremity of a radish, so cursedly tough, you may twist it twenty times round the finger.

Scampa. We are amenable to your Eminence; but what has the Academy of Florence to do with us? Presently, no doubt, we shall be cited before the Committee of Taste on the Thames. Let us discuss a little the qualifications of our future judges, now we have plainly shown what our present are. Has not this glorious Committee paid several thousand louis for a false Correggio, which was offered at Rome heretofore for fifteen crowns, and carried to Milan ere it found so much? Has not this glorious Committee, which snatched so eagerly at a false, rejected a real, one at a low price? Have the blockheads not allowed the finest Andrea to slip out of London and to hang on a banker's wall at Paris? Could they not have bought it at a third less than what the banker paid for it? And will he sell it again for a third more?

Legate. In almost all the works of this otherwise admirable painter there is a vulgarity which repels me.

Biancheria. But what truth, Eminence, what truth!

Legate. The most endearing quality, I perceive, with Signor Conte Biancheria.

Biancheria. It stands indeed high with me.

Scampa. There is no answering any of the Count's questions on the Committee of Taste.

Biancheria. The facts are known all over the world. Not a cottage or cavern, not a skiff or felucca, not a gondola or canoe, from Venice to Van Diemen's Land, that does not echo them.

Legate. Indeed!

Biancheria. Upon my faith as a Christian!

Scampa. There is a certain duke at Rome, a duke made after buckles were left off, who can always sell what he proposes. He recommends an original: over comes milord, sees it finished, accepts in his condescension an inlaid table, and fills the newspapers with the fine contours, the aerial perspective, the topazes, rubies, and emeralds of this precious oil-cloth.

Biancheria. We poor Bolognese cannot give such dinners as a Roman duke and banker can. We are hungry; yet we invite the stranger to partake with us.

Legate. Of your hunger, Most Illustrious?

Biancheria. With what we have we serve him.

Corazza. An honest man would do his business regularly: a good citizen makes no disturbances, and is ashamed of troubling the courts of justice or intruding on his superiors. Peace, concord, faith, veneration, are inherent in the highest and in the lowest of the Bolognese.

Scampa. And yet the Academy of Florence makes war against the Academy of Bologna! Would it not be wiser if those who preside over the arts imitated the conduct of those who preside over the nations? Would it not be better if they agreed that the same system should govern all? Cannot our Bologna and Florence come closer, like England and Turkey, France and Russia, Spain and Persia, Portugal and Congo? Are we never to follow our betters? We indeed do: why will not they? Times are very much altered for the worse, Eminence, since we were children.

Legate. Ah Marchese! You were a child long after I was one.

Scampa. A year; or may be thirteen months. I have seen forty some time.

Legate. I approach eighty.

Scampa. In dreams and visions; not otherwise. I am as near to Purgatory as your Eminence is to Paradise.

Legate (aside). I believe it; on the wrong side, too.

Scampa. Did your Eminence speak to me?

Legate. I was regretting to myself the strength of the declaration that lies before me.

Biancheria. A mere formulary; signed by fourteen or fifteen rival Academicians. Our pictures had no such pedantry about them. We too have signatures: the pen trembles with their emotion.

Legate. True enough; few of the names are legible, and those unknown.

Scampa. There, now! convincing! convincing! The better part of them could not see the paper under them through their tears.

Biancheria. Well might they weep. Such pictures then must leave Bologna? Our beloved country must lose them for ever! Our dear children must not enjoy what their fathers and forefathers gloried in!

Corazza. What could we do? The English are powerful at sea: they have a fleet in the Adriatic no farther off than Corfu.

Legate. The question is the authenticity of the pictures.

Scampa. And, after an attestation on the spot, the Academy of Florence has the impudence to sign and seal against it!

Corazza. May not pictures have suffered on the road? May not malicious men, artists and dealers, jealous of the Bolognese school, jealous of an honest man's good fortune —

Scampa. Carpers of titles, revilers of dignities —

Corazza. — Ay, ay — have given them a few false touches?

Biancheria. May not the air of Florence, moister and heavier than ours, have suffused with a duller tint and disturbed the transparency of the glazing?

Scampa. People sign without reflection, Eminence! My uncle Matteo, the Canonico, your Eminence's old worshipper, used to say well and truly, the day of judgment is the last day we can expect on earth, and that he saw no signs of it.

Legate. We have no proof of malice in the decision.

Biancheria. Even good men have some. St. Cyprian said that the face of St. Jerome, in Correggio's picture, would have done better for the lion, and the lion's for him.

Legate. Whether St. Cyprian said it may, perhaps, be questioned.

Corazza. O the Magdalen! what a tint! what a touch! The hair, — how it swells! how it falls! how it undulates! how it reposes! Music to the eye, to the heart, to the intellect, to the soul! — the music of Paesiello! Then her — ca! ca! ca! what tongue can reach it! Eminence, look! behold her! She has kissed the Bambino with the endearing curl of her lip, where it loses itself in the paler roses of the cheek: and she holds the kiss, one would think, between the lip and the child, afraid to drop it by moving. Tender, tender, tender! And such an ankle there! oh! oh! the heart cannot contain it.

Legate. Nevertheless, the holy child is a young satyr, and the Saint a wild beast come rather to swallow than fondle him. Somebody seems to have driven him up into the corner, else his claws might alarm us. As to the lion, he has been in the menagerie from his birth, where some other beast more leonine begot him.

Scampa. If this picture has its faults, well may ours have them, too. In regard to authenticity, we did not see the artist paint them. We may have been deceived; and because we have been deceived must we be called deceivers? Fine Florentine logic forsooth! turning every thing the wrong side upward.

Corazza. I have studied the art from my youth, and have made the pot boil with it, although there is not a cinder at present, hot or cold, under it. I do know a little of the matter, if a modest man may say it: a little I do know. These Florentines — my patience escapes me —

Legate. We must attempt to catch it again for you in this room, most prized and ornamented Signor Corazza!

Corazza. I but humbly follow Signor Marchese. Enter the Tribuna where the best pictures are supposed to hang. The Magdalen's head is more like a boiled calf's. She was flesh and blood, the Magdalen was, I warrant her. She had fingers fit for any thing; and here are long sticks, no better than those which some blockhead has stuck upon the Medicean Venus for Englishmen to admire upon tradition in this age, and Kamskatkadales in the next. We do not read that the fingers of the Magdalen were broken or dislocated at the cross or elsewhere, as these are. How would you manage her heavy stupid head? Guido would have put it in its right position; Guido would have given it expression and grace, tenderness and emotion; it has verily no more of these than an ox's heart at the shambles. Another step, and we stand before the Holy Family of Michel Angelo.

Legate. Signor Corazza, my patron, do not pull down this picture: this is genuine; it was painted for the Medici, and was never out of their sight. There is some (however slight) reason to believe that the other is a Guido; but Guido was a youth before he was a man, and a boy before he was a youth; and often painted a picture by lamp-light, or by none, to get out of a scrape.

Scampa. Historical facts! recondite biography! Guido has got drunk upon a Magdalen, gone to a brothel with a St. Catharine, and gamed upon Christ's coat. In Michel Angelo's Holy Family, why does the Virgin (who looks neither like virgin nor mother) toss the poor Baby so carelessly across her shoulder? And why do those idle vagabonds sit naked on the wall behind her? — have they no reverence, no decency? God's blood! Master Michel Angelo! I suspect thy nose was flattened by divine judgment for this flagrant impudicity. In the same Tribuna is another Holy Family, — one among the few bad works of Giulio Romano. Beyond it are two Correggios by Vanni of Sienna; and then another Holy Family, also by Vanni, but undoubted for Correggio's.

Corazza. Ah Signor Marchese! there is somewhat of his sweetness in the coloring of the landscape.

Scampa. But that wench with her twisted face, her twisted hands, and her child sprawling before her, like what has dropped from one's head under the comb! Yet our judges, our censurers, our incriminators, firmly believe in the transcendent excellence of those works. They know nothing of any school but their own, and little of that. What a Perugino is there locked up in their Academy, while these inferior pictures occupy the most conspicuous situation, the satellites of the Medicean Venus! They have heard, and they repeat to you, that Perugino is hard and dry. Certainly those who worked for him were so, and so was he himself in the beginning; but what at first was harshness became at last a pure severity. He learned from the great scholar he taught; and the wiser his followers were, the more they venerated the abilities of their master. He had no pupil so great as Raphael; nor had Raphael any so great as he.

Legate. Titian ennobled men; Correggio raised children into angels; Raphael performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand. I am not surprised that Rubens is the prime favorite of tulip-fanciers; but give me the clear warm mornings of Correggio, which his large-eyed angels, just in puberty, so enjoy. Give me the glowing afternoons of Titian, his majestic men, his gorgeous women, and (with a prayer to protect my virtue) his Bacchantes. Yet, Signors, we may descant on grace and majesty as we will ; believe me, there is neither majesty so calm, concentrated, sublime, and self-possessed (true attributes of the divine), nor is there grace at one time so human, at another time so superhuman, as in Raphael. He leads us into heaven ; but neither in satin robes nor with ruddy faces. He excludes the glare of light from the sanctuary ; but there is an ever-burning lamp, an ever-ascending hymn ; and the purified eye sees, as distinctly as is lawful, the divinity of the place. I delight in Titian, I love Correggio, I wonder at the vastness of Michel Angelo ; I admire, love, wonder, and then fall down before Raphael.

Scampa. Eminence, we have Titian, we have Raphael, in our Academy ; we want only Correggio. At my decease perhaps — and yet he, who was quite at home with angels, played but a sorry part among saints : he seems to have considered them as very indifferent company for him. How they stare and straddle and sprawl about his cupola ! But what coloring on his canvas ! Would your Eminence favor me with another ray of light on him and Raphael ?

Legate. Signor Marchese, I am afraid I can say nothing on the subject that has not been said twenty times before ; and if I do, I may be wrong.

All. Impossible !

Legate. Even the coloring of Correggio, so transparent, so pure, so well considered and arranged, is perhaps too rich and luscious for the divine ideas of Raphael : it might have overshot the scope which his temperate suavity attained. The drapery of Correggio is less simple than becomes the modest maid of Bethlehem chosen by the All-seeing Eye for her simplicity.

Biancheria. And yet, under favor, in the Madonna della Seggiola, there is almost a fantastic charm in the vivid colors of the tartan dress.

Legate. So much the worse. Let us admire the composition, but neither the style of the drapery nor the expression of the countenance. The Virgin has ceased to be a virgin ; and the child has about it neither the sweetness of an amiable infant, nor the mysterious indication of a half-human god. Raphael in Rome had forgotten the tenderness of his diviner love; and the Tempter had seduced him to change purity for power. Nevertheless he remains, far beyond all comparison, the greatest genius that ever glorified the arts. He was not, like Michel Angelo, a great architect, a scientific sculptor, an admirable poet: he attempted not universality; but he reached perfection. What other mortal has?

All. Oracles! oracles!

Biancheria. I myself possess a little bit of Perugino,—honey, sugar, cinnamon.

Corazza (*aside*). And a good deal of each; two dollars would not cover it. How he kisses the tips of his two fingers and thumb, all three in a cluster! I wish he would pay me my twelve livres for this honey and sugar and cinnamon, in which, however, he will never catch the wary old wasp. The thing is fairly worth a couple of zecchins, and he knows it.

Legate. Signor Corazza, were you saying your prayers behind me?

Corazza. Fervently. Alas! I have no Perugino: I had a St. Peter,—tears like pearls; an ear, you might have put your finger in it up to the elbow; hair, I was afraid of blowing a fly from it. Strangers, when they entered the room, cried, "Signor Corazza! do you keep poultry in your saloon?"

Legate. What of that?

Corazza. Incidental. The cock in the distance, red, gold, emerald; six, seven, eight crowns' worth of lapis lazuli; wings displayed, neck outstretched, eyes that might have lighted up our theatre; comb—I would never let a cook enter the room, lest he should have cut it off. Everybody fancied he heard him crow; for fancy it must have been. And what became of this picture? Two Englishmen tore it from the wall: I thought they would have carried the house, the street itself, away with it. They stopped my mouth: no stirring, no breathing. England, monopolizing England, possesses now St. Peter! The milords threw down their paltry hundred zecchins, leaving me lifeless at the loss of my treasure, and sacking our Bologna in this inhuman way. Oh, had your Eminence seen that cock; had your Eminence seen that hair, fine, fine, fine as an infant's; the crown of the head smooth as the cover of a soup-tureen; nothing to hide the veins on the temples: he would have been bald within the year, unless by miracle. I had also an Andromeda: Signor Conte knew her. Dignitaries of the Church have stood before her until their knees bent under them.

Legate. Did Englishmen dispossess you likewise of your Andromeda?

Corazza. Half the nation fell upon her at once: all were after her; what was to be done? I was widowed of her too; they had her. One would think, after this they might have been quiet; not they: we must bleed and martyrize; no end or remission of our sufferings. The English are very unlike what they were formerly: surely the breed of milords is extinct.

Legate. Quite the contrary, I believe.

Corazza. Then they are turned into chapmen. No sooner do they come to an inn, than they inquire how much the host asks for so many; and, if they do not like the price, they drive off. Formerly if you skinned a milord you only tickled him. Who, in the name of the Holy Virgin, could have begotten the present race? They have shockingly ill-treated our worthy fellow-citizen, the most esteemed Signor Flavio Perotti of the Pelican. He offered them his house; he placed every thing before them; all unreservedly at their disposal. He serves his country with consummate zeal and fidelity; much money flows into it through his hands; many pictures that might peradventure do great dishonor to the names of Domenichino and Guido, and the whole family of the Caracci, and sweet Albano — my tears will flow at the name, it so much resembles our illustrious protector's — yes, yes, many and many slip quietly from the Pelican out of the country, by Signor Flavio's intervention. Hence there is scarcely an auction, I hear, in England, without a dozen of Domenichinos; while in Italy dukes and princes lie on their death-beds and gasp for one. The milords in Florence conspired against poor Signor Flavio, as an accomplice in what they were pleased to denominate a cheat and forgery. Figure it, your Eminence, figure it! an accomplice! Signor Flavio told me, that, unless he had quitted Florence on the instant, the police would have consigned him to the Bargello. This comes of accepting bills from foreigners! — this comes from facilitating business!

Biancheria. Eminence, we live in an ungrateful world, a world full of snares, frauds, and perils. Many saints have said it, and all honest men have experienced it. I gave my pictures to this Englishman, merely not to disgust or displease him. He had them not at my price, but at his own. I abandoned them; I stood in desolation. Recovering my senses, I saw bare walls, — Chiusi, Populonia.

Legate. Signor Conte, Most Illustrious, had the purchaser ever any dealings with you before?

Biancheria. He never was before in Bologna. We see many Englishmen from time to time, but none come twice; the reason is, they take the other road. Beside, they are men of business, and carry off at once every thing they like.

Corazza. I never heard of one entering the same shop a second time. The French are called inconstant; but in inconstancy the English outfly them by leagues and latitudes. Him whom they call an honest man one day, they call a rogue the next: they are as mild as turnips in the morning, and as hot as capsicums in the afternoon.

Scampa. Whenever an Englishman of distinction was inclined to favor me, he always found my palace at his disposal. I began at last to give a preference to the Frenchman. Instead of such outrageous words as *accomplice*, &c., when a Frenchman has rung a few changes on the second and sixth letters of the alphabet, his temperament grows cooler: you may compromise with him; but the *Gotdam* of the Englishman sounds like the bursting of the doors of Janus; and his fist is always ready to give it emphasis. I regret that I have encountered more than once such rudeness, after making him the master of my house and servants.

Corazza (*aside to the secretary*). What servants? They are all the Pelican's. Old Baltazzare-Cincinnato never leaves off his cobbling under the palace-stairs for the best heretic in London. He has orders to the contrary, or the Pelican would stand still in the negotiation. He has other perquisites.

Legate. Most prized and ornate Signor Corazza, my patron, I commend your modesty in taking a place behind my chair, while Signor Marchese and Signor Conte do me the honor of indulging me with their presence on the opposite side of the chamber; yet, if you are desirous of whispering any remarks of yours to my secretary, who appears to be an old acquaintance, pray, in courtesy, go as far from my chair as possible; for whispers are apt to divert the attention more than a louder tone.

Corazza. Signor Secretary, accept this small cameo.

Secretary. Don't mention it; don't think of it; impossible! Not to be observed. (*Pockets it.*)

I would render you service for service, my dear Signor Corazza! You are a man of parts, a man of business, my most worshipful patron! I have only my good fortune to boast of, partly in the satisfaction I give his Eminence, and partly in the precious acquisition of your friendship. His Eminence has taken under his protection a young person, a relative of mine, sage, good, gentle; they call her handsome. She embroiders; she can get up fine linen—

His Eminence wishes her well. There can be no scandal in it; there never was a suspicion; seventeen comes too far under eighty. He would not puff off the girl; but he has told me in confidence that five hundred crowns lie somewhere. And her friends are men of substance; they may come down with what is handsome.

Corazza. Signor Secretary, the sooner we are in the midst of these things the better.

Secretary. I may misunderstand you, since your impatience seems to have little of the rapturous in it. Why then the better the sooner in the midst of them?

Corazza. Because the sooner out.

Secretary. Ohibo! no better reason than this?

Corazza. My most ornate and erudite Signor Secretary, I love women in canvas better than in linen: they change less speedily, do an honest man less harm, and are more readily off-hand.

Secretary. Eh, eh? well, well! I would not build up a man's fortune against his will.

Legate. Signor Corazza!

Corazza. Her slave!

Legate. I have been turning over the papers very attentively, and begin to think the affair looks serious. If any thing can be suggested to relieve you, lawfully and conscientiously—reflect upon it; meet half-way. There is nothing that may not be arranged by wisdom and concession.

Scampa. Wisdom does much.

Legate. Concession helps her materially, my dear Signor Marchese!

Biancheria. The gifted persons, who enjoy the supreme felicity of frequent audiences with your Eminence, admire the prodigious ease with which she performs the greatest actions.

Scampa. What a stupendous wisdom falls from the fountain of her most eloquent lips! As the shallowness of some is rendered less apparent by an umbrageous impenetrability about them, so the profundity of others is little suspected in the placid and winning currency of their demeanor.

Corazza. Ah, Eminence! She has fairly won her red stockings.

Legate. God put them on me only to try me. He has since visited me with many afflictions. In his inscrutable wisdom, he permitted the French to plunder me of my pictures. I have yet some; a few worthy friends have been ambitious to sew up the rents and rips of my fortune: one has offered me one fine piece, another, another. They only showed the heart in the right place. I am sorry I rejected so many: I might have restored them by my last will and testament, with a slight remembrance, treating some according to what I conceive to be their necessities, and others in proportion to their rank and dignity. But why these reflections? Gentlemen, I am involved in a multiplicity of affairs, an account of which must instantly be laid before His Holiness. In obedience to his edict I must inquire into the women who wear silver* combs and show their shift sleeves; I must ascertain the number of equally grave offenders whose houses are open in the dusk, and the names of those who enter and go out.

Corazza. Your Eminence turns round and looks at me. Upon the faith of a Catholic, I went out, but — that is to say —

Legate. It is indeed, my patron! It is to say — quite enough. Respectable persons, substantial housekeepers are allowed an honest liberty; but Vice must be tributary to

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* There was issued an edict against them by Leo the Twelfth. Creditable women among the poor usually wore them, and they were heirlooms for many generations. It is reported that His Holiness had received his last serious injury from a person who usurped this matronly decoration.

Virtue. The Serpent may bite the woman's heel, as was ordained; but, if he rises in his ambition, we must detach a golden scale or two from his pericranium. In plain language, gentlemen, the fisc is cracking into chinks with dryness and vacuity: we must contrive to oil it among us.

Corazza. I am no defaulter; I am no frequenter —

Secretary (*aside*). Why tremble, why hesitate, why excuse yourself, most worthy Signor Corazza? Nobody can suspect you, my patron! you stand erect, above suspicion: your Venuses are upon canvas.

Corazza (*aside*). Signor Secretary, no jeering! You shall never cram girls down my throat. There are some that might be too large for it; do you understand me? Mind, look ye! I do not say all are; I do not say one is; no offence to any relative or friend of yours; I had not a thought of the kind in regard to the lady in question! God knows it!

Secretary. You convince me, my dear patron!

Legate. In this life we must all make some small sacrifices; and the sooner we make them the more certain is our reward. I myself am an instance of it. The enemy had despoiled me of my gallery; but the Virgin opened my eyes the wider the more I wept before her, the more promises I made her, and enabled me to foresee the fall of paper-money. I effected large purchases in it, very large indeed, engaging to repay it in the same kind after six months, with great interest. My blessed Patroness enabled me to perform it, at less expense than a plate of unpeppered cucumbers in August. Nor did her favor and inspiration end here. I went, I remember not on what business, to Massa di Carrara. After passing through all the bed-chambers, at the desire of the Duchess, in order to make my choice, I fixed upon one in which there was a Holy Family by Titian.

A noble picture, Signor Marchese! I do assure you, Signor Conte, the picture is worth ten thousand crowns. Signor Corazza, if you had seen that picture you would have cut off the head of the Bambino for pure affection. Impossible to resist the idea. I prayed and prayed before it, and took out first my scissors, then my penknife; then I thought it would be a pity to lose the rest, for there are parts about the Virgin, too, most delicately touched. Ah, what a carnation! what a carnation! the warmest local colors, the most subtile demi-tints, a glow that creeps on insensibly to lose itself in the shades, making the heart pant and the innermost soul sigh after it.

All. I seize it! I seize it! I seize it!

Legate. It was no easy matter to put up penknife and scissors; but it was easier than to sleep in such a presence. About midnight I rose and prayed to my Protectress, vowing that, if she would incline the heart of the Duchess to my wishes, I would place a crown of gold over her head, and another of silver over the Bambino's. Whenever, on the following day, any person entered the chamber, he or she found me on my knees before the picture. In the morning I looked pale; I sighed at breakfast; I abstained at dinner; I retired at supper. The Duchess told her chaplain to inform me that her surgeon might be depended on, being a man equally of ability and discretion. I assured him I seldom had had occasion to put any surgeon's ability to the proof, and never his discretion and taciturnity. I rose in her good opinion for both these merits, if we may call them so. I then expressed to him, in confidence, my long sufferings and exceeding love for the Virgin. Whether he or she informed the Duchess of them, I never have discovered; but Her Highness said so many kind words to me on the subject, that I could no longer refuse to eat whatever she recommended. Yet I was obliged to retire immediately after dinner, partly from weakness of stomach, and partly from the rigid devotion which occasioned it.

"What can be the matter with the poor cardinal?" said Her Highness. "Highness, the naked truth must out," replied the chaplain. "He does whatever you command or wish: he smiles, however languidly; he drinks, one would almost think, with relish; he eats, I will not say like one with an appetite, but at least as much, to remove all anxiety from your Highness."

"Well, but this naked truth — I have the courage to encounter it," said the Duchess. "There are baths at Pisa and Lucca, both near; and there are minerals and instruments quite at hand." The worthy chaplain shook his head, and answered, "His Eminence does nothing, day or night, but kneel before the Holy Family in his bed-chamber." "Then get the cushion well stuffed," said her Highness, "or let him have another put upon it; bring him the green velvet one from the chapel, and take especial care that no loose gold-wire, in the lace about it, catches his stockings."

When I was going away I began to despair, and I prayed again to my blessed Benefactress.

Signor Marchese, Signor Conte, she never abandons those who put their trust in her.

Both. Never, never! So bountiful is she that she leaves them nothing to desire. She gives all at once.

Legate. On the morning of my departure, the Duchess sent up some fine Dresden porcelain to my room, and several richly bound books, requesting my acceptance, she was graciously pleased to say, of the few trifling things she had ordered to be placed there. I humbly told her I could not deprive her of any luxury, to every kind of which I was indifferent and dead. Again she politely asked me if there was nothing I would accept as a remembrance of my visit to Massa. After a pause, and after those protestations of impossibility which good manners render necessary, and indeed after four retrograde steps, it occurred to me, as an urgent duty, to declare positively that I would only take the picture; which, if left where it was, might deprive others, equally devout, of as much sleep as I had lost by it. The Duchess stood with her mouth open, — and very pretty teeth she had in those days. I abashed my head, kissed her hand, and thanked her with many tears and tendernesses for a gift which, to me at least, was a precious one, said I, and a pledge of her piety, although no proof of my desert.

Scampa. The Duchess is wealthy, and —

Legate. I do assure you, Marchese, she was then a fine woman, little above fifty. Gentlemen, I will visit your galleries, knowing their contents, and will hear your reasonings, anticipating their validity. (*Rises and goes.*)

All. We are lost!

XXIII. BLUCHER AND SANDT.

Blucher. Pardon an intrusion ere sunrise. Do not move for me.

Sandt. Sir, I was not seated, nor inclined to be. Sitting is the posture in which a prisoner has a deeper sense of solitude and helplessness. In walking there is the semblance of being free; and in standing there is a preparation for walking. But perhaps these are only the vague ideas of my situation. Many things are true which we do not believe to be true; but more are false which we do not suspect of falsehood.

Blucher. So early a visit, or indeed any, may be unwelcome on such a day.

Sandt. To one unprepared it might be. But we are scarcely so early as you think we are. The walls indeed do not yet bear upon them the pleasant pink hue of sunrise; a rich decoration which, I am sorry to think it, some other cells are perhaps deprived of; but within a few minutes you will discover the only thing in the apartment not yet visible. Presently you shall see the spider's web, in the angle there, whiten and wave about. Look! I told you so. Does the sun's ray shake it by striking it? Or does the poor laborious weaver of the tissue, by quitting it abruptly?

Blucher. I never thought about the matter.

Sandt. You have not had much leisure then? You never have been idle against your will?

Blucher. No, indeed; not until lately. But why have they walled up your chimney? Could not they have contracted it, if they feared your escape?

Sandt. Ah! how we puzzle one another with our questions! Do not inquire why they have done it: thank them rather, if you are my friend, thank them with me for sparing to take down the mantle-piece.

Blucher. A narrow slip of lime-washed stone.

Sandt. Wide enough for a cider-glass with a flower in it. I should be unwilling to have a bird so near me just at present; but a flower, — I love to have a flower. It leads me back, with its soft, cool touch, into the fields and into the garden; it was nurtured by the heavens; it has looked at them in its joyousness; and it leaves all for me! Thou hast been out upon the dew, my little one! thou hast seen every thing as I saw it last; thou comest to show me the colors of the dawn, the carelessness of boyhood, the quiet veins and balmy breath of innocence, the brief seclusion and the sound sleep of Sandt.

Are you going?

Blucher. No.

Sandt. You turned away from me. I grew tedious.

Blucher. I have not yet given you time, nor you me. What are you looking at on the naked wall?

Sandt. I was looking at the reflection of the window-bars against it.

Blucher. And yet you appeared to look at them with pleasure and satisfaction.

Sandt. Did I? Perhaps I did. Their milder apparitions have been my daily visitors. Unobtrusive, calm, consolatory, they teach me by their transiency and evanescence that imprisonment is merely a shadow, as they are; that life is equally so; that the one cannot long detain us; that we cannot long detain the other; and that our enlargement and departure are appointed from above. See how indistinct and how wide-open they are become already. I fell into talking about myself; and, what is worse, I now begin to moralize. An invitation to sit down with one condemned might be offensive.

Blucher. Assure me that I do not offend, and let me assure you I will not be offended. Suspect me, doubt me, interrogate me, and, if you find reason for it, reproach me.

Sandt. I have no right nor will.

Blucher. Then let us sit together at the foot of the pallet. I would not assume the post of honor, to which I have no right, by taking the three-legged stool. And now we are side by side, may I look at you?

Sandt. As you will.

Blucher. I have seen many brave men; I cannot see too many.

Sandt. The brave are confined in the fortresses, — in places less healthy than this. Somebody has misled you.

Blucher. Confined in the fortresses, — in places less healthy than prisons! the landwehr! the restorers — have you slept well? I hope you have; I do think you have; you look composed.

Sandt. Many thanks! I have indeed.

Blucher. Soundly as usual?

Sandt. My sleep was like spring; if inconstant and fitful, yet kindly and refreshing; such as becomes the forerunner of a season more settled and more permanent. It has invigorated me for the journey I am to take: I wait in readiness.

Blucher. Blessings upon you! blessings and glory!

Sandt. Leave me blessings; glory lies within them: where they are not, she is not.

Blucher. If I tell you that I am one of the same society with yourself, one of the same heart in its kind, though smaller and harder, you may doubt me: you may imagine me some privy councillor in his gentleness come to untwine and wheedle your secrets out of you; or some literator, in his zeal for truth, in his affection for science, in his spirit of confraternity, come to catch your words and oil his salad with them.

Sandt. If you are that (but surely you cannot be) and poor also, I will answer you enough to produce you, in this moment of public curiosity, a small pittance for your family.

Blucher. You see I am old, and wear an old coat.

Sandt. Go on. I have given my promise, and would yet give it, had I not. We have no time to spare. Let me direct you by the straightest road to your business. I had no accomplice, no instigator, no adviser in letting fall the acid drop which removed one stain from Germany. Here is enough for your three volumes, three hundred pages each. Yes, I see the holes; and you may put the hand into that rent.

Blucher. It is a coat which many a ball has hissed at, and many a courtier whom I cared as little for.

Sandt. May I serve one man more ere I depart! and may he have been, or live to be, an honest one!

Blucher. Is Blucher?

Sandt. The Kosciusko of Germany, the Washington of Europe.

Blucher. In wishes only.

Sandt. What news about him? Be explicit and expeditious.

Blucher. He passes yet one hour with thee, O saint without arrogance! O patriot without imposture!

Sandt. Where am I?

Blucher. Not yet in heaven, although thy looks express it.

Sandt. But, what is next to heaven, on earth as I yearned to see it, where the desire of good and the thrusting aside of evil find their full reward.

Blucher. Reward! What! death?

Sandt. After the embrace of Blucher, are myriads of wrong thoughts worth a single just, or myriads of cruel worth a single kind, one? If men were what we could wish them to be, we need not die for them: if they loved us, we might be too contented, and less disposed to set them right. I dare not attempt to penetrate or to question what is inscrutable in the designs of Providence; but without evil, and much of it, and spread widely, the highest part of God's creation would sink lower, by contracting its capacity of reflection, and abating its intensity of exertion.

O general, may it be unsafe for any one to pour bad counsel into the ear of princes! Let them slumber, heavy and satiated, in their sunny orchards, without the instillation of that fatal poison! May I not perish, may you not live, in vain!

The soldier is the highest or the lowest of mankind. He must be a rescuer or a robber: he can be which he prefers. Illustrious choice! magnificent prerogative! He can say, "My brethren and children, like my carts and oxen, shall be let out for hire, or driven off unpaid;" and he can say, "They shall be free; they shall be Germans." Tell those who will hear and obey you, that what was ever Germany must be Germany again. Tongues are boundaries, rivers and mountains none. Fatherland may never give up the inheritance of his children to a stranger: if force compels him, let them be righted by the nearest of kin, whether of the same generation or not.

Blucher. The politician may expect some trouble in teaching this doctrine.

Sandt. He may expect it first in learning, then in teaching, any lesson in which he encounters the hard word, *honesty.* All evil, on the contrary, finds everywhere pliant scholars and strong-wristed head-masters.

Blucher. France will not loose her hold on Belgium, Alsace, Lorraine, Franche Comté, and other spoliations made by her glorious monarch, who never gave up any thing but his word and his reason.

Sandt. If the panther withdraw not her paw, out with thy sword and sever it, growl and grin as she may. He who insists on less is the sower of perennial wars, half driveller, half traitor.

Blucher. I see the necessity; but those who have strong shoulders have weak eyes. Our princes think it easier to raise scaffolds than palisades. The time, however, is not distant when even they themselves will find virtue in patriotism, and safety nowhere else.

Sandt. Single States are poor props; but who can wrest out Germany?

Blucher. German princes.

Sandt. O thou, direct their choice and exalt their energy! thou who hast resisted so gallantly the great enslaver, the sworn adversary of freedom, truth, and honor, the false god of foul worshippers; thou who hast broken the confederacy of crowns, tied together by him across our provinces; and hast turned adrift the trammelled hawks, with their hoods yet flapping their eyes and their strings entangling their talons. Impotent as they are of themselves, and transitory as I foresee them, they may beat down in their terror those who labor with us to prepare the high-road for deliverance. The slightest and least perceptible of blows will terminate my worst anxieties; you will have many, but withal much glory: I shall be numbered with assassins. What then? But, I foresee it, a few, enthusiastic as myself, may be cast into prison for naming me favorably. This is sad to think of.

Blucher. Never fear it. Victory makes even bad things good, and even bad men glorious. Do not expect the world's approbation for cutting down a ripe thistle, of which the seed would be blown into many a field round about, and again bear other seed like it. If the extinction of a spark prevents a conflagration, may not I trample it down? If there is anywhere in my country that which threatens worse things than conflagration, the expansion of noxious principles, of slavish propensities; that which threatens to deprive every man in a hundred cities of half his strength, stature, and comeliness, —

never will I seize by the collar the brave fellow who plants his foot on it.

Sandt. Yet the laws must be obeyed.

Blucher. Many actions which we consider the most glorious in antiquity would have been punished as capital crimes under the mildest laws. For instance, the death of Cæsar by the gallows; the death of Cato by a stake through the body in a cross-road. The same pedagogue applauds both actions equally. We begin with falsehood, continue with falsehood, and never leave falsehood off. Such is the only constancy of man.

Sandt. Our men, however, are less flexible than others. God never permits a nation to be subjugated while a great genius is existing in it.

Blucher. Was not Greece subjugated by the Macedonian while Demosthenes and Phocion were living?

Sandt. No; not subjugated by him, but united: and united against the common and ancient enemy, the Persian. France indeed has been subjugated by a soldier of fortune, who is nothing more; but in France there are no Alpine heights: there are plenty of little angular gravel stones, glimmering and glittering, and sharp enough to wound the foot that trusts itself upon them. The best man there, writer or statesman, is but an epigrammatist.

Blucher. The generals of France have performed great actions; but they had great means. First of them all was the Spirit of Liberty, which played round their helmets, like those brilliant lights the ancients took for Castor or Pollux; signs of victory wherever they appeared. The enthusiasm of Italy threw before them her ancient hoards of wealth. Superstition had plotted, and Science had toiled, in their service. Princes conspired against freedom, and men trod down princes. Nations rose against cabinets; the tiger gnashed the fox, the ermine, and the sloth. All the crimes were let loose upon one; and first the most ferocious, then the most fraudulent, mounted over myriads of carcasses, amid the acclamations of the people. It is impossible for an honest man to be reconciled to dishonesty by time and repetition: on the contrary, his repugnance is exasperated. Now in what country upon earth have falsehood and wrong been so irremediable and so extensive as in France? A nation does not retain for twenty centuries the same character, good or bad, without deserving it. The Persians, now notorious liars, were once described, even by hostile historians, as unwavering lovers of truth; the French never were, by foe or friend. Europe does not detest France because in all ages she has suffered by her slaughters, spoliations, and conflagrations; she detests her because she is certain of nothing from her but insecurity. The gamester now speculating in the Palais Royal of the Tuileries has loaded his dice and marked his cards to no purpose. He has not the sense to know that, by continuing in "double or quits," he must lose all at last. No great general ever lost two whole armies; he has lost four, each of veterans, — brave men highly disciplined; against troops which, by every calculation, he should have subdued. The first was captured in Egypt, the second was wasted in Hayti, the third surrendered in Spain, the fourth in Portugal.* He has squandered more men and money than ever general squandered yet, and has never done any thing with means apparently inadequate, — as was done by Hannibal, by Marius, by Sertorius, by Julius Cæsar, by Gustavus Adolphus, by Charles the Twelfth, by Hyder-Ali (the greatest man among the Asiatics, not excepting Mithridates), by Clive, and lastly by our own Frederick. These never abused good Fortune, and never yielded to bad, but gave her frown for frown, and set her at defiance. She turned and smiled on them.

It is easier for Bonaparte to retain what he has won than it is to throw it away; so closely surrounded is it by vigilant and crafty guardians, all having a deep interest in its conservation. But, ever changeable, ever restless, ever intractable, captious, and quarrelsome, he grumbles at Fortune for her tiresome fidelity, calls her smile an importunity and intrusion, and often has been resolute to kick her out of doors. The next time he plays this prank, I trust she will have the spirit to leave him altogether.

A slight puncture will let out all the wind in the bladders that support him. Let him come but once into perplexity, and he will never find his way out again. He trusts his star; and that is not the pole-star, but a false and wandering one, generated by an over-heated fancy, and never rising much above the marsh. Nevertheless, he was made for those he governs: they must always have the trumpet before or the scourge behind them.

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* The fifth was frozen in Russia; the sixth cut to pieces at Leipzig; the seventh found no refuge in its retreat from Waterloo. In every extremity he always has abandoned them.

Sandt. It is better not to be remembered than to be remembered for evil actions. But as the flesh that is branded is the last that rots, so it appears that what is most wicked lies longest in the memory.

Blucher. Men at present are in a state of fever and delirium; a flea leaps over the bed-clothes and they fancy it a dragon: I trust they will soon be on their legs again, and shake the flea out of the window.

Sandt. Joy opens the heart to generosity: sorrow shuts it against the world. I thank my God that he has exempted me from it in this captivity; and that, without a thought of my own enlargement, I pant for the emancipation of mankind. What am I? What is my life or death? Whether a grain of dust is blown away in the morning or in the evening, what matter? Censure and praise, I own it, are less indifferent to me than they should be. O sir, I am young, and without my knowing it, I may be vain. While the hair is full and glossy, how pleasant is it to be patted on the head! But, God knows, I feared rather than courted the opinion of thoughtful men upon my deed. I ought not to have cared about it, favorable or unfavorable; but my fear, you see, did not deter me from the execution of my duty. I believed I could render my country a service: may it, may it, be one! All deeds requiring violence are of questionable good. I did question my heart; I opened it before me; I repressed it; I wrung it.

Blucher. Its present rest shows its purity at the bottom. Incomparably more doubtful is that action, extolled in every school and college, which deprived the world of the greatest soldier it ever saw, excepting perhaps Hannibal, and equal to that glorious prodigy of Africa, in conciliating the affections of the ally, of the stranger, and of the conquered. The clement man was betrayed and slaughtered by the partisans of the merciless, of the wretch who had threatened to reduce all Italy to a cinder. Cæsar was defamed by the orator who praises this monster; defamed by him after he had delivered at his footstool the most eloquent of his orations, by which he obtained from the Dictator the pardon of Marcellus.

Freedom is allowed to pass without a watchword; and many pass in his name. We think we are broad awake while we fancy we see freedom on the senatorial side. The venal, unjust, oppressive men, whom Cæsar would have driven from their benches, cried out for Brutus and Cassius, his murderers. And so august is the title under which they fought, that no one takes it in hand to dispute it. The generous, the honest, the humane, and even the wise give them glory for slaying him. If our boyhood, in its first lessons, repeats their exploit with admiration, shall we condemn in our maturer age an action in which no malignity can be suspected? Bright is the name of Timoleon; but there is a spot of blood on it. They who would be great in the eyes of nations are compelled to shed more thân their own; and it is not always in our choice to determine whose it shall be.

Sandt. It has been in mine.

Blucher. If there is any country under heaven in which thy name shall bring down punishment on him who praises it, that country is not worth defending. Thy last breath shall be caught by Germany, and shall sink deep into her bosom. Exult, my boy!

Sandt. Composure now becomes me rather than exultation. I may have caused many tears: scarcely then ought I to be gifted with composure, — you speak to me of our country, and bestow it. I have removed a petty mass of obstruction from the path of her triumphs. In my heart lies the sum of my recompense; and this hand, O general, which I have a right to kiss, largely overpays me with its manly pressure. Say that you have given it. My wish is that many young men may deserve your esteem, by placing other things above life; of which the breath was lent us for a season to put those other things into action.

Blucher. I will tell them how calm I found thee, how argumentative, how gentle, how unsuspicious, how ready to die courageously.

Sandt. Say not that.

Blucher. Why?

Sandt. Do not ask me.

Blucher. Indeed I must; pray tell me.

Sandt. Nay, do not insist on it.

Blucher. Hast thou any doubt then, any scruple, care, solicitude, which friendship in these few moments can allay?

Sandt. None, whatever. But the worst men have died bravely; and, if they had not, why should I assume the merit, or accept it? Say, I neither feared death nor displayed insensibility at its approach; say, I would have lived if the laws allowed it, and if the example I gave could be as effective. Indeed, indeed, I would have spared my life almost as gladly as I would have spared that other; but both were called for.

Blucher. Many have lived longer than thou; none better.

Sandt. Then why look grieved? You did not look so before you showed me reason why we neither of us ought. O sir, should not gray eyelashes be exempt from tears?

Blucher. One of them is enough. The brave extort what the unfortunate should win from me. These are tears in which the sword is tempered.

Sandt. Health to Germany! There spoke her great deliverer. I too have performed one action from which some good may follow; but that one grieved me bitterly: all yours will cheer and strengthen the breast they spring from. Comfort my friends; assure them it grieves me no longer, in the hope that another blow like it will not soon be necessary. For, sir, the slow and timid Sandt — such he was among his friends, and such he might have been among his enemies —

Blucher. Never, by Heaven!

Sandt. — had always more hopes than fears.

Blucher. Right! right! I thought so. Adieu, my brave Sandt! I would steal, if I were able, that smile from thee at parting.

Sandt. Every face in Germany must owe to you every smile it wears henceforward. Would you have mine? Take it then. It is time to give it up: be it yours, with God's peace, for evermore!

I wish you acquitted me of all blame in what I did. Certainly it was done without malice and without anger.

Blucher. My dear Sandt, it is not German to kill our fellow-men for a diversity of opinion, or for a mere delinquency in politics. Manifest and intentional evil must have sprung up before the sword be drawn which, in our military school, has always been thought a better weapon than the dagger.

Unfriendly as you are, which every German has reason to be, toward France, I am afraid your mind has retained too long the heat thrown out on every side by the French Revolution. Although I hold in contempt the man whose youth was unwarmed by it, I should entertain but a mean opinion of his understanding who perceived not at last the wickedness of its agents, by the conflagrations they excited in all quarters. I have lived long enough, and have read extensively enough, to learn that no good whatsoever hath come at any time, to any part of the world, from France. While Italy gave the model of municipalities, that broad concrete on which a safe, solid, substantial government must be founded; while Germany invented printing, — what was the invention, the only one, of France? Her emblematic balloon, the symbol of herself, — flimsy, varnished, inflated, restless, wavering, swaggering, and carried away by every current and every gust in the most opposite directions. It is not for conquering their country, and for imposing the laws and the very name of one among our tribes upon it, that the French hate us: it is for the eternal reproach of our calmness, our consistency, and our probity. In calling us perfidious, like skilful enemies they take up the ground we should be expected to take up against them. Oaths are the produce of the soil; and broken ones lie across it in all directions, like twigs and rushes in the homestead of a basket-maker. The most honest and moderate of their politicians would immerge his country for twenty years in the most calamitous war, to retain his office or to displace another man. It is not by striking the head of the serpent that we can extinguish the animal or shake out its venom; we must also crush down its voluminous risings, cut off its tail, and break it in the middle.

Sandt. O life, I am now sorry to lose thee! I shall never see that event! This hand, the last hand I must ever press, accomplishes it.

XXIV. ELDON AND ENCOMBE.

Eldon. Encombe, why do you look so grave and sit so silent?

Encombe. To confess the truth, I played last evening, and lost.

Eldon. You played? Do you call it playing, to plunder your guest and overreach your friends? Do you call it playing, to be unhappy if you cannot be a robber, happy if you can be one? The fingers of a gamester reach farther than a robber's or a murderer's, and do more mischief. Against the robber or murderer the country is up in arms at once: to the gamester every bosom is open, that he may contaminate or stab it.

Encombe. Certainly, I have neither stabbed nor contaminated; I have neither plundered nor overreached.

Eldon. If you did not fancy you had some advantages over your adversary, you would never have tried your fortune with him. I am not sorry you lost: it will teach you better.

Encombe. My dear father, if you could but advance me the money!

Eldon. Your next quarter, the beginning of April, is nigh at hand. However, a part, a moiety, forty days after date — who knows?

Encombe. My loss, I am sorry to say, is heavy.

Eldon. Then wait.

Encombe. Losers would willingly: winners have always a spur against the flank.

Eldon. Tell me the amount of the debt.

Encombe. Two thousand pounds.

Eldon. Two — what! thousand — pounds! Pounds did you say? pounds sterling? Incredible!

Encombe. Too true!

Eldon. O my son Encombe! O Encombe, my son, my son!

Encombe. I now perceive you pity my condition, and I grieve to have given so tender-hearted a parent so much uneasiness. Those blessed words remind me of the royal psalmist's.

Eldon. I am very near in my misfortunes at least; although

God forbid that I should liken myself in wisdom or piety to that good old king,—that king after God's own heart, of whom I can discover no resemblance among men, excepting our own most gracious sovereign, George the Fourth.

Encombe. Filial love suggests to me some advantages of yours over that early light of the Gentiles. You never were guilty of idolatry nor adultery; nor ever kept (*aside*) any thing but his money.

Eldon. The Lord exempted me from so horrible a sin as idolatry, by placing me in the happiest and most enlightened (as indeed it was lately) of all the countries upon earth. Adultery and concubinage did you mention? Another vorago, two voragoes, Scylla and Charybdis, of national wealth.

Encombe. Not national, my dear father, but private—unless he must pay for—

Eldon. Hold! hold! No indecent reflections! Son Encombe, do begin to talk more discreetly and more nobly, and call every thing private *national.*

Encombe. Better so, than to make every thing national private.

Eldon. The laws will not allow that. A certain latitude, a liberal construction, a privilege here, a perquisite there,—these are things which only the malignant would carp at: the wiser of both parties take the same view of them, and shake their heads, leaving such trifles as they found them.

Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

But, son Encombe, I have often had occasion to remark, that persons who have thrown themselves under tribulation by their extravagances roll themselves up in a new morality with all the nap upon it, and are profuse in the loan of sympathies. They are furnished with every sort of morality but that particular one which pinched them; and, when they have done an infinity of private mischief, they are inflamed with a marvellous passion for the public good. Is not this somewhat like a man who has the plague about him offering to cure a patient of the hiccough? Another set of them is still more censurable; and, I am sorry to say, a remark of yours reminded me of the offence whereof they are habitually guilty. Draw distinctions, draw distinctions, Encombe! One of the errors to which you alluded in the mention of King David, if indeed it was one, as perhaps it may appear at first sight, was the error of the times and of the country. We can pretend to no positive proof that he cohabited with more than one of his handmaidens; and possibly it was not without some injunction from above, for purposes beyond our reach and unbecoming our discussion. We must close our eyes on those who are under God's guidance; I mean his more especial guidance, for under it we are all, weak and ignorant creatures as we are.

Encombe. I wish I had been rather more especially so; then I should not have come upon you in this disagreeable business.

Eldon. Don't mind that, Encombe! You come not upon me; I step aside from it. The business may be disagreeable to you, and those who played with you. I grieve at the propensity, but I will avert the ruin.

Encombe. My dear father, do not grieve at it; only pay the money.

Eldon. Only pay the money! only pay two thousand pounds! All the moments of my frail life, nearly worn to nothing in the public service, would scarcely suffice me for counting out the sum.

Encombe. Never fear; only give the order; the banker's clerks are clever fellows, and have life enough before them without encroachment upon yours. I know you will pay it, my noble-minded father, you look so relenting and generous.

Eldon. I would not abuse the time of those worthy clerks. The hours we deduct from youth can never be added to age. Time and virtue are the only losses that are irrecoverable.

Encombe. And sometimes two thousand pounds.

Eldon. Ha! you make me laugh. Pity, that with so much ready wit you should not also keep about you a little ready money. Well, now we have recovered our spirits, we will dismiss all further thought about these little pecuniary matters. I promise you, Encombe, you shall hear no more from me about them, justly as I might reprove a moment's indiscretion which, were you not insolvent, would be serious.

Encombe. One line, then.

Eldon. The clever clerks you mention have all got into Parliament. A brace or leash of them have been tossed up to the ticking of my woolsack.

Encombe. There are others as clever as they, and left behind. Let me bring the ink.

Eldon. Youths of business in these days will bring their weight in gold, provided they have words as well as figures at their disposal. I would die with the reputation of having been a just and frugal man. You who have studied the classics know the value they entertained for the *homo frugi*, and how many virtues that term included. In conscience, in rectitude, I cannot do for you what a sense of paternal propriety forced me to refuse your sister. Relying on the benefices in my gift as chancellor, and venturing to fall in love with a clergyman who had nothing, what does she but marry? No other way was left of showing her the imprudence she had committed, than withholding all supplies. Nothing had she from me for the whole year. The bonds of compassion will yearn, Encombe. Fifteen months, scarcely fifteen months, had elapsed, when Lady Eldon made for the baby two flannel dresses, much longer than itself; and, with very few reproaches, very few indeed, I sent her myself a check for twenty pounds, payable at sight. *Bis dat qui cito dat;* so you may say forty. It was worth as much to her who was starving.

His Majesty, in consideration of my infirmities and in commiseration of my afflictions, has been graciously pleased to send me a most noble breast of mutton. The donation would have been more royal had there been capers and crumbs of bread with it. I have enemies, my son! I have enemies who intercepted the fulness of the royal bounty. However, with God's blessing, here is enough for ourselves and the servants on Christmas day; and the superfluity of fat, discreetly husbanded, may light the house until New Year's: indeed, the evening of that joyous day may be enlivened by it.

If there is any thing in phrenology, my dear Encombe, you must surely have a mountainous boss of destructiveness on your cranium.

Encombe. I, my Lord! Why?

Eldon. Otherwise you would never have crumpled so that admirable piece of parchment. It came but this morning, a ticket to a hare. None such is fabricated in our days: it would have served for letters patent to a dukedom, and would have borne wax enough for the great seal. Now! now! now! do discontinue such childishness. Cannot you leave entire even the list that was about the hinder legs? I laid it aside for the fruit-trees against the south wall. Remember, the loss is yours, if you have fewer and smaller apricots. All I can say is list is exorbitant: neither they who make the liveries, nor they who sell the cloth, throw any in; they have the meanness to think of selling it. Nothing but selling! selling! We are become much too mercantile.

Encombe. I must interrupt once more the wisdom of your experience and reflections. The matter is really urgent.

Eldon. Who is the creditor?

Encombe. The Marquis of Selborough.

Eldon. Tell him I have made up my mind never to pay a gambling debt.

Encombe. Would you wish him to shoot me?

Eldon. Shoot you!

Encombe. Yes, by all that is sacred!

Eldon. I am shocked at your impiety. He dares not shoot you; and no action will lie. Give him my opinion.

Encombe. He would give me his in return, and we should be just where we stood before.

Eldon. This horrid duelling! I have been thinking of our fine walnut-tree. I did indeed hope to derive some advantage from it in my declining years, little as I apprehended they would be obscured and chilled by the eclipse of dignity and the storms of fortune. It was valued at forty pounds: providential if it produce me thirty at present.

Encombe. It will produce you walnuts.

Eldon. My double teeth are gone, and scarcely any two meet of the single. They are like friends to persons out of place: they stand apart and look shy, and only wish they could serve us.

Encombe. Well, my dear father, let us rather think about the payment of the money than about this melancholy matter.

Eldon. Encombe! Encombe! take care of your teeth. In youth we know not the real value of any thing; age instructs us. If you lose a finger, the rest remain; if you lose a tooth, believe me, you hold the remainder on no valid security. A dissolute life, care, loss of money, late hours, hot liquors, rich gravies, many dishes, French and Rhenish wines, excursions on the sea in yachts, the sea-coast in crowded places, and, above all, the breath of horses on the race-course are prejudicial to the duration of teeth. Divine Providence gives us two sets, and makes us suffer acutely at each gift, in order that we may remember it and prize it. Should you happen to hear of any one desirous to purchase a fine walnut-tree, particularly adapted to duelling pistol-stocks, you may tell him of ours near the house, where dear Lady Eldon loves to sit and amuse herself in the summer evenings, and where we enjoy together the sweet reflection of a well-spent life. It might not be amiss to mention that our favorite tree was valued by admeasurement at forty pounds or upward. Mark me, say *Or upward.* The virtuous man is observant of truth, even to his serious loss and detriment. There is much envy, much malignity, in the world we live in. It is by no means clear to me (indeed I am inclined to think the contrary) that there was ever a more general or a more intense hostility toward men in office than at present; especially if, by the appointment of the Almighty, they have the honor and happiness to be in the confidence of his Majesty. Seeing this, it would not at all surprise me if some wicked wretch or other, desirous of bringing me and the laws of England into contempt, should insinuate that I would aid and abet, and lend my hand to, the practice of duelling. Could he but see my heart; could he but hear this conversation! God is my judge; I wish only, as a conscientious man, upright in all my dealings, to sell my walnut-tree. I know not whether, if the offer should come through a third party, it might be useful to remark that Lord Chancellor Eldon was in the habit of meditating under this walnut-tree some of his most important decrees, twenty years together. Shakspeare's mulberry was cut up into snuff-boxes, and a guinea has been given for three inches square. I have drawn as many tears as ever he did, and all in the line of duty, and by law. Perhaps I may be remembered a shorter time among men. Certain great ones, to whom the services of my whole life were devoted, seem to have forgotten me already. But fidelity to our word, to our wives, to our God, and to our king insures my happiness here and hereafter.

Encombe. Nevertheless, my dear father, your tone and manner are excessively despondent.

Eldon. Not at all, not at all. Another would be vexed at seeing a mere child take his chair in the Court of Chancery; another would tremble at the probable consequences of such inexperience — well, well! they may want me yet, and may not have me.

Encombe. Could you be insensible to the call of king and country? You shed tears at the very thought: I have touched the tender point, the nerve of patriotism.

Eldon. Lend me your pocket-handkerchief; for mine is a clean one. Thank you; I am truly grateful for your sympathy and attention — are you mad, Encombe? Why, yours is clean too! Take it back: I must go upstairs for my last. Who is that man at the hall-door?

Encombe. Apparently a beggar.

Eldon. Go away, go away; beggary is contrary to law. I pity you, my good friend, from the bottom of my heart.

Beggar. What a cold place his pity comes from! No wonder it has caught the cramp, and limps.

Eldon. George the Third, of happy memory, stood forward a bright example to all future kings. But I am not about to cite him in that high station. By God's appointment he also shone a burning light for the guidance of parents. Being the natural guardian of his blessed Majesty now reigning, he received on his behalf the proceeds of the duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, together with certain proceeds from the principality of Wales. In twenty-one years, with compound interest of five per cent, his Royal Highness, then Prince of Wales, at present our most gracious sovereign, might have imbursed, at the hands of his august parent, from the said proceeds, some nine hundred thousand pounds. But, knowing that a virtuous and a religious education is more pleasing to the eyes of our Maker, and more beneficial to the subject, he expended the whole sum on his royal son's education.

Encombe. Nine hundred thousand pounds?

Eldon. A fraction more or less.

Encombe. Impossible!

Eldon. His Majesty himself declared it. Remember, the tutors of princes are lords temporal and spiritual.

Encombe. Oh, then, in that case, his Majesty's word may be relied on.

Eldon. I likewise have bestowed on you, son Encombe, an education such as was suitable to your future rank in society. It is beyond my power to throw you back on Parliament. The Houses would not accept my recommendation for your relief.

Encombe. Indeed, I am not so mad as to expect it.

Eldon. It is worse madness to expect it from me. The one has a precedent, the other none. But my bowels yearn for you, although you have brought a whole Vesuvius of ashes on my gray hairs.

Encombe. Even our most gracious Regent has played at cards and lost.

Eldon. Cards were invented for the diversion of a king, and therefore of right do belong to kings. Well we know, Encombe, that our most gracious ruler is the least addicted to light and frivolous pleasures; and fairly may we infer that, if he played and lost at cards, it could only be to countenance the subject, — perhaps to encourage the conversion of rags into paper. The color-man, the glue-man, entered, no doubt, into his calculation. The money he graciously lost was probably won by some faithful old servant, whose family was in poverty and affliction. Delicate as he is in all things, he could not act more delicately in any than in this. That he is the most abstinent of mankind not only his household, but all around, have incontestable proofs before their eyes. By the sagacity and sound discretion of his royal father of happy memory, he was precluded from these proceeds of which we already have largely spoken; and consequently he is reported to have incurred sundry debts. In order to defray them, he took a consort.

Encombe. Being, in the eye of God, married already.

Eldon. No, son Encombe, no; emphatically *no.*

Encombe. My dear father, you always lay the strongest emphasis on that word, especially when, as now —

Eldon. Encombe, I cannot but rejoice and smile at your ready wit. Your Uncle Stowell has it also. It lies deeply seated in the family; my mine has never yet been worked: it might not answer. But let me correct your error of judgment, and inform you that what is not in the eye of the law cannot be in the eye of God. For God is law in order, economy, and perfection. Blessed be his holy name! I shall hardly be accused of flattery in reverting from God to God's vicegerent; more especially when my aim is solely your admonition. Imitate him, Encombe! imitate him!

Encombe. I was apprehensive I had imitated him too closely.

Eldon. Take a wife of some substance.

Encombe. He certainly has done that; but I am unambitious of so large a dominion.

Eldon. His Royal Highness was singularly abstemious and patriotic in his union. The instant that, by possibility, the hopes of his people were accomplished, he was as chaste toward his consort as his predecessor, Edward the Confessor.

Encombe. In consequence of which abstemiousness —

Eldon. Hold! hold! We mortals are short-sighted. God delivered the lady from her perils. Reluctantly should I have pronounced a sentence of blood. But God, in some cases, hath ordained that the axe separate the impure from the pure.

Encombe. Both parties were equally safe, if such be his ordinance.

Eldon. Furthermore, you have the authority of your sovereign for denying the validity of lawless obligations. His Majesty, by right, took possession of the Duke of York's effects. His creditors claimed them, pretending not only that they were unpaid for, but also that they existed on the premises at the Duke's decease. Yet his Majesty demurred. The creditors may bring their action: it will lie.

Encombe. For ever.

XXV. QUEEN POMARE, PRITCHARD, CAPTAINS POLVEREL AND DES MITRAILLES, LIEUT. POIGNAUNEZ, MARINERS.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard, I have desired your presence, as a gentleman of great influence and authority.

Pritchard. Sir, I know not exactly in what manner I can be of service to crews of vessels which invade this island.

Polverel. The island is in a state of insurrection. We come opportunely to aid the legitimate power in quelling it. Among the natives there are many discontented, as you know.

Pritchard. The very men who apparently ought to be the most contented; for they not only enjoy the fruits of French principles, but also of French manufactures; and they possess many luxuries which the others never heard of.

Polverel. Is it possible?

Pritchard. They have displayed, most ostentatiously and boastingly, knives, cutlasses, tobacco, brandy, rum, plates, dishes, mirrors, and other articles of furniture and luxury which a generous magnanimous ally, ever devoted to their welfare, ever watchful over their prosperity, has munificently bestowed.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard, every word you utter raises my wonder higher. We are both of us philanthropists: let us then, dispassionately and amicably, talk together on the present condition of these misguided people, so mysteriously deluded.

Pritchard. Our conversation, I suspect, would alter but little what is predetermined.

Polverel. Mon Dieu! What can that be?

Pritchard. Evidently the subjugation of the natives.

Polverel. Mr. Pritchard, your language is quite unintelligible to me. France never subjugates. She receives with open arms all nations who run into her bosom for protection; she endows them with all the blessings of peace, of civilization, of industry, of the sciences, of the fine arts.

Pritchard. Certainly no arts are finer than the arts they receive from that bosom of hers, at once so expansive and so stringent.

Polverel. Ah, Mr. Pritchard! Mr. Pritchard! you know my humor, my temperament, my taste, by intuition. I enjoy a joke: no man better.

Pritchard. Especially such jokes, M. le Capitaine, as you utter vivaciously from the mouth of your cannon, and which play with lambent light about your cutlasses and bayonets.

Polverel. We have done with war, totally and for ever done with it. France, having conquered the confederated world, desires only peace. She has subdued and civilized

Africa. The desert teems with her harvests. Temples and theatres rise above and beyond the remotest tent of Moor and Arab. The conquerors of Spain implore the pardon of France. The camel bends his arched neck and falls on his flat knees, supplicating the children of mothers from our beautiful country to mount the protuberance which provident Nature framed expressly for the purpose, and to alight from it in the astonished streets of Timbuctoo. We swear he shall alight in safety. Yes, we swear it, Mr. Pritchard!

Pritchard. You have sworn many things, M. le Capitaine, some of which were very soon counter-sworn, and others are unaccomplished; but in this, impracticable as it appears to me, I heartily wish you success.

Polverel. Consider it as done, completely, irreversibly.

Pritchard. Population is increasing rapidly both in France and England: industry should increase proportionally. By conciliating and humanizing the various tribes in Africa, you enlarge the field of commerce, in which the most industrious and the most honest will ultimately be the most successful. It might be offensive to you if, in addition to this, I mention to you the blessings of religion.

Polverel. Not at all, not at all! I have given proofs already that I can endure very dark reflections, and can make very large allowances. Our soldiers will relieve the poor devils of Mahometans from the grievous sin of polygamy. If any one of them is rich enough to keep a couple of wives or concubines, he is also rich enough to keep a confessor, who will relax a little the bonds of Satan for him, and carry a link or two of the chain on his own shoulders. Seriously, for at bottom I am a true believer and a good Catholic, we must establish the Mass both there and here. France has recovered her fine old attitude, and can endure no longer the curse of irreligion. Asia now lies at her feet, but intermediately the Pacific Ocean. It shall roll its vast waves before her with due submission, and every one of them shall reflect her tricolor.

Pritchard. Sir, you promised that we should converse together amicably; and that neither of us, in the course of our discussion, should give or take offence.

Polverel. A Frenchman's word was never violated: a grain of dust never could lie upon his honor.

Pritchard (*aside*). Certainly not without the cramp, if dust could catch it.

Polverel. I perceive your mute acknowledgment. Speak then freely.

Pritchard. How happens it, M. le Capitaine, that having subdued such restless and powerful tribes, and thereby possessing such extensive territories, so fertile, so secure, so near home, you covet what can bring you no glory and no advantage?

Polverel. The honor of France demands it.

Pritchard. You promised you would retire from Barbary when you had avenged the insults you complained of; and Europe believed you.

Polverel. The more fool Europe.

Pritchard. And the more what France?

Polverel. No remarks on France, sir! She is never to be questioned. Reasons of State, let me tell you, are above all other reasons, as the sword is the apex of the law. We often see after a few steps what we never saw until those steps were taken. Thus my country sees the necessity of retaining her conquests in Barbary. England is reconciled to what she could not prevent nor resist.

Pritchard. She destroyed those batteries which you occupied.

Polverel. Exactly so. She is always so complaisant as to pave the way for us, either with her iron or her gold. She has in some measure done it here; but neglecting to support legitimate power, the task devolves on us of protecting the queen from the violence and artifice of her enemies. We offer the *Entente Cordiale* to Queen Pomare as we offered it to Queen Victoria. The one is unsuspicious; the other would be if evil counsellors were removed from about her. I have difficulties to surmount, — if, indeed, where Frenchmen are, difficulties can be.

Pritchard. Certainly there are fewer impediments and restrictions in their way than in the way of any other men upon earth.

Polverel. Bravo, M. Pritchard! I love an enlightened and unprejudiced man, — rarely found, if ever, among your countrymen.

Pritchard. We have indeed our prejudices; and, although we are perhaps more free in general from suspicion than might be expected in a nation so calm and contemplative, yet, if armed men landed in England, and demanded terms and conditions, insisting on protecting those who refused their protection, we should suspect a hostile disposition.

Polverel. On this remark of yours, M. Pritchard, I declare to you, as a man who has studied my profession in all its parts, and who is far from ignorant of England and of her present means of defence, we could at any time land twenty thousand men upon her shores, and as many on the coast of Ireland.

Pritchard. Nelson saw this before steamers were invented; and the most intelligent and far-sighted of our engineers, General Birch, has recently warned the nation of its danger. Wooden heads still reverberate the sound of *our wooden walls:* we want these; but we also want such as render France secure on every coast. Beside which, we require a strong central fortress, not indeed so extensive as that of Paris, but capable of protecting a large body of troops in readiness for any quarter of the island. Birmingham, which may be considered as our grand arsenal and foundry, is unfit; but Warwick, united to it by canals and railway, is so situated that all access to the town may be inundated by three or four brooks; and the river and an artificial piece of water, broad and deep, render it a place admirably suited for an entrenched camp.

Polverel. You talk, M. Pritchard, of places which may hereafter be defended, but which at present are without defence. Our generosity alone has spared you.

Pritchard. Doubtless, the King of the French, so prompt to gratify the humor of his Parisians for hostilities with us which this wanton aggression fully proves, would have invaded Ireland, were it not for the certainty of insurrection in various parts of his own kingdom. All the liberals and robbers and rabble are Republicans: half the poorer tradesmen and ignorant peasants are Royalists in favor of the ejected dynasty.

Polverel. Insurrection, indeed! Do you Englishmen talk of insurrection, — you whose whole army is wanted, and would be insufficient, to keep it down in Ireland?

Pritchard. It must be acknowledged that all the atrocities of France are fewer and lighter and more intermittent than ours in Ireland. In that country, not one in eight is of the religion whose priesthood all are equally bound to maintain. And to maintain in what manner? Far more sumptuously than the favorites of the Pope are maintained in Italy. I could mention ten bishoprics in the Papal and Neapolitan States, of which the united emoluments fall short of a single Protestant one in Ireland. The least reformed church is our Reformed Church. But I see not how one injustice can authorize another in another country. We refuse to the Irish what we granted to the Scotch. And we are in danger of losing Ireland in our first war, whatever may be our enemy. The people are justly exasperated against us; and they will throw up many advantages rather than continue in the endurance of an indignity.

Polverel. I am charmed at hearing a man speak so reasonably, especially an Englishman; for I respect and esteem you in such a degree that I would rather have the pleasure of fighting you than any other people upon earth.

Pritchard. I am apprehensive the pleasure you anticipate is not remote. For certainly, ill able as we are at present to cope with any enemy, the people of England will never bear your interference with a nation they always have protected, and have taught the advantages of peace, commerce, morality, and religion.

Polverel. Religion! Never shall the poor Tahitians lose that blessing by any interference or any negligence of ours. I have brought over with me a few gentlemen of the *Company of Jesus.*

Pritchard. In these latter ages the company kept by the blessed Jesus, much against his will, as when he was among the scourgers and between the thieves, is a very different sort of company from what he was accustomed to meet by the Sea of Galilee and at the Mount of Olives.

Polverel. Between ourselves, they are sad dogs. If ever we land, which is possible, I fear my sailors and they will speedily come to blows about certain articles of the first necessity: and the Jesuits are the least likely to be the sufferers.

Pritchard. It is not because I am a missionary, and profess a doctrine widely different from theirs, that I adjure you to abstain from giving any countenance to the turbulent and the traitorous. It is already well known at whose instigation they became so: and not only the English, but also the Americans, will promulgate the disgraceful fact. If war (which God forbid!) is to rage again between the two nations which alone could impose eternal peace on the world, let it never spring from wanton insolence; but rather from some great motive which must display to future generations how much less potent, in the wisest of rulers, is reason than resentment and ambition. We have been fighting seven hundred years — nearly eight hundred — and have lately breathed longer between the rounds than we ever breathed before: we have time and room to consider how little has either party gained, and how much both have suffered.

Polverel. M. Pritchard, I really beg your pardon: I yawned quite involuntarily, I do assure you.

Pritchard. What afflicts me most is the certainty that my countrymen will be confirmed in their old prejudices and antipathies, by this aggression in the season of profound peace, and that they will call it treachery.

Polverel. The ignorant call that treachery which the wiser call policy and decision.

Pritchard. And by what name do the virtuous call it?

Polverel. I carry no dictionary in my pocket. We can discourse more intelligibly on the condition of Ireland.

Parbleu! I believe there neither is nor ever was any thing similar in any other country under the sun. We must invade Ireland; I see we must. My ship is in readiness to sail into the bay of Dublin: my brave crew has already planted the tricolor on the castle-walls. I see the Atlantic, the Pacific, California, China, India. We have been too merciful, M. Pritchard! we have been too merciful to you; but we must correct that error.

Pritchard. It is a foible, sir, in you, of which few beside yourselves have complained. If others had shown as little of it, I should not at this moment have had the honor of conversing with you on the protectorate of Tahiti.

Polverel. We fear and respect no power that omits its opportunity of crushing an enemy. You have omitted this, and more. America and France, justly proud of free institutions, have each its *National Guards*. Where are yours? You ought to have in England at least two hundred thousand of them, beside forty thousand artillery-men and engineers; and in Ireland half the number. If there is in England any class of men which apprehends the danger of such an institution, you must instantly annihilate that class, or submit to annihilation. Have you any reply for this?

Pritchard. I wish I had. More temperate men than yourself entertain the same opinion. You happen to be governed at the present time by the wisest king that ever reigned over you, or perhaps over any people; his wisdom would render him pacific, if his power and popularity consented. But our negligence is a temptation to him. There are many who would not tear a straw bonnet off the head of a girl wide awake, yet would draw a diamond ring from the finger if they caught her unprotected and fast asleep. We must fortify all our ports and roadsteads in both islands. To conciliate popularity, every minister is ready to abolish a tax. We should never have abolished one: on the contrary we should have quoted the authority of Nelson on the dangers we have escaped, and on the necessity of guarding against them for the future. My own opinion is that a less sum than twenty millions of pounds sterling would be inadequate. But in twenty weeks of the last war we expended as much: we may now disburse more leisurely.

Polverel. We shall at all times be a match for you.

Pritchard. As a minister of religion, and an advocate for whatever tends to promote the interests of humanity, of which things peace is the first, I cannot but regret this commencement of hostilities, so unworthy in its object, even if the object be ultimately attained.

Polverel. Sir, after such strong language, so derogatory to the dignity of France, I must inform you that I merely sent for you in order to let you know that I am not ignorant of your designs.

Pritchard. You have greatly the advantage over me, M. le Capitaine; I remain in profound ignorance of yours, if you intend no aggression.

Polverel. I come by order of his Majesty, the King of the French, to protect the queen and people of Tahiti from rebels, incendiaries, and fanatics.

Pritchard. Namely, those who have risen in all quarters of the island to escape from the protection you offer.

Polverel. At your instigation.

Pritchard. It required no instigation from me, or from any other man, native or stranger. For many years, indeed ever since we discovered the country they inhabit, they have lived peaceably and happily, subject to no foreign laws or control. Under the guidance of disinterested men, men contented with laborious poverty, they have abandoned their ancient superstitions, immoral and sanguinary, and have listened to the promises of the Gospel.

Polverel. It is now their duty to listen to ours, more positive and immediate. We have nothing to do with Gospel or with missionaries. We come to liberate a people crushed by your avarice.

Pritchard. Of what have we ever deprived them? What taxes, what concessions, what obedience, have we ever exacted? They never fought against us, never fled from us, never complained of us.

Polverel. How dared they?

Pritchard. Yet they dare attack men so much braver.

Polverel. M. Pritchard! I perceive you are a person of impartiality and discernment. You bestow on us unreservedly the character we claim and merit. The rabble is not to be consulted in affairs of State; and the rabble alone is in insurrection against us.

Pritchard. I did imagine, sir, that the word *rabble* had no longer a place in the French language.

Polverel. It never had for the French. But these wretches must be taught obedience to the laws.

Pritchard. What laws?

[*Des Mitrailles enters.*]

Polverel. Permit me to present to you M. le Capitaine Des Mitrailles, and to take my leave.

Des Mitrailles. On my entrance you were asking what laws the people of Tahiti are to obey: the answer is easy and simple, — ours, and no other.

Pritchard. The answer is easier than the execution.

[*Des Mitrailles, clenching his fist.*]

Pritchard. I am a man of peace, M. le Capitaine, and a servant of God. But if any impertinent, arrogant, outrageous aggressor should strike me, I might peradventure wipe the dust off the wall with his whiskers: so take care. King

Louis Philippe, I imagine, issued no orders to bestow on so humble an individual as myself an earnest of his Protectorate by a blow in the face, which is a ceremonial he reserves for the defenceless, in order to establish the glory of his navy. You begin it with a priest; and, no doubt, you will end it with a woman.

Des Mitrailles. If that abominable hag, Pomare, were present at this instant, I would strike her to the earth, were it only to irritate the English.

Pritchard. You would succeed in both exploits. Our queen must be enamoured of your king's gallantry, when she hears that his officers have executed his commission so delicately.

Des Mitrailles. The Queen Pomare has concealed herself.

Pritchard. How! From the Protectorate she solicited so earnestly?

Des Mitrailles. Find her; bring her in; or expect the confiscation of your property, and a prison.

Pritchard. Find her! bring her in! I am no bloodhound.

Des Mitrailles. Unless she comes forward and acknowledges our Protectorate, I dethrone her in the name of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

Pritchard. Europe may not see with tranquillity the execution of such violence.

Des Mitrailles. We have a long account to settle with Europe, and our quarrel must commence with her paymaster-general.

Pritchard. I hope he does not reside in Tahiti.

Des Mitrailles. You understand me better.

Pritchard. Until now there has been little discord in the island, no insurrection and murder. He who first brings war into any country will be remembered and execrated by all others to the end of time. Can Englishmen believe that a king who hath seen so much suffering, and hath endured so much himself, will ever enjoy a phantom of power rising up over blood and carnage? This happy people want protection against no enemy. Our mariners discovered their island, and have continued to live among them not as masters, or what you call protectors, but simply as instructors. We do not even exercise the right which is usually conceded to discoverers: we are unwilling to receive, and more unwilling to exact, submission. Improbable, then, is it that we should let another, under any pretext, usurp it.

Des Mitrailles. We are aware of that sentiment; otherwise my frigate would not have sailed at present to the South Sea. I shall act according to my orders.

Pritchard. Consider, sir, the responsibility. What is now occurring in this obscure little island may agitate the minds of the most powerful in the present age, and of the most intellectual in the future. What were once the events of the day are become the events of all days. Historians and orators of the first order have founded their fame on what, at the beginning, raised only a little dust round the market-place.

Des Mitrailles. You have the presumption and impertinence, sir, to reason and argue and dogmatize with me, and even to call me to account. I am responsible only to the king my master, and to the minister who gave me his instructions.

Pritchard. If that minister is a demagogue whose daily bread is baked on the ashes of ruined habitations; if that minister is a firebrand of which every spark is supplied by the conflagration of the household gods —

Des Mitrailles. Do not talk to me of households and gods.

Pritchard. Depend upon it there are men in England who can catch the ball with whatever force you bat it; and you will not win the game.

You threatened to strike a woman to the ground, a defenceless woman, whom you avowedly came to protect.

Des Mitrailles. We did come to protect her, and she insults our generosity by her flight. A Frenchman never threatens what he finds himself unable to execute. Were the wretch here, you should see the proof.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. My captain, we have brought in the fugitive, the incendiary, the traitress.

Des Mitrailles. Chain her, and carry her aboard.

Pritchard. I protest against either outrage.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. You protest! Who are you?

Pritchard. British Consul.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. What are British consuls in the presence of French officers? My captain, with submission, knock out at least a tooth as a trophy. I have set my heart on a couple of her front teeth; they are worth a louis in the Palais Royal. M. du Petit Thouars, our admiral, has extorted his six thousand dollars; are a couple of teeth above a lieutenant's share of the booty?

Des Mitrailles. Knock out one yourself; it is not among the duties of a French capitaine de vaisseau. You may strike her safely; she is so heavy with child she cannot run after you.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. Madame, the Queen, I carry the orders of Monsieur le Capitaine, serving in the Pacific by appointment of his Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, to knock out a tooth.

[*Strikes her in the face; sailors hold Pritchard.*]

Pomare. O inhumanity! Although I am a woman, a Christian, and a queen, and although you are Frenchmen, I never could have expected this.

Des Mitrailles. Bravo! bravo! but rather lower, Poignaunez, hit rather lower. How the tiger defends her breast! Well, the eyes will do. Again! Bravo! you have pretty nearly knocked out one.

Pomare. Spare my life! Do not murder me! O brave captain, can such be your orders?

Des Mitrailles. May it please your Majesty! I bear no such injunctions from the King my master, or from Monsieur his Minister of State for the marine and colonies.

Pritchard. Have you received or given orders that I should be seized and detained?

Des Mitrailles. Sir, I call upon you to attest in writing the perfect good-faith and composure with which we have acted.

Pritchard. Every man in England receives a slap in the face when a woman receives one in any quarter of the globe.

Des Mitrailles. Queen Pomare did not receive a slap on the face.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. By no means.

Des Mitrailles. She had only a tooth knocked out.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. My captain, pardon! you concede too much. The tooth is in its place, and in accordance with all the rest: it has merely undergone the declension of a few degrees toward the horizon.

Des Mitrailles. Madame, I am exceedingly concerned, and intimately penetrated, that, by some strange unaccountable interpretation, so untoward an accident has befallen your Majesty.

Lieutenant Poignaunez (*to the crew*). Cry, you fools, cry!

Sailor. I thought, M. le Lieutenant, we were to carry her off in chains. Here they are.

Lieutenant Poignaunez. Presently, presently. But now deploy your throats, and cry, rascals, cry "Vive la Reine!"

Crew. Vive la Reine! À bas les fuyards! À bas les Anglais! À bas les tyrans! Vive le Roi!

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XXVI. WALKER, HATTAJI, GONDA, AND DEWAH.*

Walker. Hattaji, you may rest assured that the operation is not dangerous to the boys, and that it will preserve them in future from the most loathsome and devastating of maladies.

Hattaji. I do not fear that it will impair the strength of the children, or remove an evil by a worse; but will it not, like the other, leave marks, and spoil the features?

Gonda. Spoil what features, father? Are we not boys?

Dewah. Gonda, be still!

Walker. How is this? What do they mean, Hattaji? Why do you look so discomposed?

Hattaji. Ah, children, you now discover your sex. Dissimulation with you will soon grow easier; with me, never. Praise be to God! I am a robber, not a merchant: falsehood is my abhorrence.

Thou knowest the custom of our Jerijah tribe. Every female our wives bring forth is, in less time and with less trouble, removed from the sunshine that falls upon the threshold of life. A drop of poppy-juice restores it to the stillness it has just quitted; or the parent lays on the lip an unrelenting finger, saying, "O pretty rose-bud, thou must breathe no fragrance! I must never irrigate, I must never wear thee!"

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* Among the Jerijahs, a tribe in Guzerat, it was customary for mothers to kill every female infant, and the race was perpetuated by women from Sada. Hattaji had saved two daughters, Gonda and Dewah, dressed like boys; and brought to Colonel Walker's camp to be vaccinated. Walker abolished this infanticide; yet we hear of no equestrian statue or monument of any kind erected to him in England or India.

Walker. We know this horrid custom. Thou hast then broken through it? Eternal glory to thee, Hattaji! The peace of God, that dwells in every man's breast while he will let it dwell there, be with thee now and evermore!

Hattaji. Children, you must keep this secret better than your own. He wishes me the peace of God. I should be grieved were he condemned to many penances for it. The Portuguese call it heresy to hope any thing from God for men of another creed. Will not thy priests, like theirs, force thee to swallow some ass-loads of salt for it? When I was last in Goa, I saw several of them in girls' frocks, and with little wet rods in their hands, put a quantity of it into the mouth of a Malay, as we do into the mouths of carp and eels, to purify them before we eat them; and with the same effect. Incredible what a quantity of heresies of all colors it brought up! He would have performed his ablutions after this function, — and never did they appear more necessary, — but the priests buffeted him well, and dragged him away, lest, as they said, he should relapse into idolatry. You Englishmen do not entertain half so much abhorrence of idolatry as the French and Portuguese do, for I have seen many of you wash your hands and faces without fear and without shame; and it is reported that your women are still less scrupulous.

You can pardon me the preservation of my girls. So careful are you yourselves in the concealment of your daughters, that I have heard of several sent over to India to keep them away from the sofa of Rajahs, and the finger of mothers; even the Portuguese take due precautions. None perhaps of their little ones born across the ocean are considered worth the expenditure of so long a voyage, like yours; but those who are born in Goa are seldom left to the mercy of a parent. The young creatures are suckled and nursed, and soon afterward are sent into places where they are amused by bells and beads and embroidery, and where none beside their priests and santons can get access to them. These holy men not only save their lives, but treat them with every imaginable kindness, teaching them many mysteries. Indeed, they perform such a number of good offices in their behalf, that on this account alone they, after mature deliberation, hold it quite unnecessary to hang by the hair or ribs from trees and columns, or to look up at the sun till they are blind.

Walker. Were I a santon, I should be much of the same opinion.

Gonda. Oh no, no, no! So good a man would gladly teach us any thing, but surely would rather think with our blessed dervishes, and would be overjoyed to hang by the hair or the ribs to please God.

Walker. Sweet child, we are accustomed to so many sights of cruelty on the side of the powerful, that our intellects stagger under us, until we fancy we see in the mightiest of beings the most cruel.

Does not every kind action, every fond word, of your father please you greatly?

Gonda. Every one; but I am little: all things please me.

Walker. Well, Hattaji, *thou* art not little; tell me, then, does not every caress of these children awaken thy tenderness?

Hattaji. It makes me bless myself that I gave them existence, and it makes me bless God that he destined me to preserve it.

Walker. It opens to thee in the deserts of life the two most exuberant and refreshing sources of earthly happiness, — love and piety. And if either of these little ones should cut a foot with a stone, or prick a finger with a thorn, would it delight thee?

Hattaji. A drop of their blood is worth all mine; the stone would lame me, the thorn would pierce my eye-balls.

Walker. Wise Hattaji! for tender love is true wisdom; the truest wisdom being perfect happiness. Thinkest thou God less wise, less beneficent, than thyself, or better pleased with the sufferings of his creatures?

Gonda. No; God is wiser even than my father, and quite as kind; for God has done many things which my father could never do, nor understand, he tells us; and God has made us all three happy, and my father has made happy only me and Dewah. He seems to love no one else in the world; and now we are with him he seldom goes forth to demand his tribute of the Rajahs, and is grown so idle he permits them to take it from every poor laborer; so that in time a

Rajah will begin to think himself as brave and honest a man as a robber. Cannot you alter this? Why do you smile?

Walker. We Englishmen exercise both dignities, and therefore are quite impartial; but we must not interfere with Hattaji and his subsidiary Rajahs. Have you lately been at Goa, Hattaji?

Hattaji. Not very.

Walker. Nevertheless, you appear to have paid great attention to their religious rites.

Hattaji. They are better off than you are in those matters. I would advise you to establish a fishery as near as possible to the coasts of their territory, and seize upon their salt-works for curing the fish.

Walker. Why so?

Hattaji. They have several kinds which are effectual remedies for sins. I do not know whether they have any that are preventive; nor does that seem a consideration in their religion. Indeed, why should it, when the most flagrant crime can be extinguished by putting a fish against it, with a trifle of gold or silver at head and tail?

Walker. A very ingenious contrivance!

Hattaji. I would not offend — but surely their priests outdo yours.

Walker. In the application of fish? Or what?

Hattaji. When I say it of yours, I say it also of ours, in one thing. We have people among us who can subdue our worst serpents by singing; theirs manage a great one, of which perhaps you may have heard some account, and make him appear and disappear, and devour one man and spare another, although of the same size and flavor, — which the wisest of our serpent-singers cannot do with the most tractable and the best-conditioned snake.

Gonda. O my dear father, what are you saying? You would make these infidels as great as those of the true faith. Be sure it is all a deception; and we have jugglers as good as theirs. We alone have real miracles, framed on purpose for us; not false ones like those of the Mahometans and Portuguese.

Walker. What are theirs, my dear?

Gonda. I do not know; I only know they are false ones.

Hattaji. Who told thee so? ay, child!

Gonda. Whenever a holy man of our blessed faith has come to visit you, he seized the opportunity, as he told me, if you were away for a moment, to enlighten and instruct me; taking my hand and kissing me, and telling me to believe him in every thing as I would Vishnu; and assuring me that nothing is very hateful but unbelief, and that I may do what I like if I believe.

Walker. And what was your answer?

Gonda. I leaped and danced for joy, and cried, "May I indeed? Then I will believe every thing; for then I may follow my dear father all over Guzerat; and if ever he should be wounded again, I may take out my finest shawl (for he gave me two) and tear it and tie it round the place."

Hattaji. Chieftain, I did well to save this girl! And thou, timid, tender Dewah! wilt thou too follow me all over Guzerat?

Dewah. Father, I am afraid of elephants and horses and armed men: I should run away.

Hattaji. What then wilt thou do for me?

Dewah. I can do nothing.

Hattaji (*to himself*). I saved her: yes, I am glad I saved her; I only wish I had not questioned her, — she pains me now for the first time. He has heard her: oh, this is worst! I might forget it: can he?

Child, why art thou afraid?

Dewah. I am two years younger than Gonda.

Hattaji. But the women of Sada would slay thee certainly, wert thou left behind, and perhaps with stripes and tortures, for having so long escaped.

Dewah. I do not fear women; they dress rice, and weave robes, and gather flowers.

Hattaji. Dewah, I fear for thee more than thou fearest for thyself.

Dewah. Dear, dear father, I am ready to go with you all over Guzerat, and to be afraid of any thing as much as you are, if you will only let me. I tremble to think I could do nothing if a wicked man should try to wound you; or even if only a tiger came unawares upon you, I could but shriek and pray: and it is not always that Vishnu hears in time. And now, O father, do remember that, although Gonda has two shawls, I have one; and she likes both hers better than mine.

If ever you are hurt anywhere — ah, gracious God forbid it! — have mine first: I will try to help her — How can I? how can I? I cannot see you even now: I shall cry all the way through Guzerat! For shame, Gonda! I am but nine years old, and you are eleven. Do girls at your age ever cry? Is there one tear left upon my cheek?

Hattaji. By my soul, there is one on mine, worth an empire to me.

Dewah. O Vishnu, hear me in thy happy world! and never let Gonda tear her shawl for my father!

Hattaji. And should it please Vishnu to take thy father away?

Dewah. I would cling to him and kiss him from one end of heaven to the other.

Hattaji. Vishnu would not let thee come back again.

Dewah. Hush! hush! would you ask him? Do not let him hear what you are saying.

Hattaji. Chieftain, this is indeed the peace of God.

May he spare you to me, pure and placid souls, rendering pure and placid every thing around you!

And have thousands like you been cast away? One innocent smile of yours hath more virtue in it than all manhood, is more powerful than all wealth, and more beautiful than all glory. I possess new life; I will take a new name,* — *the daughter-gifted Hattaji.*

XXVII. TALLEYRAND AND ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

Archbishop. M. de Talleyrand, it is painful to me to see you in this deplorable state of health, although it places me in the company of the most distinguished and celebrated man in France, and offers me the opportunity of rendering him a service and a duty.

Talleyrand. Infinite thanks, Monseigneur, for so friendly a visit, quite without ceremony, quite without even an invitation or request. It overpowers me. I cannot express my sense of your goodness.

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* The Orientals are fond of taking an additional name from some fortunate occurrence.

Archbishop. Alas! What are the dignities and honors of the world?

Talleyrand. Ask the spy-dukes, Savery and Fouché. Because they were dukes I would not be one. But is not the Prince of Piombino a prince? Is not the King of Naples a king? Is not Francis of Austria an emperor? Games are to be played with counters of the same form and valuation.

Archbishop. All these things are by God's appointment.

Talleyrand. No doubt of it; none whatever.

Archbishop. We mortals are too dim-sighted to discern the fitness or utility of them.

Talleyrand. I do think, I do humbly think, I can espy it. They render the poorest devils on earth almost contented, finding that they are at least beyond the finger of scorn for assuming false appearances.

Archbishop. M. le Prince, we are now most especially in the presence of the Almighty. Your Highness has had leisure to contemplate the nothingness of the world, and to see that we all are but dust, — one particle each.

Talleyrand. I am unused to pay compliments (*aside*), — or, indeed, to pay any thing else if I could help it, — yet, Monseigneur, I do declare to you that, dry and old as the dust is, there is something to my mind very *spiritual* in *one particle each.* I never met with it before. The rest is found in most books of divinity, I believe. But I suspect the *one particle each* is extra-parochial.

Archbishop. I am much flattered, M. de Talleyrand, by your criticism. I know the extent of your information and its exactness. Believe me, I did not come hither quite unprepared for so ingenious and acute a penitent. I filed down my preparatory exhortation to this point. If you are pleased with it, I take infinite glory to myself, and have half accomplished my mission. We must all regret that, having embraced the Church, you left her (unwillingly, no doubt) without your powerful support.

Talleyrand. I saw her tottering over my head, which she had clawed and bitten rather sharply now and then, and I was afraid of her falling down on me and crushing me. After picking up a few of her spangles, I set fire to the gauze about her, and scorched a little of the flannel; but it only made her the more alert, and she begins to walk the streets again with as brave an air as ever.

Archbishop. Fie! fie! M. de Talleyrand. This resembles levity.

Talleyrand. I am so gratified at the sight of it, I cannot but be light-hearted for a moment. Ah, Monseigneur! what should we all be without the Church?

Archbishop. Infidels, heretics, Mahometans, anabaptists.

Talleyrand. Worse, worse: without respectability, without hotels. Now I think of it, I have this morning a few little money-matters to arrange. How are the stocks?

Archbishop. Indeed, I am utterly ignorant of all such affairs. Reduced as my dignity is, I have barely sufficient to supply my table with twelve covers, exclusive of dessert. But if your Highness has transactions at the Bourse this morning, may it not be as well that I should execute first the object of my visit?

Talleyrand. Certainly, oh, certainly.

Archbishop. You are going, by the appointment of our Heavenly Father, to exchange —

Talleyrand. First let me hear what fluctuations there have been since yesterday, and whether Lafitte —

Archbishop. My dear Prince! pardon! pardon! you seem wandering.

Talleyrand. Quite the contrary. I never turn my eyes from their object. I caught a word about the exchange.

Archbishop. Alas! alas!

Talleyrand. The devil! Down then? ay?

Archbishop. I cannot but be amused at so curious a mistake. No, upon the honor of a Peer of France and the faith of an Archbishop of Paris, I never have heard by any accident that the funds had fallen.

Talleyrand. My Lord Archbishop, your words were enough to shake any man's nerves, lying in this horizontal position.

Archbishop. I firmly hope, M. de Talleyrand, I have some for you more comfortable. I was saying, and confidently, that, within a time which the wisest of mortals cannot fix definitely, you will throw aside these mundane honors for much higher.

Talleyrand. I have no cupidity; it is all past. I would stay as I am; a quarter per cent more might be welcome; it would make me easier: I do not want it, and shall not ever, but I hate to be foiled in my speculations. It would vex me if anybody could say the Prince Talleyrand lost his wits before he left the world, and he, who threw the most sagacious diplomatists off their scent, omitted by his stupidity to acquire a thousand francs the day before his death.

Archbishop. "Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ."

Talleyrand. What would Monseigneur in his wisdom and piety suggest?

Archbishop. With submission, with hesitation, and with all the deference due to your manifold wishes and your exalted rank, I would suggest, my Prince, that you have taken several, not false (the expression were impolite and inadmissible), but contradictory, oaths.

Talleyrand. All good Frenchmen have taken as many of the same quality for the glory of France. Where should we have been if we had not? Verily our hands would have lain on one side of the fosse, and our honor on the other. I thought it best never to separate the active from the passive, and I have kept them both together down to the present hour.

Archbishop. As a religious man, although not as a gentleman and a peer, I am bound to place an oath above a word of honor.

Talleyrand. I am no chamberlain or master of ceremonies, and would excite no heart-burnings between them on the score of precedency. A word, whether thumped out of the breast as *parole d'honneur*, or demanded at the drum-head as an oath, is but a small portion of a man's breath, which, whether he will or not, he must breathe out continually; a breath is but a small portion of his life; a *word* of honor is but the gaseous and volatile part of honor, which would blow up a true Frenchman if he tried to retain it within him. He may give a dozen or a score, one after another, black and white alternately, like the checkers of a backgammon-board, and devised like them on purpose for moves. I never thought, Monseigneur, that you were infected with the Anglomania, of which an imagining of such vain things is among the primary symptoms. It was only the very old practitioner who held that a trivial stroke through the epidermis of honor is as fatal as through the same cuticle of the heart.

Archbishop. Religion alone can reconcile these discordances. The holy chrism and the equally holy crucifix are the only remedies. One loosens and removes all rust from the wards of the lock; the other taps gently, but audibly and effectually, at the door of eternal life.

Talleyrand. I had once a flask of the oil in my keeping, but it was thought the premises were too hot for it.

Archbishop. Excuse my interpolation. Are you ready to confess, my Prince?

Talleyrand. Perfectly. On second thoughts, — but let this serve for the beginning, — I have forgotten how, in great measure.

Archbishop. Try to recollect any little foible.

Talleyrand. I must go very far back to find any worth the trouble.

Archbishop. Possibly, at one time or other, in so long a life, you may to a certain extent have been ambitious of titles and dignities.

Talleyrand. Let me recall and refresh my memory.— Your Lordship has spoken with much insight into my heart, and has observed the few black specks left by a fire which now is extinct. A book, whatever be its contents, is unfit for the drawing-room unless it is bound and gilt: in like manner a gentleman is unfit for State or society unless he is decorated and titled.

Archbishop. It is well, my Prince, that these wise and quiet considerations have mortified in you the domineering influences of Lucifer and Mammon.

Talleyrand. It is honest and religious to confess the worst.

Archbishop. God be praised for placing you, my Prince, in this frame of mind! Confess freely; and unload altogether from your conscience the last remnant that oppresses it.

Talleyrand. It is said, my Lord Archbishop, that we are too much inclined to look narrowly into one another's faults, and to neglect the examination of our own. Certainly, I can never be accused of this inhumanity. Wherever I have found them I have always turned them to some account. Neither in the body nor in the mind is it advantageous to possess too microscopic a vision. Pitfalls may be found in those pores which are of a satin texture to the gentle touch of a discreet observer; and those lips, which to the enthusiastic poet are roses, rise before the minute philosopher into the ruggedest coral rocks, not uninhabited by their peculiar monsters. For which reason, my good Lord Archbishop, I never pry too inquisitively into the physical or the moral of those about me; and I abstain on all occasions from exercising any severity on others or myself. Nevertheless, if I thought my confession would be satisfactory to your Lordship, nothing on my part should be wanting but memory, which appears to me to be as needful to it as fat bacon to a fricandeau of veal.

But in regard to the last remnant of concupiscence, since it is so recent and so near at hand, confess it I will, if time and courage are left me. As things have turned round again, I am afraid I may occasionally have had a hankering —

Archbishop. After what?

Talleyrand. After the archbishopric of Paris.

Archbishop. Alas! it will soon be vacant; I am half-starved.

Talleyrand. I am not half-starved, but I am half-asleep; the medicine is beginning to operate, or my hour is come.

[*Turns aside.*]

Archbishop (*retiring*). He must go to the devil his own way, with a piece of fresh malice in his mouth as a ticket of admittance. However, I have his conversion at full length, at home, in readiness for the papers. He shall perform the harmonious trio with Voltaire and Alfieri for the benefit of the faithful.

XXVIII. MARSHAL BUGEAUD AND ARAB CHIEFTAIN.

Bugeaud. Such is the chastisement the God of battles in his justice and indignation has inflicted on you. Of seven hundred refractory and rebellious, who took refuge in the caverns, thirty, and thirty only, are alive; and of these thirty there are four only who are capable of labor, or indeed of motion. Thy advanced age ought to have rendered thee wiser, even if my proclamation, dictated from above in the pure spirit of humanity and fraternity, had not been issued.

Is thy tongue scorched, that thou listenest and starest and scowlest, without answering me? What mercy after this obstinacy can thy tribe expect?

Arab. None; even if it lived. Nothing is now wanting to complete the glory of France. Mothers and children, in her own land, hath she butchered on the scaffold; mothers and children in her own land hath she bound together and cast into the deep; mothers and children in her own land hath she stabbed in the streets, in the prisons, in the temples, — ferocity such as no tales record, no lover of the marvellous and of the horrible could listen to or endure! In every country she has repeated the same atrocities, unexampled by the most sanguinary of the Infidels. To consume the helpless with fire, for the crime of flying from pollution and persecution, was wanting to her glory: she has won it. We are not indeed her children; we are not even her allies: this, and this alone, may, to her modesty, leave it incomplete.

Bugeaud. Traitor! I never ordered the conflagration.

Arab. Certainly, thou didst not forbid it; and when I consider the falsehood of thy people, I disbelieve thy assertion, even though thou hast not sworn it.

Bugeaud. Miscreant! disbelieve, doubt a moment, the word of a Frenchman!

Arab. Was it not the word of a Frenchman that no conquest should be made of this country? Was it not the word of a Frenchman that, when chastisement had been inflicted on the Dey of Algiers, even the Algerines should be unmolested? — was it not the word of two kings, repeated by their ministers to every nation round? But we never were Algerines, and never fought for them. Was it not the word of a Frenchman which promised liberty and independence to every nation upon earth? Of all who believed in it, is there one with which it has not been broken? Perfidy and insolence brought down on your nation the vengeance of all others. Simultaneously a just indignation burst forth from every quarter of the earth against it, for there existed no people within its reach or influence who had not suffered by its deceptions.

Bugeaud. At least, you Arabs have not been deceived by us. I have promised you the vengeance of heaven; and it has befallen you.

Arab. The storm hath swept our country, and still sweeps it. But wait. The course of pestilence is from south to north. The chastisement that overtook you thirty years ago turns back again to consummate its imperfect and needful work. Impossible that the rulers of Europe, whoever or whatever they are, should be so torpid to honor, so deaf to humanity, as to suffer in the midst of them a people so full of lies and treachery, so sportive in cruelty, so insensible to shame. If they are, God's armory contains heavier and sharper and surer instruments. A brave and just man, inflexible, unconquerable, — Abdul Kader, — will never abandon our cause. Every child of Islam, near and far, roused by the conflagration in the cavern, will rush forward to exterminate the heartless murderers.

Bugeaud. A Frenchman hears no threat without resenting it; his honor forbids him.

Arab. That honor which never has forbidden him to break an engagement or an oath; that honor which binds him to remain and to devastate the country he swore before all nations he would leave in peace; that honor which impels him to burn our harvests, to seize our cattle, to murder our youths, to violate our women. Europe has long experienced this honor: we Arabs have learned it perfectly in much less time.

Bugeaud. Guards! seize this mad chatterer.

Go, thief! assassin! traitor! blind gray-beard! lame beggar!

Arab. Cease there! Thou canst never make me beg, for bread, for water, or for life. My gray beard is from God: my blindness and lameness are from thee.

Bugeaud. Begone, reptile! Expect full justice; no mercy. The president of my military tribunal will read to thee *what is written*.

Arab. Go, enter; and sing and whistle in the cavern, where the bones of brave men are never to bleach, are never to decay. Go where the mother and infant are inseparable for ever, — one mass of charcoal; the breasts that gave life, the lips that received it; all, all; save only where two arms, in color and hardness like corroded iron, cling round a brittle stem, shrunken, warped, and where two heads are calcined. Go, strike now; strike bravely: let thy sword in its playfulness ring against them. What are they but white stones, under an arch of black, — the work of thy creation.

Bugeaud. Singed porcupine! thy quills are blunted, and stick only into thyself.

Arab. Is it not in the memory of our elders, and will it not remain in the memory of all generations, that, when four thousand of those who spoke our language and obeyed our Prophet were promised peace and freedom on laying down their arms, in the land of Syria, all, to a man, were slain under the eyes of your leader? Is it not notorious that this perfidious and sanguinary wretch is the very man whom, above all others, the best of you glory in imitating, and whom you rejected only when fortune had forsaken him? It is then, only, that atrocious crimes are visible or looked for in your country. Even this last massacre, no doubt, will find defenders and admirers there; but neither in Africa nor in Asia nor in Europe, one. Many of you will palliate it, many of you will deny it; for it is the custom of your country to cover blood with lies, and lies with blood.

Bugeaud. And, here and there, a sprinkling of ashes over both, it seems.

Arab. Ending in merriment, as befits ye. But *is* it ended?

Bugeaud. Yes, yes, at least for thee, vile prowler, traitor, fugitive, incendiary! And thou too, singed porcupine, canst laugh!

Arab. At thy threats and stamps and screams. Verily our Prophet did well and with farsightedness, in forbidding the human form and features to be graven or depicted, if such be human. Henceforward will monkeys and hyenas abhor the resemblance and disclaim the relationship.*

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* Sismondi relates a similar massacre by the French in the caverns of Masaro, near Vicenza, in which six thousand perished. Vol. 14. p. 47.

XXIX. EMPEROR OF CHINA AND TSING-TI.*

A SUSPICION was entertained by the Emperor of China that England was devising schemes, commercial and political, to the detriment of the Celestial Empire. His Majesty, we know, was ill informed on the subject. Never were ministers so innocent of devices to take any advantages in trade or policy; and whatever may bubble up of turbid and deleterious is brewed entirely for home consumption.

It requires no remark, it being universally known, that the Emperor deems it beneath his dignity to appoint ambassadors to reside in foreign courts. On the present occasion he employed a humbler observer, known in our northern latitudes by the more ordinary appellation of *Spy*, although the titular is never gazetted. Personages of this subordinate dignity are often the real ambassadors; and in zeal, information, and integrity are rarely inferior to the ostensible representatives of majesty.

Whatever might have been the Emperor's uneasiness, whether at the near expiration of the East India Company's charter, as liable to produce new and less favorable relations between his empire and England, or from any other cause, the real motive of Tsing-Ti's mission hath been totally misunderstood by the most intelligent of our journalists. Politically much mistaken and traduced, personally Tsing-Ti is become as well known almost in England as in his native country. At Canton it is reported that he was educated by the late emperor as the companion of his son; nor are there wanting those who would trace his origin to the very highest source, — celestiality itself. Certain it is that he long enjoyed the confidence and friendship of his imperial master. Whispers are afloat in the British factory, that his mission was hastened by the dissemination of certain religious *tracts*, imported from England into the maritime towns of China. Several of these were laid before his Majesty the Emperor, in all which it was declared by the pious writers that Christianity is utterly extinct. His Majesty did not greatly care at first whether the assertion were true or false, otherwise than as a matter of history; but protested that he would not allow a fact, even of such trivial importance (such was his expression), to be incorrectly stated in the annals of his reign. By degrees, however, the more he reflected on the matter, the more he was convinced that it was by no means trivial. He entertained some hopes, although faint indeed, that the case in reality was not quite so desperate as the later religionists had represented it. From the manuscript reports he had perused, relating to the Jesuits on their expulsion, and from many old Chinese authors, he was induced to believe that the Christians were more quarrelsome and irreconcilable than any other men; and he wished to introduce a few of the first-rate zealots among the Tartars, to sow divisions and animosities, and to divert them hereafter from uniting their tribes against him. No time, he thought, was to be lost; and Tsing-Ti received his Majesty's command to go aboard the Ganges East Indiaman, and communicate with the captain. He had studied the English language from his earliest youth, and soon spoke it fluently and correctly. His good-nature made him a favorite with the officers and crew, and they were greatly pleased and edified by his devotion. It was remarked of him by one of the sailors, that "he must have a cross of the Englishman in him, he takes so kindly to his grog and his Bible."

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* This was written several years before our invasion of China.

He seems to have been much attached to the Christian religion before his voyage. No doubt, he had access to the imperial library early in life; and then probably he laid the foundation of his faith. Few can be unaware that the spoils of the Jesuits still enrich it, and that the gospel in the Chinese tongue is among the treasures it contains.

On his arrival in England, Tsing-Ti bought a good number of books; but they were little to his taste, so that when he left us he took with him only *Hoyle on the Game of Whist*, and a *Treatise on Husbandry*, beside a manuscript which he purchased as a specimen of calligraphy. He discoursed with admiration on the merits of the two printed authors, declaring that throughout the whole dissertation neither of them had ruffled his temper, or spoken contumeliously of his predecessors. He regretted that he could not in his conscience pay a similar compliment to any other, seeing that *Spiritual Guides* went booted and spurred, that *Pastoral Poets* were bitten by mad sheep, and that *Sonneteers* sprang up from their mistresses, or down from the moon, to grunt and butt at one another. Such were the literal expressions of Tsing-Ti, who protested he would not chew such bitter betel nor such hot areeka.

TSING–TI'S NARRATIVE.

FIRST AUDIENCE.

Entering the chamber of audience through the *azure dragon* and the *two leopards*, the green and the yellow (such being the apartments, as all men know, which are open from time immemorial to the passage of him who bringeth glad tidings), the eyes of his Majesty met me with all their light; and, on my last prostration, he thus bespake me with condescension and hilarity: —

"Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! health, prosperity, long life, and long nails to thee! and a tail at thy girdle which might lay siege to the *great wall*."

Overcome by such ineffable goodness, I lessened in all my limbs; nevertheless, my skin seemed too small for them, it tightened so. His Celestiality then waved his hand, that whatever was living in his presence, excepting me only, might disappear. He ordered me to rise and stand before him, desirous to pour fresh gladness into me. He then said what, although it may surpass credibility and subject me also to the accusation of pride or the suspicion of deafness, I think it not only my glory, but my duty, to record.

"O companion of my youth!" said his Majesty, "O dragon-claw of my throne!" said Chan-ting,* "O thou who hast hazarded thy existence and hast wetted thy slippers in a sea-boat for me! verily they shall be yellow † all thy days, shining forth like the sun, after this self-devotion. So, then, thou hast returned to my court from the shores of England! How couldst thou keep thy footing on deck, where the ocean bends under it like a cat's back in a rage, as our philosophers say it does between us and the White Island?"

Whereunto I did expand both palms horizontally, and abase my half-closed eyes, answering with such gravity as became the occasion and the presence: "Fables! O my Emperor and protector, mere fables! I looked out constantly from the vessel, and found it rise no higher the second day than the first, nor the third day than the second, nor more subsequently. The sea, if not always quite level, had only little curvatures upon it, which the Englishmen, in their language, call *waves* and *billows* and *porpoises*. There are many of the sailors who believe these porpoises to be living creatures; for mariners are superstitious. Indeed, they have greatly the resemblance of animals; but so likewise have the others. For sometimes they lie seemingly asleep; then are they froward and skittish, and resolute to make the vessel play with them; then querulous and petulant, if not attended to; then sluggish and immovable and malicious; then rising up and flapping the sides, growing more and more gloomy; then glaring and fierce; then rolling and dashing, and calling to comrades at a distance; then hissing and whistling and mutinously roaring, — white, black, purple, green; then lifting and shaking us, and casting us abroad, to fall upon any thing but our legs."

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* Chan-ting, *Supreme Court:* the Emperor is often so called.

† The color of the highest distinction in China.

Emperor. I never met before with such a tremendous description of the sea.

Tsing-Ti. I could give a more tremendous one, if imperial ears might entertain it.

Emperor. Our ears are open.

Tsing-Ti. Without any apparent exertion of its potency, without the ministry of billow or porpoise, it made me, a mandarin of the Celestial Empire, surrender, from the interior provinces of my person, the stores and munitions there deposited by the bounty of my Emperor.

Emperor. Whereas the time hath elapsed for demanding their restitution, it shall be compensated unto thee tenfold. And now, Tsing-Ti, to business. In this audience I have shown less anxiety than thou mightest have expected about the success of thy mission. The reason is, I have subdued my enemies, and do not care a rush any longer whether they are converted to Christianity or not. Such is my clemency. However, if thou hast brought back any popes or preachers for the purpose, feed them well at my expense; and let them, if popes, swear and swagger and blaspheme without scourge or other hinderance; if ordinary preachers, let them take one another by the throat, get drunk, and perform all the other ceremonies of their religion, as freely as at home, according to their oaths and consciences.

Tsing-Ti. I have brought none with me, O Celestiality!

Emperor. So much the better, as things have turned out. But not knowing of my victories and the submission of the rebels, how happens it that none attend thee? Were none in the market?

Tsing-Ti. Plenty, of all creeds and conditions, bating the genuine old Christians. On my first landing, indeed, they were scarcer, being all busied in running from house to house, *canvassing* (as it is called) for votes.

Emperor. Explain thy meaning; for verily, Tsing-ti, thou hast brought with thee some fogginess from the West.

Tsing-Ti. In England, the *hereditarily wise* constitute and appoint a somewhat more numerous assembly, without which they cannot lawfully seize any portion of what belongs to the citizens, nor prohibit them from raising plants to embitter their beverage, nor even from heating their barley to brew it with. Harder still, they cannot make wars to make their children's fortunes; nor execute many other little things, without which they might just as well never have been *hereditarily wise.* But having in their own hands the formation and management of those whose consent is necessary, they lead happy lives. These however, once in seven years, are liable to disturbance. For in England there are some wealthy and some reflecting men, and peradventure some refractory, who oppose these appointments. On which occasion it seems better to call out the clergy than the military; for the clergy are all appointed by the *hereditarily wise*, and the people are obliged both to listen to them and to pay them, whether they like it or not; nor can they be removed from their places for any act of criminality. They direct the votes by which are elected those who, under the *hereditarily wise*, manage the affairs of England.

Emperor. I am bewildered. I should have liked very well a couple of popes for curiosities.

Tsing-Ti. They have none.

Emperor. What dost thou mean, Tsing-Ti? Hereditarily wise, and no popes!

Tsing-Ti. None; beside, in the country where they are bred, there are seldom two found together. When this happens, they are apt to fight in their couples, like a pair of cockerels across a staff on a market-man's shoulder.

Emperor. But some other of the many preachers are less pugnacious.

Tsing-Ti. I have heard of none, except one scanty sect. These never work in the fields or manufactories, but buy up corn when it is cheap, sell it again when it is dear, and are more thankful to God for a famine than others are for plenteousness. Painting and sculpture they condemn ; they never dance, they never sing ; music is as hateful to them as discord. They always look cool in hot weather, and warm in cold. Few of them are ugly, fewer handsome, none graceful. I do not remember to have seen a person of dark complexion or hair quite black, or very curly, in this confraternity ; none of them are singularly pale, none red ; none of diminutive stature, none remarkably tall. They have no priests among them, and constantly refuse to make oblations to the priests royal.

Emperor. Naturally ; not believing them.

Tsing-Ti. Naturally, yes ; but oppositely to the customs of the country.

Emperor. The service of the Christians, you have told me heretofore, is the service of free will.

Tsing-Ti. In England, the best Christianity, like the best apple, bears no longer. The fruit of the new plants is either sour or insipid. No genuine ones of the old stock are left anywhere. I heard this from many opposite pulpits ; and it was the only thing they agreed in. Yet if one preacher had asserted it in the presence of another, they would forthwith have bandied foul names. An Englishman has more of abusive ones for his neighbor than a Portuguese has of baptismal for his god-child. The first personal proof I received of this copious nomenclature was upon the identical day I ascertained the suppression of the exercise of Christianity in public.

Emperor. These *tracts*, they are not so lying in the main point? Give me thy exemplification.

Tsing-Ti. Among the authors held in high repute for piety, and whose hymns are still sung in many of the temples, is one King David, a Jew. Whether those who continue to sing them sung in earnest or in joke, I cannot say. Probably in ridicule; for on the first Sunday after my arrival I followed his example, where he says, —

> "I will sing unto the Lord a new song."

Resolved to do the same to the best of my poor ability, I too composed a new one, and began to sing it in the streets. Suddenly I was seized and thrown into prison.

Emperor. Thrown into prison! my mandarin!

Tsing-Ti. On the morrow, I was brought before the magistrate, who told me I had broken the peace and the Sabbath. I protested to him the contrary: that nobody had fought or quarrelled in my presence or hearing, and that the only smiling faces I had seen the whole day were around me while I was singing. "Smiling faces!" said he, "upon a Sunday! during service! in the teeth of an Act of Parliament!" I soon had reason to think the Act of Parliament had rather long and active ones, when twenty or thirty more such offenders as myself came under their pressure, for dancing on the night preceding, and several minutes (it was asserted) after the hour of its close had struck in some parts of the city. Dancing is forbidden, not only to the poor, but also to the middle ranks; and this was an aggravation of the offence.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti, thou art a good jurist in the institutions of my empire, and I did not depute thee to enrich it with the enactments of another; but this cannot be among the statutes of a nation which pretends to as much civility and freedom as most in Asia. That such an order was given from court, on some unlucky day when the King was much afflicted with lumbago, is credible enough.

Tsing-Ti. Nothing more probable; and the magistrate told us, to our cost, it was an Act of Parliament.

Emperor. I cannot but smile at thy simplicity. It was of course an Act of Parliament if the King willed it. Doubtless when his loins came into order again, his people might dance. There are occasions when it would be unseasonable and undutiful to exercise such agility near the palace of an elderly prince, grown somewhat unwieldy: otherwise might not music and dancing keep a people like the English out of political discontent and civil commotions? Might not these amusements relieve the weight of their taxes and dispel the melancholy of their tempers? No idler can get drunk while he is dancing or while he is singing; and against debauchery there is no surer preservative than opening as many sluices as possible to joy and happiness. Where innocent pleasures are easily obtained, the guiltier shun the competition. But how long is it since the race of Christians, I mean the pure breed, has quite disappeared from the land?

Tsing-Ti. Nobody could inform me: it cannot be long. I saw several thousand men who were dressed exactly like them, — having cases for their heads, cases for their bodies, cases for their thighs. These the Christians, during many ages, wore from pure humility; it being the very dress in which monkeys are carried about to play their tricks before the populace, and which was invented by a king of France; whence he and his successors are styled, unto this day, the *Most Christian.* Never was there any thing upon earth so ugly and inconvenient. They devised it for mortification, which they carried by this invention to such an extremity, as should prevent the possibility of a sculptor or painter giving them the appearance of humanity. Several of the wickeder went still farther in self-abasement, — not only covering their heads with dust, which they contrived to procure as white as possible, to give them the appearance of extreme old age and imbecility, but mingled with it (abominable to record) the fat of swine!

Emperor. I have some miniatures which attest the fact. Adulteresses, and some other women of ill-repute, were marked with a black ribbon round the neck; and their hair was drawn up tight, exposing the roots, and fastened to a footstool, which they were obliged to carry on their heads. No rank exempted an offender. I possess several favorites of the Most Christian King, the late Loo-Hi, laboring under the infliction of this disgrace.

Tsing-Ti. Self-imposed tortures survive Christianity. I have seen a portrait of the reigning King of England,* in which he appears so pious and devout, so resolved to please God at any price, that he is represented with his legs confined in narrow japanned cabinets, which the English, when applied to these purposes, call *boots.* They are stiff and black, without gold or other ornament, or even an inscription to inform us on what occasion he made the vow of endurance.

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* George the Fourth.

Emperor. Humble soul! may God pardon him his sins! I pity the people too. When will the feeble blind whelps see the light and stand upon their legs? No wonder there are eternal changes in those countries. Such filthy litter wants often a fresh tossing on the fork. The axe grapples the neck of some among their rulers; others take a neighborly pinch out of the same box as the rats; others have subjects who play the nightmare with them, — as lately in Muscovy. I find such accidents occurring the most frequently where the religion is most flourishing. My father, who was curious in learning the customs and worships of the West, related to me that the people of one sect refuse to bury those of another, leaving them exposed to the dogs.

Tsing-Ti. This, O my Emperor, was never the custom in England all the time I resided there. But indeed it cannot be said that in England there are any customs at all. The very words of their language, I am informed, change their signification and spelling twice or thrice in a man's lifetime. On my first arrival in London, I was somewhat unwell in consequence of the voyage; yet I could not resist the impulse of curiosity, and the desire of walking about in the spacious and lofty streets. After the second day, however, I was constrained by illness to keep within my chamber for five; at the end of those five, so great a change had taken place in the habiliments of the citizens, that I fancied another people had invaded and vanquished them; and, such were my fears, I kept my bed for seven. At last I ventured to ask whether all was well. My inquiry raised some surprise; and, fancying that I had spoken less plainly than I might have done, I took courage to ask distinctly whether all in the city was safe and quiet. After many interrogatories for the motive and cause of mine, the first circuitous, the last direct, I was highly gratified at finding that I had succumbed to a false alarm, and that novelty in dress is a religious duty celebrated on the seventh day.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti, thou never shalt command for me against the Tartars, should they in future dare to show their broad faces and distant eyes over the desert.

Tsing-Ti. God's will and the Emperor's be done! In this wide empire there is no lack of valor; I will offend none by aspiring to an undue precedency. Modesty becomes the wise, and more the unwise. Greatness may follow, and ambition urge forward, the bold, but the tardy man cometh sooner to contentment. May we never see the outermost corner of the Tartar's eye! none hath more evil in it.

Emperor. It must shoot far if it overtake and harm thee, Tsing-Ti! But prythee go on about the fact of burial, and tell me whether there is any nation so western, as to refuse it in time of peace.

Tsing-Ti. The nations of Europe are so infinitely more barbarous than any thing we in China can conceive, that, however incredible it may appear, the story is not unfounded. The first avowed enemies of Christianity were the associates of a sorcerer, who shaved his head that he might fit a crown upon it. He told people that he could forgive more sins than they could commit. Both parties tried, and it turned out that he was the winner. He pocketed the stakes, and tempted them to try again; and the game has been going on ever since. Ill-tempered men were scandalized at this exhibition, and many disturbances and battles have been the consequence. The sorcerer, now become a priest-king, refuses burial to those who deny his power of remitting sins, and his right to open the gates of Paradise on paying toll and tariff. Many of these begin to think they have gone too far, and have slunk back to the old sorcerer, who reproves them sharply, and treats them like conger eels, putting salt into their mouths for purification. If they spit it out again, they frequently are medicated with minerals more corrosive.

Emperor. Why, I wonder, do not the neighboring princes catch and cage him?

Tsing-Ti. He frightens them. He has the appointment of their nurses, who tell them marvellous tales about his potency, and how he can turn one thing into another. The English were among the first to expose and abolish his impostures; but many are coming back to him, now they are tired of Christianity; and already they begin to stick up again the images of idlers and fanatics, whom the magistrates of old whipped and hung for sedition.

Emperor. Better such fellows should be venerated, were it only that they are dead and out of the way, than intolerant and bloodthirsty varlets, who carry hatred in their bosoms as carefully as an amulet, and who will not let the grave open and close upon it.

Tsing-Ti. They are all of the same quality: they are all either bark or blossom of that tree of which the Jesuits are the nutmegs.

Emperor. I thought my ancestors, of blessed memory, had given an intelligible lesson to the potentates of Europe, how to grate those said nutmegs into powder. I thought our wisdom had entered into their councils, and such malefactors were everywhere suppressed.

Tsing-Ti. They were so, for a time. But there are many things which were formerly known only as poisons, and which are now employed as salutary drugs. Jesuitism is one of these.

Emperor. After all our inquiries, how very imperfect is our knowledge of Europe! The books of Europeans serve only to perplex us. Those which have been interpreted to me, on their polity, represent the English as a free people; that is, a people in which several hundred mandarins have a certain weight in the government. Yet it appears that there are provinces in the empire where the inhabitants pay stipends to priests, who abominate and curse them, and with whom they have nothing in common but their corn and cattle. Furthermore, it is represented that those who are making the noisiest appeals to liberality would leave exposed to the fowls of the air the dead bodies of other sects.

Tsing-Ti. This inhumanity cannot be practised in England, — it belongs to the old sorcerers: it, however, is gaining ground in every part of Europe. Where it predominates, all dissentients are denied the rites of burial; and some entire professions lie under the same interdict. Actors of comedy, who render men ashamed of their follies and vices, are conceived to intrench on the attributes of the priesthood: they must lie unburied. Actors of tragedy, who have awakened all the sympathies of the human heart, must hope for none when they have left the scene.

Emperor. Yet haply the sage himself, when living, hath less deeply impressed the lessons of wisdom than his representative in the theatre; and even the hero hath excited less enthusiasm. The English, I suspect, are too humane, too generous, too contemplative, to countenance or endure so hideous an imposture.

Tsing-Ti. Gratification is not sterile in their country: gratitude, lovely gratitude, is her daughter. The great actor is received on equal terms among the other great. I have inquired of almost every sect, to the number of forty or fifty, and every one abhors the imputation of posthumous rancor, excepting the old sorcerers. The arguments of another, with a priest of that persuasion, are fresh in my memory.

Emperor. What an ice-house must thy memory be, Tsing-Ti! to keep such things fresh in it!

Tsing-Ti. They might have been uttered in the serenity of the Celestial Empire, and in the most holy place.

Emperor. Indeed! I would hear 'em then.

Tsing-Ti. "Good God!" said the appellant to the sorcerer's man, "if any one hath injured us in life, ought we not at least to cast our enmity aside when life is over? Even supposing we disregard the commandment of our Heavenly Father, *to forgive as we hope to be forgiven;* even supposing we disbelieve him when he tells us that on this condition, and on this only, we can expect it, — would not humanity lead us through a path so pleasant, to a seat so soft, to so wholesome and invigorating a repose? The pagan, the heathen, the idolater, the sacrificer of his fellow-men, beholding a corpse on the shore, stopped, bent over it, tarried, cast upon it three handfuls of sand, and bade the spirit that had dwelt in it, and was hovering (as they thought) uneasily about it, go its way in peace. Would you do less than this, for one who had lived in the same city, and bowed to the same God as yourself?"

Emperor. The sorcerer's man must have learned more than sorcery, if his ingenuity supplied him with an answer in the affirmative.

Tsing-Ti. "Yes," replied he, "if the holiness of our Lord commanded it."

Emperor. Moderate the prancing of thy speech, O Tsing-Ti, that I may mount it easily, look down from it complacently, and descend from it again without sore or irksomeness. What Holiness? What Lord? Thou wert talking of the sorcerer. Are these ruffians called lords and holinesses? Do people at once obey and ridicule them? How can this be?

Tsing-Ti. I know not, O Celestiality! but so it is.

Emperor. The other spoke rationally and kindly. Had he a tail? a top-knot?

Tsing-Ti. None whatever.

Emperor. He must have travelled into far regions under milder skies; not peradventure to our beautiful coast, but midway. He may, by God's providence, have enjoyed the conversation of those hermits, now under the protection of England, the Ho-Te-Nto-Ts. This surely is something in advance of such as believe that one chapman can procure eternal life, on commission, for another who corresponds with him; that mummery can dispense with obligations, and that money can absolve from sin. Call for tea; my head is dizzy, and my stomach is out of order.

SECOND AUDIENCE.

On the morrow I was received at the folding doors by Pru-Tsi, and ushered by him into the presence of his Majesty the Emperor, who was graciously pleased to inform me that he had rendered thanks to Almighty God for enlightening his mind, and for placing his empire far beyond the influence of the persecutor and fanatic. "But," continued his Majesty, "this story of the sorcerer's man quite confounds me. Little as the progress is which the Europeans seem to have made in the path of humanity, yet the English, we know, are less cruel than their neighbors, and more given to reflection and meditation. How then is it possible they should allow any portion of their fellow-citizens to be hoodwinked, gagged, and carried away into darkness, by such conspirators and assassins? Why didst thou not question the man thyself?"

Tsing-Ti. I did, O Emperor! and his reply was: "We can bury such only as were in the household of the faith. It would be a mockery to bid those spirits go in peace which we know are condemned to everlasting fire."

Emperor. Amazing! have they that? Who invented it? Everlasting fire! It surely might be applied to better purposes. And have those rogues authority to throw people into it? In what part of the kingdom is it? If natural, it ought to have been marked more plainly in the maps. The English, no doubt, are ashamed of letting it be known abroad that they have any such places in their country. If artificial, it is no wonder they keep such a secret to themselves. Tsing-Ti, I commend thy prudence in asking no questions about it; for I see we are equally at a loss on this curiosity.

Tsing-Ti. The sorcerer has a secret for diluting it. Oysters and the white of eggs, applied on lucky days, enter into the composition; but certain charms in a strange language must also be employed, and must be repeated a certain number of times. There are stones likewise, and wood cut into particular forms, good against this eternal fire, as they believe. The sorcerer has the power, they pretend, of giving the faculty of hearing and seeing to these stones and pieces of wood; and when he has given them the faculties, they become so sensible and grateful, they do whatever he orders. Some roll their eyes, some sweat, some bleed; and the people beat their breasts before them, calling themselves miserable sinners.

Emperor. *Sinners* is not the name I should have given them, although no doubt they are in the right.

Tsing-Ti. Sometimes, if they will not bleed freely, nor sweat, nor roll their eyes, the devouter break their heads with clubs, and look out for others who will.

Emperor. Take heed, Tsing-Ti! Take heed! I do believe thou art talking all the while of idols. Thou must be respectful; remember I am head of all the religions in the empire. We have something in our own country not very unlike them, only the people do not worship them; they merely fall down before them as representatives of a higher power. So they say.

Tsing-Ti. I do not imagine they go much farther in Europe, excepting the introduction of this club-law into their adoration.

Emperor. And difference enough, in all conscience. Our people is less ferocious and less childish. If any man break an idol here for not sweating, he himself would justly be condemned to sweat, showing him how inconvenient a thing it is when the sweater is not disposed. As for rolling the eyes, surely they know best whom they should ogle; as for bleeding, that must be regulated by the season of the year. Let every man choose his idol as freely as he chooses his wife; let him be constant if he can; if he can not, let him at least be civil. Whoever dares to scratch the face of any one in my empire shall be condemned to varnish it afresh, and moreover to keep it in repair all his lifetime.

Tsing-Ti. In Europe such an offence would be punished with the extremities of torture.

Emperor. Perhaps their idols cost more, and are newer. Is there no chance, in all their changes, that we may be called upon to supply them with a few?

Tsing-Ti. They have plenty for the present, and they dig up fresh occasionally.

Emperor. In regard to the worship of idols, they have not a great deal to learn from us; and what is deficient will come by degrees as they grow humaner. But how little care can any ruler have for the happiness and improvement of his people, who permits such ferocity in the priesthood. If its members are employed by the Government to preside at burials, as according to thy discourse I suppose, a virtuous prince would order a twelvemonth's imprisonment, and spare diet, to whichever of them should refuse to perform the last office of humanity toward a fellow-creature. What separation of citizen from citizen, and, necessarily, what diminution of national strength, must be the consequence of such a system! A single act of it ought to be punished more severely than any single act of sedition, not only as being a greater distractor of civic union, but in its cruel sequestration of the best affections, a fouler violator of domestic peace. I always had fancied, from the books in my library, that the Christian religion was founded on brotherly love and pure equality. I may calculate ill; but, in my hasty estimate, damnation and dog-burial stand many removes from these.

"Wait a little," the Emperor continued: "I wish to read in my library the two names that my father said are considered the two greatest in the West, and may vie nearly with the highest of our own country."

Whereupon did his Majesty walk forth into his library; and my eyes followed his glorious figure as he passed through the doorway, traversing the "gallery of the peacocks," so called because fifteen of those beautiful birds unite their tails in the centre of the ceiling, painted so naturally as to deceive the beholder, each carrying in his beak a different flower, the most beautiful in China, and bending his neck in such a manner as to present it to the passer below. Traversing this gallery, his Majesty with his own hand drew aside the curtain of the library door. His Majesty then entered; and, after some delay, he appeared with two long scrolls, and shook them gently over the fishpond, in this dormitory of the sages. Suddenly there were so many splashes and plunges that I was aware of the gratification the fishes had received from the grubs in them, and the disappointment in the atoms of dust. His Majesty, with his own right hand, drew the two scrolls trailing on the marble pavement, and pointing to them with his left, said: —

"Here they are, — Nhu-Tong; Pa-Kong.* Suppose they had died where the sorcerer's men held firm footing, would the priests have refused them burial?"

I bowed my head at the question; for a single tinge of red, whether arising from such ultra-bestial cruelty in those who have the impudence to accuse the cannibals of theirs, or whether from abhorrent shame at the corroding disease of intractable superstition hereditary in the European nations for fifteen centuries, a tinge of red came over the countenance of the Emperor. When I raised up again my forehead after such time as I thought would have removed all traces of it, still fixing my eyes on the ground, I answered: —

"O Emperor! the most zealous would have done worse. They would have prepared these great men for burial, and then have left them unburied."

Emperor. So! so! they would have embalmed them, in their reverence for meditation and genius, although their religion prohibits the ceremony of interring them.

Tsing-Ti. Alas, sire, my meaning is far different. They would have dislocated their limbs with pulleys, broken them with hammers, and then have burned the flesh off the bones. This is called an *act of faith.*

Emperor. *Faith*, didst thou say? Tsing-Ti, thou speakest bad Chinese; thy native tongue is strangely Occidentalized.

Tsing-Ti. So they call it.

Emperor. God hath not given unto all men the use of speech. Thou meanest to designate the ancient inhabitants of the country, not those who have lived there within the last three centuries.

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* Newton, Bacon. The Chinese have no B.

Tsing-Ti. The Spaniards and Italians (such are the names of the nations who are most under the influence of the spells) were never so barbarous and cruel as during the first of the last three centuries. The milder of them would have refused two cubits of earth to the two philosophers; and not only would have rejected them from the cemetery of the common citizens, but from the side of the common hangman, — the most ignorant priest thinking himself much wiser, and the most enlightened prince not daring to act openly as one who could think otherwise. The Italians had formerly two illustrious men among them: the earlier was a poet, the later a philosopher; one was exiled, the other was imprisoned, and both were within a span of being burned alive.

Emperor. We have in Asia some odd religions and some barbarous princes, but neither are like the Europeans. In the name of God! do the fools think of their Christianity as our neighbors in Tartary (with better reason) think of their milk, — that it will keep the longer for turning sour; or that it must be wholesome because it is heady? Swill it out, swill it out, say I, and char the tub!

THIRD AUDIENCE.

The third morning had dawned, and the skies had assumed the color of a beautiful maiden's nails, when the Emperor my master sent unto me Pru-Tsi, to command me to be of good health and to have a heart in my bosom. Flattered and gratified beyond all measure by the graciousness of such commands, I ordered tea to be brought to Pru-Tsi, who no sooner heard the servant on the other side of the door, than he told me that he saw in my tea-cup the ocean of my bounty, the abysses of my wisdom, the serene and interminable sky of my favor and affection. To which I replied, that in the countenance of Pru-Tsi I beheld the sun which irradiated them all. He was dissatisfied at the shortness and incompleteness of my compliment, as wanting two divisions; and from that instant may be dated his ill offices toward me. Here I must confess my deficiency in politeness, which, not having been neglected in my education, I can attribute to nothing but my long absence from our civilized and courteous people.

Observing by the profusion of Pru-Tsi's gentilities, and by the fluttering of his tamarind-tree vest under which his breast wheezed and labored, that my rusticity had wounded him, I took from off the table the finest rose in the central vase, and entreated that, by touching it, he would render those of next year more fragrant and more double. "The parent," said I, "will be penetrated by the glory shed upon her daughter." I remarked that he smelled it only on one side, and only once; and that he bowed but when he received it and when he smelled it, and the last time less profoundly; yet he could not but have noticed that, in rising, I laid above half of each hand on the table, with the fingers spread, and that I rested for seven or eight seconds in an inclined position, looking up at his face, as one irresolute and deferential. I record it not in anger, but I hope there are few Chinese who could have seen this unmoved. God forbid that we should degenerate from our fathers, or that even a signification of our desire to please should fail in obtaining pardon, even for a voluntary and a grave offence. No acknowledgment of a fault is so explicit, none can so little wound the delicacy of the offended, none so gracefully show our reliance on his generosity and affability. Let the Westernman call *satisfaction* that which humiliates and afflicts another; but, oh, Chinese! let us demand much more, — the contentment of both parties. I have often mused on these reflections; I must now return to Pru-Tsi, who caused them. He informed me that the Emperor was ready to receive me under *his* "guidance." This word has much meaning. Pru-Tsi drew it with all dexterity and gracefulness, but he showed too plainly its edge and point. I then added, "My heart is a cabinet on which all the figures and all the letters are embossed in high relief by your hands, most munificent lord!"

"Deign, O Tsing-Ti, to place us within it," said Wi-Hong, who stood behind, "and it shall be our glory to become the camphor, preservative against the moths and insects which would consume its precious stores."

"The cedar wants not the camphor," said Flthat-Wang, bowing at the back of Wi-Hong, three paces off. Whereat the pupils of Pru-Tsi's eyes verged toward the bridge of his nose; for he remembered not in what book the words were written. This made him the readier to depart. He walked at my left-hand, Wi-Hong and Flthat-Wang following us at equal distances. On my entering the chamber of audience, Pru-Tsi was dismissed; which (I was sorry to observe) made his mouth as low as a lamprey's, and elicited a sound not unlike the drawing off a somewhat wet boot. Scarcely had he passed into the "corridor of the dancers," so called because there are painted on each side the figures of young maidens, some dancing, but the greater part inviting the passer-by, either with open arms or only with the fingers, and others behind, among the lofty flowers, with various seductive signs: scarcely had Pru-Tsi reached this corridor, when the Emperor's children entered from the opposite one, the "corridor of the parrots," so called because it represents these birds performing various actions; one flying with a boy into the air, having caught him by a bunch of prodigiously large cherries, which he will not let go; one teaching an ancient mandarin his letters, and much resembling him in physiognomy; two playing at chess for little girls in cages on the table; and a flight of smaller ones clawing a sceptre and pecking at a globe; while several apes creep on their bellies close behind, and several more from furnaces in the distance, each with his firebrand ready to singe their plumage. The parrots do not see the mischievous beasts that are so near, nor do those see, coming from under scarlet drapery, a vast serpent's jaw, wide enough to swallow them all. The serpent's jaw is in a corner, near a sofa, in the shape of a woolsack, off which a comely man (apparently) has tumbled, extending both feet in the air over it, and holding the serpent's tail between his teeth, and trying (apparently) to urge him onward. I am thus particular in my description of this corridor, because there is no part of the whole palace which has been described in general so inaccurately, and because there are few who can pretend to have examined it so closely or so long as I have; added to which, in all due humility be it spoken, few in China have a better eye for forms and colors.

The celestial sons and daughters, I have said already, had passed through the "corridor of the parrots," and entered the "hall of audience." What I am now about to say will subject me to much obloquy, and render my name suspected in veracity; but the graciousness of my patron is commensurate with the greatness of my Emperor. He made a sign to the children that they should walk into the smaller library, and when he had signified the same by words, and they, after all of them had long fixed their eyes on his Majesty, were quite certain, the eldest son, Fo-Kien, advanced toward his elder sister, Rao-Fa, kissed her little fair hand and then her forehead, and conducted her: after his seventh step, Min-Psi, the second son, acted in like manner; but when he rose on tiptoe (being, as the world knows, two years younger than his sister, Lao-Lo, then almost nine), she bit the tip of his ear, not with her teeth, indeed, but with her lips. The Emperor, who surveyed his beautiful progeny with intense delight, was indulgent to this fault; and, beckoning to me, said, "I am to blame, Tsing-Ti! In the fifth year of her age, I did the very same to Lao-Lo; but," recovering himself, "it was not in the 'hall of audience.' Come along, come along, I may do the same again in the little library, and before thee; for Lao-Lo is the light of my eyes, and makes it sweeter to be a father than an emperor. I have sent for my children," continued his Majesty, "that they may be amused by thy narrative; for nothing is so delightful to the youthful mind as voyages. But prythee do not relate to them any act of intolerance or inhumanity. The young should not be habituated to hear or see what is offensive to our nature, and derogatory to the beneficence of our God. Surely *all* the absurdities of those mischievous priests are not inseparably mixed up with blood and bile. Follow me; for the children must be very dull when there are only books about them."

Suddenly the Emperor stopped, and made a sign to me to look toward the pond. Lao-Lo was standing with her arm upon the golden balustrade and looking at Min-Psi; who, from time to time, gave her a pearl or two, which he was detaching, with all the force and agility of his teeth, from the border of her silver sash. No sooner had he succeeded, than she threw it to the fish. Those which swallowed one she called "sweet creatures," and those which detected the fraud, "cunning old mandarins." When the baits were exhausted, and Min-Psi shook his head at the melancholy question, "are there no more?" the Emperor drew back softly, and said to me, "We must give her time to smoothen her sash, and take care not to see it." Perhaps the same kindness moved Fo-Kien and Rao-Fa to begin a game at chess, not opposite each other, but both with the back toward the pond. Fo-Kien once or twice moved an eye in that direction, and smiled; but Rao-Fa told him he might smile when he had won, and never glanced from the chess-board. At the sound of the Emperor's feet they both arose and turned toward him. Min-Psi did not come quite opposite. I saw one ear, the left, and it was crimson, although it was not the ear that Lao-Lo had pinched with her rubies. He held down his head a little; and Lao-Lo struck his hand with her sash, saying, "I wonder what in the world can ever make Min-Psi look as if he had been in mischief." His ear grew more transparent. Lao-Lo asked her father's permission to give him three kisses; only three. The request was granted; but Min-Psi ran behind me, and laughed at her vain attempts. As they were rather rough and boisterous with my robe, the Emperor said, "Lao-Lo, do not you remember that you are in the presence of a mandarin?" "Oh papa! there are several not far off; are there not, Min-Psi?" said the child, "but is any one so good as Tsing-Ti is? It is impossible not to admire his beautiful dress, now we are in a part of the palace where we may admire any thing we like." The Emperor seated himself, and, waving his hand, the children bowed gracefully. He waved his hand a second time, and Fo-Kien made two steps toward Rao-Fa, who made likewise two steps toward him. He then made another step, slightly bending; the princess had no other steps to make, but inclined her head somewhat lower, so that her hand came forward a little. The imperial prince supported her arm above the wrist, and she was seated. Min-Psi too, performed with equal grace and gravity the same duties toward Lao-Lo, who looked as diffident as if she had never seen him until then. He, being the younger, bowed twice before her, which salute she returned by opening her hand each time. On this occasion her brow came a little forward, and, as was required by the ceremonial, much to Min-Psi's contentment, her lips were quite closed. He then bowed twice to Rao-Fa, on whom it was not incumbent to open her hand, but merely to make a like movement with her fan. Her beautiful lips parted for a moment to compensate him for the difference, and her eyes looked tenderly upon the courtly child.

There are many, in the Celestial Empire itself, to whom these statutes of the Imperial Court are unknown, although they have regulated the movements of each successive dynasty three thousand years. Hence that polish which is proof against contact; hence that lofty urbanity in every member of it which separates them widely from all other potentates; hence that gentleness and obliging demeanor which render domestic offence impossible, and throw additional charms over every affection and every endearment. No unkind, no unpleasant word ever was uttered in these chambers; where the wisdom of royalty, receiving fresh tributes in almost every century from inborn sages, has given form and substance to fairer imagery than poets and visionaries have dreamed. No duties are so punctilious as to be troublesome to a well-regulated mind, which always finds complacency and satisfaction in executing perfectly the most complex and difficult; while rudeness can never do enough for its gratification, and grows continually more uneasy and untoward. I say these things, because what I am writing may, peradventure, be carried by ships into lands where such reflections have seldom fallen, and where scratches and buffets are thought more natural than courtesies and caresses.

I related to the imperial children much of what I had seen in the several countries of my voyage. "But do tell them a few tricks of the sorcerer," said his Majesty, "and what are called the mysteries." Accordingly I began. Their laughter was interrupted by questions, and their questions by laughter; for both were permitted in the small library. One absurdity struck Fo-Kien particularly: it related to numerals. The princesses sat with their eyelids raised, perhaps in doubt of my correctness, either as to judgment or to fact: Min-Psi counted his fingers, first on one hand and then on the other, and looked hard at me; I fancied he was uneasy. Fo-Kien asked me whether the English too believed in this, being thought such good accountants. My reply was, that, "Although they had rejected, in great measure, the practice of Christianity, yet they retained the dogmas; and this among the rest."

"I wonder then," said he, "that the merchants of Canton do not often sell their tobacco for opium, and a pound for a quintal, since they appear to be ignorant both of substances and numbers. I do not wonder they are so cheated by those who manage their affairs at home as we hear they are."

"Methinks," said his Majesty, "they must nevertheless have some calculators among them, else how could they become such good astronomers?"

"I have heard," said Lao-Lo, "that these astronomers pick up stars every day like cockle-shells. Tell us about it, good Tsing-Ti; can it be true? what can they do with so many? must not they leave them where they find them? are they not all in the sky?"

"Excepting some few," said Min-Psi, "that fall into the canals."

His Majesty the Emperor was graciously pleased to inquire of me whether the English retained the same confidence as formerly in judicial astronomy. I acknowledged my ignorance of the fact, whether they were stationary in that science, or had latterly made any improvements in it.

"Certain it is," said I, "that, under the guidance of the stars, they are steadfast in their observance of lucky days."

"It is only grown-up men that ever see unlucky ones," said Min-Psi, "unless it rains."

A soft vibration of a gong was audible in the corridor. The children rose from their seats, performing the same ceremonies as before, each saying, in turn, after a pause, —

"May Tsing-Ti be blessed with health and happiness!"

Then they kissed the hand of their Imperial father, and requested he would grant them an appetite for their pillau; which his Majesty most graciously conceded.

"Go on, Tsing-Ti," said his Majesty, "about the observations of the astronomers in the White Island."

Tsing-Ti. There is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four of any day throughout the twelvemonth, on which I have not requested, from the wisest men I know among them, the solution of my doubts on theological topics. The answer was invariably, —

"This is not the time for it."

Turning over many newspapers — a strange improper name! for the editors call one another rogue, turncoat, &c., which is no news at all, and report speeches made in Parliament, the purport of which is always known beforehand, it being the custom for every man to carry his mind into the House, and his money out —

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! put the hyphen to thy parenthesis: thou art giving me a rather long elucidation of what is *no news at all.*

Tsing-Ti. I received the same declaration from the political leaders as from the theological. When a reform of any abuse was proposed, no denial of its existence, none of its multiplicity, none of its magnitude, none of its intensity, was resorted to: the objection was, —

"This is not the time for considering it."

Were the people quiet, it was a strong subsidiary! were they turbulent, it was a stronger; were they between both, it was the very worst season of all to agitate the question.

Were the people in a state of famine, and were a reduction advised in the national expenditure, whether of sums voted for race-horses or brilliants, for pensions or services of plate, the adviser was counter-advised not to render the people dissatisfied by reminding them of their hunger, and was assured,

"This is not the time."

In fact, the English are religiously, not to say superstitiously, scrupulous in that one matter, and perhaps the rather for having rejected all other kinds of religion: and the higher orders seem to be more so than the lower. The bishops and chancellors sit watching for the auspicious hour, and have watched for it above half a century: and although they declare they are tired of sitting and watching, and it would do their hearts good if they could see it, yet in their honesty and forbearance they never have pretended or hinted that the discovery was made by them. Such patience and modesty are unexampled.

Emperor. Dost thou verily think, Tsing-Ti, that these chancellors and bishops are in earnest?

Tsing-Ti. They appear so. I never heard of any one among them caught stealing on the river, or riding off with another's horse or ass, or setting fire to houses for plunder, or infesting the high road.

Emperor. Calm and moral as they are, I perceive that much more lying and shuffling is required and practised in their government than in mine. England is all mercantile, from the pinnacle of the Temple to the sewer of the Exchange. Our dealers may be as thievish as theirs: our mandarins, praised be God, are better. Although they feel at seasons a superficial itch for lucre, they are not blotched and buboed with its pestilence: they do not lead their children to be fed out of the platters of the poor, nor make the citizens, who have idols of their own, worship theirs, and pay for it.

His Majesty then rose from his seat, wiped his mouth, and went away.

FOURTH AUDIENCE.

The third audience may appear to have been shorter than the first, but in fact was longer by much. The imperial children asked me such a variety of questions which I think it unnecessary to repeat, and made such a variety of remarks on my answers, that the hour allotted for their pastime in the small library wore insensibly away. They puzzled me as children often do, and made me wish they would have turned their inquiries toward the sea, or toward men and manners, or toward any thing intelligible and instructive. His Majesty, too, puzzled me almost as much as they did.

However, on this my fourth audience, he rewarded me amply for every toil and perplexity. The first words he uttered were, that he admired my judgment and ingenuity in passing through so many lanes and turning so many corners without a rip or a soil on my garment. He was graciously pleased to add, that he would never have allowed any other than myself to display before his children such fantastic mysteries; that, however, I had gone far enough into them to disgust an ingenuous mind with their darkness and doublings, and to render a lover of truth well contented with the simple institutions of his forefathers.

"My children," said his Majesty, "will disdain to persecute even the persecutor, but will blow away both his fury and his fraudulence. The philosopher whom my house respects and venerates, Kong-Fu-Tsi, is never misunderstood by the attentive student of his doctrines; there is no contradiction in them, no exaction of impossibilities, nothing above our nature, nothing below it. The most vehement of his exhortations is to industry and concord; the severest of his denunciations is against the self-tormentor, vice. He entreats us to give justice and kindness a fair trial as conductresses to happiness, and only to abandon them when they play us false. He assures us that every hour of our existence is favorable to the sowing or the gathering of some fruit; and that sleep and repose are salutary repasts, to be enjoyed at stated times, and not to be long indulged nor frequently repeated. He is too honorable to hold out bribes, too gentle to hold out threats; he says only, 'Satisfy your conscience, and you will satisfy your God.' But antecedently to the satisfaction of this conscience he takes care to look into it minutely, to see that it hangs commodiously and lightly on the breast, that all its parts be sound and all its contents in order, that it be not contracted, nor covered with cobwebs, nor crawled over with centipedes and tarantulas."

Emperor. I am so well satisfied with thy prudence and delicacy, O Tsing-Ti, in the explanation of things ludicrous and ferocious, that I do not only grant unto thy father, Nun-Pek, who is dead, a title of nobility, making him mandarin of the first class, but likewise the same to thy grandfather who died long before, — so much hast thou merited from me; and so much have they merited who begat thee. Thy grandfather's name I well remember was —

Tsing-Ti. Peh-Nun; may it please your Majesty!

Emperor. Who else could have been the grandfather of Tsing-Ti? From this moment he has yellow slippers on his feet, and he makes but one prostration in my presence. And now inform me in what manner do the kings of the White Island mark the deserts of their subjects.

I bowed my head several times before the throne, to collect from my memory as much of this matter as was deposited within it. At last I said: —

"O Emperor! Light-of-the-East! since nobody in England is fond of talking of another's deserts, here my store of intelligence is scanty; and the king of the country seems to have found himself in the same penury. For it is not the custom of his mandarins to approach him with such narrations; and none are proposed to his Majesty as worthy of advancement to high offices, or even of bearing such titles as exalt them a span above the common class of citizens, unless they have slain many or ruined many; such are soldiers and lawyers."

Emperor. No quieter ornament of his country, none whom future ages will venerate, must raise up his head in his own? Is this thy meaning? He may irrigate the garden of genius; he may delight in the fruits that will grow from it; he may anticipate with transport the day when his enemy's children, united with his own, shall repose under the tree he has planted: glory never breaks in upon his labor; applause never disturbs his meditations! Is that the state of England? Tell me; how could these lawyers find admittance to the king? Have they nothing to do in their tribunals? Will nobody employ them?

Tsing-Ti. Not only do they find admittance, but they come near enough his person to throw some sacred dust in his eyes out of certain ancient parchments. When they have done this, they tie his hands behind him, loosing him only when he has given them titles for themselves and children, who are also created great lawyers under the royal signet.

Emperor. Art thou mad, Tsing-Ti?

Tsing-Ti. I thought I was; but the madness, I was glad to find, was merely reflected.

Emperor. The Kings of England do this? they reward the children for being begotten by clever fellows; and never for making them? Now indeed may we believe that the soles of their feet are opposed to the soles of ours. Didst thou tell me they delegate to their servants the granting of distinctions to worthless men?

Tsing-Ti. Too true, in eleven instances out of the dozen.

Emperor. Well then may the English be called regicides; for he who lowers the kingly character spills the most precious blood of his king. Go home: I must ponder on these subjects. Methinks I have caught thy old sea-sickness, my head turns round so, and every thing seems so disproportioned and confused.

FIFTH AUDIENCE.

On my return the following day, his Majesty took my sleeve between the tips of his imperial thumb and finger, and said blandly: "Thou, being in thy heart a Christian, shalt now enter more deeply with me on that religion. Albeit I see nothing but a quagmire in it, bearing unwholesome weeds on the surface, and unfathomable mud within. Another swarm of insects hath recently been hatched on it, some of which my mandarins inform me have been blown over into Canton. They style themselves *Good-news-mongers.* By the accounts I have received of them, they resemble a jar of tamarinds with little pulp and no sugar. I apprehend they will do small credit to their Master in heaven."

Tsing-Ti. Whose blessed name, O Emperor, be praised for ever! He came before the arrogant, firm in meekness. He said: " Abstain from violence, abstain from fraud: be continent, be pure, be patient: love one another."

Emperor. How happy would men be universally, if they observed these precepts! Life would bring few wishes, death few fears. We should come and go, jocund as children enter and leave a garden, — entering it to play in, and leaving it to sleep. Alas! they do not toil to earn repose at the day's end; but the whole occupation of their existence is to make the last hour solicitous and restless.

We are friends, Tsing-Ti; for we both have listened to the words of wisdom, and in youth, and together. Recollections such as these unite the high and the humble, and make benevolence grow up even where the soil is sterile. Sterile it is not with thee, but yielding a hundredfold. Come then freely to me every day, as thou wert wont formerly, and let us exchange, what alone can make both of us the richer, our thoughts and knowledge. Thou hast travelled afar, and art master of many things which none have laid before me. I will turn them over, partly for curiosity and partly for acquisition, like those who enter the house of the jeweller.

I am wearied with the inconsistencies and shocked at the irreligion of the islanders. At some future time I may perhaps have leisure and patience to examine them more minutely. At present I am more desirous to take a view of their literature. My father of blessed memory planted poetry in their island: does it flourish?

Tsing-Ti. From the specimens I purchased, it appears to me, O Emperor! that the English may become poets, and reach nearer to the perfection of the Chinese than any people of the West; for I observe that a greater number of their verses end in monosyllables.

Emperor. Indeed! are they arrived at that? Bring me to-morrow a few of the least heavy from among thy volumes, and such as by their nature may, with skilful comments, be the most intelligible to me. At the same time thou wilt be able to render me some account of those who read their verses at the king's bedside.

Tsing-Ti. His Majesty is a sound sleeper: none are called in.

Emperor. At his table then.

Tsing-Ti. None recite verses there. The fictions of poetry are not exactly those which find the readiest admittance into the palaces of the West. The ornaments of style and composition are thought in England to denote a vacant mind. If flowers exhale their fragrance from a silver vase, the English doubt at once whether it is silver. Their princes are no cultivators of poetry and eloquence; which is the more remarkable, as they are fanciers of old porcelain, and can distinguish and estimate it almost as correctly as our best dealers. They are likewise so judicious in paintings, that they invariably buy from Dutch artists such pieces as bear the nearest affinity to ours.

Emperor. Then, by degrees, Tsing-Ti, their nails will lengthen and their feet contract. We shall be all one people, as the oldest sages have foretold.

Tsing-Ti. Alas, sire! the youngest will never live to see that day. No sovereign in England ever conversed an hour together with poet or philosopher; many for days and nights with gamesters and other pickpockets, — especially the king now reigning.

Emperor. I have heard some such reports. I have also heard that there are fewer of like character in the island than on the continent.

Tsing-Ti. The English, although they have lost their religion, are still in many of their dealings the most honest and abstinent people in the world. I have walked by the side of a canal in the vicinity of the capital, and I have seen rats, cats, dogs, very delicate sucking kittens, and the tenderest plumpest puppies, and even fine long snakes, green and yellow, of several pounds each, enough to give an appetite to an opium-eater at daybreak. I have seen them, sire, killed upon the banks, without a man or a woman or a child to guard them:

and I have waited in vain, for hours together, in the hope of making a contract for a quota of the stock, the proprietor never appearing. In some instances it has happened that they have remained there until they rotted. Such is the fertility of soil, and the scantiness of population in proportion to it. Even frogs are neglected as articles of luxury. I have noticed some lying dead by the side of ditches, having been stoned by peasants, who would have been banished to the extremity of the earth for attempting to kill a graniverous bird, or for stealing a sour apple.

Emperor. Do the English offer up sour apples in sacrifice? Do they worship birds?

Tsing-Ti. In public, no: what they may do privately, in the present state of religion among them, it is difficult for a traveller to ascertain. Certainly they think differently on these subjects from what we read in the history of more ancient nations which worshipped brute animals. These selected for preservation the creatures that benefited the husbandman by devouring the reptiles and insects, or by rendering him some other good service. The English nobles preserve foxes, that kill his lambs; hares, pheasants, partridges, that consume his corn; and, instead of remunerating him for exterminating the pests of agriculture, confiscate his property, condemn him to die of famine, or, when the sentence is mildest, remove him for ever from that land which he has enriched with the sweat of his brow.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti, it was in a moment of irritation, it was when the rebels had sorely vexed me, that I was malicious enough to think of sending such Christians as these among the Tartars.

Tsing-Ti. On the imperial footstool I lay the few pieces of poetry I have collected in England. Wishing to procure some specimens of elegant handwriting, I went to my tailor and entreated his recommendation. It was not particularly for his honesty that I selected him, but because I had found him the most acute reasoner I had met with. My first acquaintance was contracted with him by desiring him to mend a rent in my dress. It appeared to me that his charge was exorbitant, and I asked him whether he did not think the same.

"Certainly I do," replied he.

"But, my friend, the price of a new vest would not exceed this demand."

"Certainly not," replied he with equal calmness. "To cut the thing short, as we tailors are fond of doing," said he, before I could go on, "it is an easier matter to make than to mend: try at a speech, try at a tea-cup, try at a wife."

"Excuse me," answered I, "we may have trials enough in this world without that;" and gave him the sum demanded. He told me to take his arm (a strange unwieldy custom of the English), and conducted me into an alley, where I found a middle-aged man, in a gray coat, employed in transcribing what he told us were *sermons*.

Emperor. Hold, Tsing-Ti! What species of poetry may that be?

Tsing-Ti. None whatever, O Emperor! but religious exhortations, religious explanations, or religious damnations; for they all come under these three heads.

Emperor. And pretty bulky heads too.

Tsing-Ti. The gray-coated man was sedulous in transcribing them from printed books into a book covered with black. He told me that no other color was serviceable in church (church means pagoda), and that it would be shameful for a preacher, expositor, exhorter, or damner, to preach another man's words without making it appear that they were his own. He was to receive a dollar for each sermon, from a priest who had three *livings*.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Do the rogues pretend to have found out the Elixir? Three *livings!* one man hold three *livings!* Have I any horse that can eat in any three of my stables at a time? Have I any that can carry me along three roads at once? It is difficult for the best and wisest man to perform his duty of exhortation and admonition to the near and to the few: how then shall he perform it to the distant and the many?

Tsing-Ti. Those about the king have sons and brothers, of whom it is easier to make priests than to make poets, and who would rather receive twenty thousand golden pieces annually, than the two-hundredth part only.

Emperor. If this immense wealth belongs to certain families, as appears to be the case, yet the king might command them to expend a portion of it on canals and roads, or, if there are any poor in the country, on the poor.

Tsing-Ti. A tenth of the produce of the land, and of all the money spent on it in manure and culture (for these are considered as nothing by the priesthood), is paid annually to the successors of the Christians. Out of which tenth, anciently, a fourth was set apart by the Christians for the maintenance of the poor. No law whatever has alienated this portion from its destination. Therefore on all benefices, which have not regularly paid it, there exists a just debt of the arrears.

This statement was submitted to the consideration of the king's ministers; and furthermore that Parliament should be called upon to enforce it. The ministers, who courted the people where the courtship was uncostly, were very disdainful against the author of the proposal, and declared that he was no better than a robber.

Emperor. Could that be their real objection to him?

Tsing-Ti. They declared him a robber who would plunder their relatives of their possessions, and their children of their inheritance.

Emperor. Perhaps he was, as they said; for robbers are clear-sighted, as we find in cats, rats, weasels, and the like: and it is not probable that there should be in the country any notorious one quite unknown to them.

Tsing-Ti. It was found, on examination, that he had only robbed himself; to which they, recovering their courtesy, said he was very welcome.

Emperor. I do not wonder that they are loath to alienate the rich possessions of the crown, which it appears they share, under the pretext of religion.

Tsing-Ti. This is not the pretext: the pretext is, that they cannot in their consciences bear to hear of *organic* changes. Such is the expression: I am unable to divine what it means.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti, is it then so long since thou leftest thy country? Hast thou quite forgotten thy music? Dost not thou remember that the organ creaks and grunts, when the foot presses the pedal and the wind has no direction? But organic changes, as the affected fools call them, require skilful hands; if they have not them, let them get up and give the seat to those who have.

Tsing-Ti. Sire, the instrument is a noble one. Children and madmen have played upon it, and its treasure of rich tones lies within it still. Not a pipe is impaired; not a key is loosened: but there are impudent idlers, who insist on putting their hats and gloves on it; and the audience, ere long, will throw them over the rails of the gallery.

Emperor. That were violent; let them promote them, by an elevation of the foot, quietly down stairs, and break no bones.

Thy estimate of the sacerdotal domains, and royalties annexed to them, must be erroneous.

Tsing-Ti. May it please your Majesty, on this subject my information, I venture to affirm, is both ample and correct. There are yet remaining in the White and the Green Island a dozen of priests, each of whom receives a larger sum than all the poets and philosophers of both united have received in two thousand years.

Emperor. Prodigious! computing that one thousand years have produced one philosopher and one poet.

Tsing-Ti. A priest of the first order, on which it is not incumbent either to preach or sing, either to pray or curse, receives an emolument of which the amount is greater than the consolidated pay of a thousand soldiers, composing the king's body-guard.

Emperor. Did they tell thee this?

Tsing-Ti. They did.

Emperor. And dost thou believe it?

Tsing-Ti. I do.

Emperor. Then, Tsing-Ti, thou hast belief enough for both of us. It is not usually a kind of dust that travellers are apt to gather. There is, on the contrary, much attrition of it, in general, unless the wheels are guarded and greased.

But what is the business then of these priests?

Tsing-Ti. Chiefly to lay their hands, through a sack, on a row of children's heads, to keep them firm and steady in the new faith.

Emperor. I doubt whether, when the hand is taken off, the heads do not rise up again, like the keys of the organ we talked about, and retain as little of the music. He must very soon have the same to do over again.

Tsing-Ti. No, no, no; that would spoil all.

Emperor. This is incomprehensible, the salary incredible. I am afraid, Tsing-Ti, thou hast set thy face against the priests, for no better reason than because thou couldst not find thy favorite Christianity among them. In what manner, out of what funds, and by whom are they remunerated? For to suppose the stout farmer will let them carry off his tenth sheaf would be silly, let the farmer be as learned as he may in theology, and as zealous to promote the study of it. Come, tell me this, and allow them their deserts.

Tsing-Ti. O my Emperor! I do indeed, with all humility, still adhere to that humane and pure religion; and I may, peradventure, be disappointed and displeased at finding its place made desolate, its image thrown down, and what was erected for its support rendered the instrument of its destruction.

The priests of the establishment which has been substituted for it, are not rewarded in proportion to their learning, their virtues, their zeal, or the proficiency of those whom they instruct.

Emperor. Bad! bad! bad! how then?

Tsing-Ti. In proportion to the fertility of the land around them.

Emperor. There spoke the honest man, the true sage, the genuine Tsing-Ti. I approve of this dispensation: labor should be thus remunerated. Such an example, set by an order of men who are not always the most industrious in mind or body, must produce an admirable effect on the people.

Tsing-Ti. They labor not, but punish the labor of others by severe and unrelenting exaction. In proportion as the farmer works, he pays the priest. In proportion to the one's industry rise the means of the other's idleness. Whether the English believe fertility to spring from the sacerdotal presence, I have never ascertained. Some, I apprehend, are doubters. But this scepticism is become more dangerous than any merely on theological points. The performer has warmer partisans than the composer of the music, of which truly the theme is lost among fugues and variations. I would not however strip the better sort of the priests of their deserts, or call them all idlers. Many are far from it, and the earth owes them a portion of her fruits. I myself have seen them diligent in clearing the fields of birds and vermin: I have seen several on horseback —

Emperor. Priests! priests on horseback!

Tsing-Ti. In that posture, O my Emperor, have I seen them; and, farthermore, in pursuit of wild animals.

Emperor. Conscientious men! these at least would earn their stipends.

Tsing-Ti. Even the fox hath not escaped their scrutiny. Some, I am told, are not afraid of handling a gun, and have been known to kill birds upon wing, at the distance of many paces.

Emperor. Cormorants are vast and heavy birds, but are they so tame in the north? And kites and hawks, do they fly like ours? Well, if the priests actually perform these things, they are more useful than I fancied. These must be of a different sect from those who despoil the farmer.

Tsing-Ti. The very same.

Emperor. Ah, Tsing-Ti! ah my friend! thou art shrewd, thou art observative; but either thou hast confounded two objects, or thine eyes are not long enough to comprehend at once the extremities of these strange creatures, which vary so widely in their parts. [Thus spake the Emperor; and it was my duty to be in the wrong.]

I tell thee plainly, O Tsing-Ti! that I was puzzled how to sow dissensions among the Tartar tribes, unless I could introduce Christianity among them. But thy discourse hath convinced me that, weakened as it is in virulence, enough of it remains in Europe to serve my purposes, if they should rise up again in arms. It will be worth my while to order a cargo by the next East India fleet. I will breathe upon these troublesome marauders such a blast from that quarter, as shall cover and hide for ever the names of Khu-Li-Chang and Chin-Ki-Se-Han.* What an advantage to our Celestial Empire, not only to abolish all combination and concord from the tents of our enemy, but likewise to decimate his cavalry, his curds, and whey; to throw the soldier out of the stirrup, and toss the priest into it! Thou shalt indulge in thy own fancies, and none shall ever molest thee, for thou art kind and quiet. Christianity makes such men even better than they were before. Like wine, it brings out every humor.

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* Kouli Khan and Gengiz Khan.

The ferocious it renders more ferocious, the exacting more exacting, the hypocritical more hypocritical, the austere more austere; and it lays more gracefully on the gentle breast the folded hands of devotion. Such are the observations of our forefathers on the Jesuits and their disciples, whose religion (they pretended) was founded on Christianity. I know not whether, in theirs, there were more than four things which diverged from it: they lied, they sought riches, they persecuted, and they murdered. These are the principal divergences from the ordinances of Christ; several others were proved against them, but rather as private men than as a public body, and prevalent in other religions to nearly the same extent. I never could discover how long the Christian continued in any part of Europe. In Asia the habits and institutions of men are of much longer duration: there, in one extremely small part indeed, we know from good authority, it existed (we cannot say flourished) about six centuries. Every other had lasted longer, and that which succeeded it has continued double the time, and with much less deviation.

Tsing-Ti. Yet a purer law was never laid down, gentler maxims never inculcated, better example never given.

Emperor. How then could the religion pass away so soon?

Tsing-Ti. For those very reasons. Religions may differ, but priests are similar in all countries. They will have blood, they will have mysteries, they will have money; they will threaten, they will persecute, they will command.

Emperor. Not here.

Tsing-Ti. For which reason the empire has lasted long; fathers, and princes who resemble them, are respected; and the nation, though surrounded by barbarians, by predatory and warlike tribes, has enjoyed more peace and prosperity than any other. Industry and quiet, charity and hospitality, cleanly and frugal habits, are always in exact proportion to the poverty and paucity of the priesthood. This is the only important truth I have learned with certainty in my travels.

Emperor. Strange indeed! that neither English nor Americans have betrayed the secret, that Christianity was extirpated from among them.

Tsing-Ti. The establishment or abolition of a religion is a less matter in the view of an American, than the sowing of a corn-field, or the killing of a snake. The English have better reasons for their silence. The Christian priests had rich possessions: people still dress and read and preach like them, and call themselves by the name, and drag any man into a court of justice who says they are not Christians. They hold the lands of the ancient priests on this tenure; which priests, before they were ejected, made a joke of the vocation, as they called their trade; but ejection is a bitter antidote to jocularity.

Emperor. I do not wonder that those who occupy the places of the priests, and dress and speak like them, should be angry at being called by any other name than that under which they hold their property: my wonder is why the conditions should have been imposed, since the nation has no taste for any particle of the old religion.

Tsing-Ti. There are some occasions on which it is thought decorous to relax a little in the pertinacity of adherence to the name. For instance, they do not expect you to call them by it, and are almost angry if you do, when they are dancing or drinking or dicing, or riding in pursuit of foxes, or occupied in the humaner recreation of unappropriated girls, of which there are as many in the streets of London as we hear there are of dogs unappropriated in Stamboul.

Emperor. Well governed and abundant country must be Turkey, wherein even the poor can see dogs about the streets, and yet abstain from filching a cutlet or an ear.

Tsing-Ti. The dogs must be very old and thin, or the Turks must fear that poison has been given them by the Franks; for human forbearance hath its limits, and hunger hears neither Ulemah nor Kadi.

Emperor. As thou didst not travel far beyond the limits of London, which, according to the map laid at the feet of my father, by Mak-Ar-Tni, the mandarin, occupies only a small portion of the British Isles: but first, is that true?

Tsing-Ti. Perfectly.

Emperor. I ask the question, because a Frenchman would persuade my minister, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty, that although London is nearly the whole of Britain, and encroaches far upon Ireland, yet it might be contained in the courtyard of His Most Christian Majesty, Lu-Is the Eighteenth.

Tsing-Ti. No, nor in his belly, capacious as he was, and worthy of reigning. But the French have always undervalued the English, since the English conquered and rendered them tributary; and the Englishman has always looked up to the Frenchman, since he threw the Frenchman down and tied his wrists behind him.

Emperor. I was about to ask thee whether thou art quite certain, O Tsing-Ti, that some latent spark of Christianity may not possibly be found under the ashes, in the remoter parts of the country.

Tsing-Ti. I have heard it, and do believe it.

Emperor. Imaginest thou that thou canst computate, by approximation, the number of Christians now existing in the world?

Tsing-Ti. I believe the number of Christians in the world is about the same as the number of Parsees. These two religions are the purest in existence. That of the Parsees was always good, always rigorously observed; and those who followed it were always temperate, hospitable, and veracious. It does not appear that the followers of the Christian were remarkable for these qualities, first or last; yet certainly they were much better than those who have succeeded to their houses and dresses, and who (in England at least) seize for their own use what the Christian priests gave partly to the infirm, partly to the poor, partly to the traveller, and partly to the stranger. Before I had heard of the revolution in religion, my heart bounded at the pleasure I expected to communicate, in taking a frugal repast with a minister of Christ. I desired the captain, who was much my friend, to conduct me, not mentioning to him the purport of my visit, and happy to hear that he must return when he had knocked at the door for me, I being unwilling to trouble the religious man with a second guest, who was neither poor nor a stranger in the land. A female of pleasurable aspect opened the door, and complimented me on my facility in the language, and examined my dress not less attentively with her hands than her eyes. Her master heard her, and cried, "What the devil does that fellow want?" looking at me all the while.

"I am come," said I, "to break bread with thee, O minister of Christ!"

"*Thee!*" cried he, with anger and disdain; for in England and France every man must be addressed as four or five; in other parts of Europe, as a young lady. He took me violently by the collar and threw me out of the house; and a few minutes afterward a more civil person came up to me, desiring me to follow him, and to answer for myself before a justice of the peace. My heart again bounded: what delightful words,—*justice! peace!* I told him I had no complaint to make. "Come along," said he; and I rejoiced at his earnestness. I was brought before a member of Parliament, whose father (I heard) was as famous for flogging boys, as the member is for torturing men. He heard me without deigning to answer; and said to my conductor,—

"Take the fellow to the treadmill."

I do not regret my inability to give an account of this place, since it appears to be a place of punishment. At the door I met my captain, who was introducing another inmate for theft. He asked me what I was doing there. I replied that I believed I was about to have the honor of dining there with a member of the Church, and a member of the Parliament; the dignity of the latter having been imparted to me on the road. After some explanation from me in the presence of the miller, he prevailed on that worthy tradesman to allow me a chair in his parlor; and, in about an hour, returned with an elderly man, also a member of Parliament, who heard me in my defence, and laughed heartily. In fine, I was constrained to order my dinner in another place, having first thanked the captain, and expressed a wish that we might meet again.

"Not here, I hope, Mr. Tsing-Ti!" said my friend: "I like dancing upon my own deck better than upon yon fellow's." He shook my hand, and went away: I never saw him after.

Emperor. I wonder the King of England does not introduce a few specimens of better precepts and better religions. If he has never heard of ours, and those of Thibet, there are some very excellent in his own dominions of India.

Tsing-Ti. The people about his late Majesty frightened him; telling him that, if he pulled down an altar at the extremity of his kingdom, his throne would fall at the same moment, and that he would fracture a thigh at the least. This was whispered to me ; so was what shall follow. Being corpulent, as becomes his station, he greatly dreaded a broken thigh, and paid several carpenters, whom he maintained in an old chapel, to knock nails every year into the altars throughout the country, and to lay their rules stoutly, and occasionally their hammers, on the backs of those people who would over-curiously try whether the said altars are upright, and what timber they are made of. The carpenters are at once the greatest chatterers and the greatest rogues in the whole community, and enjoy the privilege of exemption from the payment of their debts.

Emperor. From what province are they?

Tsing-Ti. From all: every city sends to the old chapel, for the king's service, those whom the citizens are afraid to trust for mutton and beef, or to leave too near their wives and daughters, making each one promise he will furnish them with nails and chips, and little reflecting that for every nail they must give an iron-mine, and for every chip a forest. At last the King's Majesty chose a proper fellow to superintend his business. A clamorous old ringleader, who worked upstairs, was desired to walk down. He begged, with tears in his eyes, permission to stay half an hour longer, and spent it in picking up pins on the floor. Unbending his back from this laborious function, he groaned heavily, went home, and prevailed on his wife, after a long entreaty, to promise him two sheep-tails to sit upon, as he had been used to a cushion of wool. His wife bought only one sheep-tail, apprising him that, cutting it cleverly through the middle, it would serve the purpose of two. He threw up his eyes to heaven, and thanked God for inspiring her to save the family from ruin, when his thoughts were distracted by his tribulations. Carpenters, who formerly were criers in the courts, were clamorous in their assembly. An old soldier walked among them with the look of an eagle: he made no reply, but (it is reported) he opened a drawer, and showed them a Peruvian glue, admirable for sticking lips together; the very sight of it draws them close. He has promised to all those who work under him a continuance of their wages, but threatens the refractory with dismissal.

Emperor. I fancied the English were intractable and courageous.

Tsing-Ti. To others. Dogs know that dogs have sharp teeth, and that calves have flat ones. The man who has the purse in his own fist has the sword in his servant's.

Emperor. Proverbs, O Tsing-Ti, prove one man wise, but rarely make another so. Experience, adversity, and affliction impress divine lessons deeply.

Tsing-Ti. Then the English are the most learned people upon earth. Those they have conquered leave the table of the conquerors without bread and salt upon it; those they have protected strip off them the last shirt; and, while they sit and scratch their shoulders, they agree to praise in letters of gold, and on monuments of marble, the wisdom of such as misguided, and the integrity of such as ruined them.

SIXTH AUDIENCE.

Emperor. I am curious of any fresh and certain information, about a country which appears to be separated from others more widely in character than in locality. May we not surmise that a fragment of a star hath dropped, with two or three of its inhabitants, on this part of our globe?

Tsing-Ti. Highly probable. Even yet there appears a strange disinclination in the English to associate with those of other regions. Their neighbors meet a foreigner with a smile and a salutation; the English withdraw from him, staring and frowning as if the fright of the fall were recent, and the intent of the stranger worse than uncertain. The rest of the Europeans give indications of good will or good manners by an embrace, or an interchange of the hand, or by insertion of their noses into that portion of the hair which grows between the ear and the chin, and which, being to them what the interior of the tail is to dogs, they nourish for that purpose. You must bruise an Englishman's face into the figure and dimensions of a football, ere he can discern to his satisfaction that he ought to recognize you as a friend. To this obliquity and perversity I must attribute it that every ordinance of Jesus Christ hath been cast aside by him, having first ascertained the fact that every one hath been thus rejected on the authority of a public preacher. He sat in a sort of tub or barrel, over which was suspended by a chain (not without some support from the hinder part of the barrel) the cover of a wine-press, at the height of about two feet above his head. He smiled at his auditors; called them his brothers, though there were before him more of the female sex than of the male; and assured them that, according to the "Book of Glad Tidings," the greater part of them must inevitably go to the devil, and gnash their teeth eternally. Upon which, he and his audience began to sing and ogle; and I saw among them several sets of teeth which I thought too pretty for their destination; and several mouths, on the contrary, which never could pay the penalty denounced. A young person sat beside me beating time, but beating it where it was impossible she should hear it, and seeming to provoke an accompaniment. A sallow man under the preacher, a man with watery eyes, not unlike a duck's in form and color, and with nostrils opening and shutting, and with a mouth semicircular in front, and drawn upward at the corners, caught me by the elbow as I left the temple, and told me the laborer was worthy of his hire. I did not comprehend his meaning, and perhaps might have stared at him for an explanation, when an agriculturist came up between us, to whom I bowed and said, "He means you." The agriculturist made me no answer, but said to the other, "He looks like a Dutch sailor in his holiday suit." And turning to me, "Master, I say, tip him five shillings: he comes but once a quarter, and damns the parish, he and his parson, at a reasonable rate." Then winking, "If you sleep at the Green Dragon, he will see that your bed is warmed to your wish, and sing you a stave at the opening of the service." In fact, such was the good man's gratitude he brought me his daughter at dusk: which is often done in London, although not so often, we may suppose, as in the time of the Christians. I wish the young woman had profited by the father's example, and had rather asked for money than run off with it.

The love of the generous man expands and displays itself in the sunshine of his liberality; the love of the wise man reposes in the shade of his discretion. Neither of these was left to my choice; and, O Emperor! friend of my youth! I lost at once my money, my watch, and my silk trousers.

Emperor. I can hail and rain and overflood with money; watches I have many as stars are in the firmament; and with silk I can array the earth, and cover the billows of the ocean. Money take thou from my coffers with both hands. Take forty-four robes from my closet, called the closet of ambergris, all worn by the members of my imperial house, some by the bravest and most ancient of our ancestors, and many flowered with verses and proverbs. Take likewise what watches thou needest and approvest from the wall of any edifice in my gardens, in most of which there are hundreds to relieve the tiresomeness we suffer from the rude obstreperance of the birds in spring.

Tsing-Ti. O Emperor! friend of my youth! one watch suffices, and be it any one plain and good. In the vestments I would make a selection; not taking what the bravest or most ancient of our Emperors have sanctified, nor much regarding the literature impressed on them, which I am afraid the moths may have divided into somewhat too minute paragraphs, and dramatized with unnecessary interjections.

Emperor. Thou shalt then have forty-four newer: twenty-two of them flowered with gold, sixteen hung with pearls, and six interwoven with my father's verses.

Tsing-Ti. These six will never wear out: the others too will preserve through many ages the odor of my gratitude, and the richer fragrance of my prince's love.

Emperor. It is much to be regretted that the better religion of the English was little durable.

Tsing-Ti. Religions, like teas, suffer by passing the salt water.

Emperor. Kong-Fu-Tsi wrote not this.

Tsing-Ti. He wrote it not.

Emperor. Write it thou on the blank leaf at the termination of his sayings, in that copy which my ancestor, Chow-Hi, of blessed memory, bought at the expense of a rice-ground in Wong-Wa, and of the tea-cup called Chang-Chang, transparent and thin as a white rose-leaf, though a soldier's span in diameter, and little short of a lawyer's; and so smooth, that (it is written in our chronicles) flies have broken their legs in attempting to climb it.

Tsing-Ti. They must have been young ones, or very decrepit.

Emperor. The chronicles of my ancestors do not commemorate that particular, nor offer a conjecture at their ages.

Tsing-Ti. History has much improved of late, and chiefly by the sedulity of the English. In England we should have known all about it to a day, and some duels would have been fought, and many calumnies and curses dealt reciprocally in the outset. For although their denominations in hostility are much longer and much more ponderous than ours, they cast them with great dexterity and velocity. The English historians are double-handed.

Emperor. So are ours.

Tsing-Ti. But theirs keep one hand for history, the other for controversy; the one being blackened with ink, the other with gunpowder. Their favorite words anciently were *saint* and *hero;* the present in fashion are *rogue* and *rebel.* One of their kings ordered the bones of his father's enemies to be disinterred, long after their burial. This monarch seems to unite more suffrages from the modern historians than any other; and their works relating to his reign are enriched with more sermons, and pleadings, and opinions of counsel, and depositions of witnesses.

Emperor. Such histories, with their depositions, must be as unsavory as the oldest street in Canton; and, with their sermons and pleadings and opinions, must be equally long and crooked.

Tsing-Ti: The English, like the ants, follow one another in a regular line, through wet and dry, their leaders choosing in preference those places which have a pungent odor.

Emperor. Nay, nay, Tsing-Ti! thou dislikest them for disappointing thee in thy favorite religion.

Tsing-Ti. Certainly I do not like them the better for it: but I love my country and my emperor the more when I return and see the toleration of every sect and creed. What a strange institution is prevalent in Europe! Christianity is known and confessed to be so excellent and divine a thing, that no man is permitted at once to be a Christian and to call himself so. He may take which division he likes; he may practise the ordinances of Christ without assuming the name, or he may assume the name on condition that he abstain from the ordinances. However, it is whispered that several whole families are privileged, and neither deny that they are Christians, nor abstain with any rigor from the duties enjoined. I was but a year in the country: I say only what I have heard. Often that which is beautiful at a distance loses its effect as we approach it. The cloud whereon the departing sun pours his treasures, which he invests with purple and gold, and appears to leave as a representative not unworthy of himself, fills us with gladness, pure and chastened from the horizon; but is the mountain it hath rested on less dreary and less sterile the day after? I was a Christian when I quitted my native land: I return to my native land, and am a Christian. My tears fell abundantly, genially, sweetly, on first reading the sermon of the blessed teacher to his disciples. How I wished to press my brow upon the herbs below him, in the midst of that faithful and fraternal multitude! How I wished to humble it, even unto the insects, and so quiet my heart forever by its just abasement!

When I had resided a short time in England, I began to suspect that some few sentences were interpolated by Act of Parliament; such as, —

> "If any man will sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

And again, speaking of prisons, —

> "Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

I saw several poor soldiers in the streets, who had been in Egypt about the time, I suspect, when Christianity was breathing her last. They were holy men, but somewhat more addicted to the ancient part of the Bible than to the newer, calling often upon God to confound and damn this person and that. However they had observed with punctuality the hardest of the more recent commandments, which is, —

> "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee."

The precept is plain; the reasons, I imagine, are parliamentary. However, there were many who thought them quite sufficient, and who not only cut off the hand but the arm likewise. Wonderful in how short a time so complete a change was effected!

I myself did not aim precipitately at this perfection; but, in order to be well received in the country, I greatly wished the favor of a blow on the right cheek. Unfortunately I got several on the left before I succeeded. At last I was so happy as to make the acquisition of a most hearty cuff under the socket of the right eye, giving me all those vague colors which we Chinese reduce into regular features, or into strange postures of the body, by means of glasses. As soon as I knew positively whether my head was remaining on my neck or not, I turned my left cheek for the testimony of my faith. The assailant cursed me and kicked me; the by-standers, instead of calling me Christian, called me Turk and Malay; and, instead of humble and modest, the most impudent dog and devil they had ever set eyes upon. I fell on my knees and praised God, since at last I had been admitted into so pure and pious a country, that even this action was deemed arrogant and immodest. Seeing a Jew on my return (as I soon found he was) who had several things to sell, I asked of him whether he had any medicine good for the contusion of my cheek-bone.

"Come along with me," said he.

We entered an alley; he unlocked a door in the narrowest part of it, and conducted me to the summit of the house. His wife and children ran out to meet him; and a little girl had caught him by the hand before any of the party saw that a stranger was behind, for the stairs were narrow and dark. The exuberance of pleasure was repressed. The little girl did not loose her father's hand, nor did the mother draw her back, although she held her by the arm. The little girl looked steadfastly at me, and then loosed her father's hand and turned her back toward me, and placed her finger, I conjecture, to her eye. But the mother was excusing her dress, and her ignorance how to receive such a personage, when the child, impatient that her signs were ineffectual, cried, "O mother! cannot you see how he is bruised?"

The words had scarcely escaped her lips, before the father brought a white liquid in a teacup, and said calmly, "Rachel, put down your hands from above your head, and neither grieve nor wonder, but help." I imagine I had been detained on the outside of the door until several things were removed from the crowded and small apartment, in which the air had by no means all the benefit it might have had from its elevation. When I entered it and came fully into the light, every face, excepting the husband's, expressed the most tender pity. Rachel had scarcely touched me with the cooling remedy ere she said she was sure she hurt me. The little girl said to me, "Let me do it," and, "It does not hurt at all. See! I have put some on the same place on my own cheek;" and then whispered in the mother's ear: "Cannot you encourage him better? Does he cry?"

Then escaped me those words, O my Emperor and friend! those which never before fell from me, and which I do believe are original, "Yes, a wise man may marry."

The husband did not confine his inquiries to the cause of what he called the quarrel; and on my saying that I never could have expected so little of commiseration, so little of assistance, from Christians, "Why not," cried he abruptly. "Are Turks more cruel?" "I cannot speak of the Turks," said I, "but I could wish that so pure and so pious a sect as the Christians were humaner."

I then began to ask questions in my turn; certainly not, whether he was among the professing or the acting; but how long ago it was forbidden that the same person should be both? He began to feel my head unceremoniously, in places where there were no bruises, and thought it would be better for me to lose a little blood, as an ugly blow might be unlucky to the brain. The wife made signs to him, but could not stop him; and her anxiety that he should desist only urged him to explain and defend himself. The little girl slipped away.

"We children of Abraham," said he, "have our law and keep it; while every year some new fungus, whiter or blacker, more innocent or more poisonous, springs from the scatterings of the old dunghill, forked up and littered and trimmed within the walls of Rome. Persecution has not shaken us nor our fathers: we hold fast by their robes, and are burned or stoned together."

The wife lifted up her hands, and said nothing: but a boy, about five years old, seeing her hands lifted up, knelt under them and asked her blessing: she gave it, shedding tears over him. The husband, too, himself was moved; for nothing rouses the soul like another's patient suffering. He likewise was moved; but less with tenderness than indignation.

"They have burned, yes," cried he, "they have burned even such as thou art, O my Abel!"

Here he entered into historical facts, so horrible and atrocious, that the princes of Europe thought it expedient to unite, and to exert their utmost authority, in order that two of the perpetrators might be kept on their thrones against the reclamation of their subjects; these two having repeatedly committed perjury, and repeatedly attempted parricide.

Emperor. And the other kings aided and assisted them?

Tsing-Ti. All, all: never were they unanimous before. These kings, it is reported, are of different sects; yet they most formally agreed, and most solemnly protested, that parricide and perjury are legitimate in princes. In England there are some who doubt it, but they are deemed shallow and insufficient; and though indeed they think more rigidly than the rest, they are called *free-thinkers*.

Emperor. High compliment!

Tsing-Ti. Far otherwise in the opinion of the people; the word *liberal* is the only word more odious.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! art thou quite sure that this contusion may not have jolted and confounded and estranged thy memory? for, although men change their religion, or lose their principles, a reminiscence of right and wrong must remain. That any should voluntarily lay impediments on the operation of their minds is really incredible; that they should hate you for smoothening the way before them, and for leaving it open, can only be attributed to the worst depravity, or to insanity the most irremediable.

Tsing-Ti. Things less enormous may be more easily forgotten. The blow on my cheek-bone rather improved than impaired my memory: at least supplying it with another fact for its store-house.

Emperor. I would more willingly hear again of the Jew than of the princes: he seems much honester and much wiser. The distance in rank between us is the same; therefore the same would be my sympathy with them as with him, if they deserved it. I can, however, show no countenance to such execrable wretches as those who not only held alliance with perjurers and parricides, but who abstained from bringing them to punishment. Indifferent and heedless am I what religion they profess or hold. Some is requisite; since imbecile men (and such are those princes) can only learn morality under the rod of fear.

Tsing-Ti. The English treat theirs as the Malays we see in China treat their serpents; first drawing their teeth, then teaching them to dance to one certain tune. But these serpents, whenever they get loose, make off toward other serpents and join them, forgetting the wrist and tabor, and preferring any holes and brambles to the level well-brushed ground upon which they received their education.

When I pressed the Jew to join me and become a Christian, he declared he had no aversion to the precepts of Christ, who had given a strong testimony for his nation.

"I am sorry that by the laws of the land," said he, "so humane and devoted a creature was condemned to death. But the laws of our land, in this instance, were not more rigorous than the laws of others. The public men endured him longer than the public men of any other country in the world would endure one who excited so pertinaciously the populace against them. Scribes, publicans, pharisees, are for ever in his mouth, mixed with much bitterness. What government could go on regularly and securely in the midst of mobs and invectives? Yet he received for many years far less molestation than he gave. These scribes, these publicans, these pharisees, were the richest, the most powerful, and the most enlightened men in the country. Call the judges, and the bishops, and the secretaries of state in England by such names; point them out for hatred, for abhorrence, for indignation, in the same manner, — and your personal liberty, instead of remaining three or four years, would not be left you, my friend, so many mornings."

This is true, and I attempted to evade it; for, though many men like truth, there is always something they like better. Victory is so sweet a thing, we not only shed words but blood for it; just as the wild men did in the first ages on record.

"Where?" cried I, with an air of triumph (for an escape is often one), "where does Jesus Christ bear testimony in your favor? He often bears it against you."

He replied calmly: "In these plain words: 'Think not I am come to destroy the Law or the Prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil; for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.' "

He confounded me. I thanked him and his wife for their courtesy, and, not knowing what to do with my fingers, wrapped up in a piece of coarse paper a ring, taken from my little one, and requested the good Rachel to give the contents to her daughter, when she happened to have a cough. I escaped the formulary of acceptance or refusal which she might have employed had she discovered them.

Every day showed me the vestiges of a religion in ruins. The teacher and his disciples and apostles taught not only the justice but the necessity of enjoying all things in common; and those who disobeyed were declared guilty of the crime against the Holy Ghost.

Emperor. In the name of wonder, what crime can that be?

Tsing-Ti. One indeed not very clear in its nature, but manifest enough in its effects. Those who sinned against it were instantly stricken dead, particularly in that said article concerning the community of goods. No other crime whatever was punished so summarily, or with such severity, as the holding back a particle of property. And yet, perhaps, the warier might reasonably have had some scruples and perplexities about it, seeing that one Judas Iscariot, a special knave, who betrayed the Teacher to crucifixion, had been the treasurer.*

Women were forbidden to attend the churches in fine clothes. The women of England, at the present day, turn up their noses at any one who does not put on her best upon the Sunday; and the principal part of the service seems to be a most rigid examination how far this necessary compliment is paid to the anti-Christian priest.

The Teacher orders men to pray little, and in private.† One who had persecuted him, and afterward came over to his party, — one Saul or Paul, — could not in his conscience let him have his own way in every thing, and told people to pray publicly. The day of my arrival in London, I wished to accommodate myself to the habits of the nation; and having read in my Bible, "If any be merry, let him sing psalms," and thinking that a peculiarity of pronunciation is disguised more easily in singing than in talking, I began to sing psalms through the streets. The populace pelted me; the women cried, "Scandalous!" the boys, "Let us have some fun!" and proof was made upon me with many eggs, even after I had declared I could perform no miracles with them, and had plainly proved I could neither catch one in my mouth, nor restore to life the chicken that had long ago died within it. An anti-Christian priest of great austerity, with legs like a flamingo's, asked me whether I was not ashamed of my profaneness, in singing psalms along the public walks? Another, who was called his chaplain, and rode with him in his coach, cried, "My lord, drive on! Coachman, drive on! Send the son of a — to Bedlam!" Extensive as are the commercial relations of the English, I was astonished that a chaplain, which means the priest that prays for another (none of consideration performing for himself so menial an office), should (never having visited China) have known so much of my mother, and should designate by so coarse an appellation the concubine of a prince. After a time, I acquired the intelligence that no woman in England is exempt from it who forms an alliance, unsanctioned by marriage, with any except the king. The lady in that case is styled the king's *favorite*, or, more properly, his *mistress;* having the appointment of his ambassadors and his bishops, the stocking of his fish-ponds, and the formation of his ministry. In fact, she alone has the care of his dignity and of his comforts and of his conscience, and may tickle his ribs and make him laugh without being hanged for it.

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* John, xii. 6.

† Matthew, vi. 6.

Emperor. Prodigious privilege! in a country where two hundred other offences are subject to that punishment.

Tsing-Ti. The heads of the law bend before her, the gravest of them and the most religious, even those who would punish with death the adultery of a queen.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti! Tsing-Ti! that blow upon the cheek-bone, those rotten eggs, that flamingo perch, that odd dignity emblazoned on thy mother, — surely they have wasped thee! The lowest in the land may be guilty of such baseness, the highest may be guilty of such cruelty; but even crimes have their classes and their lines betwixt: the worst man in the worst nation of the earth never could be guilty at once of crimes so different. What freezeth may burn, what burneth may freeze, but not at one moment. Thou hast indeed had some reason for displeasure; but how much greater wouldst thou feel, O Tsing-Ti, if thou camest from it on the thorns along the precipice of falsehood. No, my friend, thy words were always true; and what is there or should there be incredible of a nation where justice is more costly than violence, and religion more rapacious than theft? I would hear farther upon this, and what thou hast to say in defence of Saul or Paul, who gave an ordinance in contradiction to his master's. He must have put strong weapons into the hands of the anti-Christians.

Tsing-Ti. I cannot understand the anti-Christians at all, and the Christians not much better. These last extolled him highly, but perhaps at the time when they thought of becoming anti-Christians as giving a sanction to disobedience and persecution. He had many strange by-ways of doing things. For instance now: Satan is god of blasphemy; he stands opposite to the Creator.

Emperor. Why does the Creator let the rogue stand opposite?

Tsing-Ti. I know not: he does, however, stand eternally in that position, and breathes fire and defiance at him, dividing the universe with him, taking the richer and more beautiful to his own share. Finding the wife of the unhappy man in whose house I lodged ill-humored and sullen, though much addicted to her Bible, I repeated to her from it, —

"Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection."

She stared at me; and when, to make her easy, I would have given her the kiss of peace as commanded us, she cried: "You canting hound! I will give you a cuff in the muzzle!" It came almost too quick for a promise. Nor did it end here. The husband, who was present, said, "Master Orange-face, your pocket shall sweat for this," and took me to *Bow Street;* so called from the numbers of fashionable men resorting there, and *bowing* to the magistrate. A pickpocket was before him, who, while he raised one hand to heaven in protestation of his innocence, robbed me with the other of all the money I carried for my acquittal.

Emperor. How then didst thou escape? Thy situation was deplorable.

Tsing-Ti. I was in prison three days.

Emperor. My mandarin! by what law?

Tsing-Ti. I cannot say by what law: I can only say it was for preaching the clearest text of Paul, and for practising the best ceremony of the Church. A short time afterward I sat at table one day with a young lady of exquisite beauty, and of equal modesty. Her mother had invited me to dinner for my love of the Bible. The gentleman who sat next to me on the right hand (his lady was on the left), observing me very diffident in my conversation with her, wished to give me a little more courage by entering with me into the concerns of his family.

"Angelica," said he, after a while, "has an independent and ample fortune; and yet I will dare to say before her that I married her for love. She will not flatter me by making the same confession." Angelica blushed and looked happy; and said her mother had wished her to marry again, and she had thought it her duty to comply. I found she was in her twentieth year, and had one daughter by her first husband, dead about eighteen months. This information was given me the following day by the mother, in whose face I looked earnestly as she spoke. "What," cried I, "unhappy woman! did you acquiesce in it? did you sanction it? did you wish it?" "Why not?" said she. "And does your Angelica read the Bible? And dares she take a second husband in spite of Timothy and Paul, 'having damnation because she hath cast off her first faith'?"* Knowing that the English are superior to other nations in a species of wit denominated *quizzing*, and that they consider it a particular act of politeness toward a stranger, I suspected they were beginning to initiate me in some of its ceremonies, and I resolved to make further inquiries of the mother; and the more, as both exclamation and text were intercepted by an elderly gentleman in an armchair, who shook the loose skin of his cheeks at me, and told me some questions were to be asked and some not. Therefore when she and I were alone, I did not repeat the passage, but showed it in the book. She replied gravely and circuitously, —

"Mister Tsing-Ti — pardon me — perhaps I ought to address you as Sir Tsing-Ti — for I can never think a person of your appearance, moving in an elevated sphere —

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*Paul. 1 Tim. v. 12.

Emperor. What! like a parrot in a gold wire-cage from the ceiling? Well, go on.

Tsing-Ti. — "would be long without a recommendation to his Majesty, that he might be graciously pleased to confer on you the dignity of knighthood or baronetcy."

Emperor. My eyes are as long and narrow as most men's, thanks be to God! yet I cannot slip them into the crevices of thy discourse. Proceed.

Tsing-Ti. "For his Majesty," continued she, "is growing old, poor man! and takes nothing in hand so often as the sword: and when he is tired of making knights he makes a baronet or two, in order to laugh and get a good digestion by discussing the merits and genealogies of the new created."

Emperor. New *created!* Hast thou eaten opium? Tsing-Ti, continue.

Tsing-Ti. She apologized, and protested she did not mean to insinuate that any one could make merry with mine, the worst Chinese families being older than the best English.

Emperor. I must smell thy breath, Tsing-Ti. I fear thou hast acquired bad habits: no, no, upon my faith! I am satisfied. Conclude the story.

Tsing-Ti. At last I brought the lady to the point; and finding her sincere in her belief, and extremely angry to prove it, I went through the whole passage word for word. It puzzled her; she could only say, "The apostles very often differ apparently, — *apparently*, Sir Tsing; for nobody in his senses will presume to say they do really. Indeed the words sometimes are widely at variance: but so are the passages in the finest music; and without them the composer would lose all pretence to harmony."

I looked at the elderly gentleman, who had entered the room in the midst of our conversation: he took a pinch of snuff and offered me one. I frequently have observed in others, although I never could experience it in myself, that snuff, as compounded in Europe, hath wonderful properties. Sometimes it matures a reply, as straw does apples; again it turns an argument to a witticism, or a witticism to an argument: and I have known even a rap on the box-lid bring over and convince a whole party. The elderly gentleman, when he had offered me his snuff-box, and I had taken a pinch in a manner to give him a good opinion of me, drew his chair still closer, and, surveying both my face and my body, seemed to signify that he thought me not unfit for the reception of reason. Placing his hand with extreme gentleness on my wrist, he said in an under-tone: "Our religion is to us what your gum-elastic is to you. It is rounder or longer, thinner or thicker, darker or lighter, as you leave it or pull it: we rub out whatever we will with it, and, although some dirt is left upon it, we employ it again and again. There is much demand for it in the market. No wonder! Severe as the apostle was to the young widow, in prohibiting her to dry her tears on the pillow where another head had rested, he was liberal in letting men eat what they like, although he had agreed with the other companions of the Teacher that nobody should eat strangled animals or their blood. The diviner part of his character (for what is most different from ours may even in him be called the diviner) was toleration and forgiveness."

Emperor. Did the Christians at any time observe this law?

Tsing-Ti. Never; not even the apostles. Saint Paul prayed God to execute vengeance for him: and Saint Peter used the sword, which God commanded should be sheathed for ever, and used it with much intemperance and little provocation. We believe that the Holy Spirit was always present in their councils; and nothing is more difficult for us than to reconcile the precept of Paul with the decision of the rest, and the action of Peter with the command of his master.

Emperor. In other words, with the inspiration of what you Christians call the Holy Ghost. Indeed I do think you must strain hard to bring them close.

Tsing-Ti. It perplexes us.

Emperor. The more fools you. There are many things of which it is shameful to be ignorant; and more of which it is shameful to be perplexed. Did thy eating these meats ever hurt thy stomach?

Tsing-Ti. Never.

Emperor. Did thy eating them ever hurt thy neighbor's?

Tsing-Ti. Fountain of wisdom! how could it?

Emperor. Did thy eating them ever make thee wish to partake of human flesh?

Tsing-Ti. Horrible! Surely not.

Emperor. Draw then thy own conclusion. Produced it on any man one of these effects, him should my finger bid abstain.

Tsing-Ti. The old Christians slipped aside, and feasted heartily on a noosed hare or black pudding.

Emperor. What! even the old ones?

Tsing-Ti. Alas! even they, for the most part.

Emperor. Tell me no more about these disagreements, but rather how the oral doctrines of the Teacher himself were taken.

Tsing-Ti. There is one of them which I apprehend was never believed in, since a community of goods was abolished. "It is easier for a camel (or cable) to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." If this be true, and what is God's word must be, the softest bed that ever rich man died on, supposing him to be a true believer, was more excruciating to him than if he were corded up within a sack of vipers.

Emperor. Thou sayest well; but who believes or ever believed it?

Tsing-Ti. All Christians.

Emperor. Do not wonder then that Christianity has existed so short a time; so much shorter than any religion upon record.

Tsing-Ti. Oh, Emperor! my light and leader! there are acute and wary men in Europe who can penetrate through all our objections and explain all our difficulties. I heard it reported of an old lady, one of the last Christians left in England, that she ate some hemlock in mistake for celery, her eyes being too dull and her vinegar too sharp for the discovery. She told her children and grandchildren not to fear for her, since, among the signs of those who believe, it is written that "they shall take up serpents; and that if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." A quarter of an hour after this exhortation she died in excruciating agonies. The priest who attended her in her malady caught her last breath, and requested his bishop to remove his inquietude. The bishop answered, —

"The matter is easy. She did not drink the deadly thing; she ate it."

"My Lord, suppose it had been a liquid, — God forbid I should doubt or question, but is it certain, so very certain, I would say?"

"Her faith might have staggered during its operation, and then could not save her. The slightest doubt, the slightest fear, forfeits the reward."

"But, my Lord, we may take up serpents."

"You are no such fool. Saint Matthew says you may take them up; but where does he say they won't bite you? Brother Grimstone, the greatest of follies is for old people to play young tricks; and the greatest of sins is to tempt God. Exhort your parishioners, as they value their salvation, never to tempt him in this way."

I myself went to the learned expositor, and consulted him.

Emperor. So then thou wouldst cling to Christianity after the loss of thy watch and silk trousers.

Tsing-Ti. I would; knowing that my Emperor loves a man with a religion as well as a man without, and hath no partiality for a mandarin because he eateth of the same dish, but would quite as willingly see him dip his fingers into another.

Emperor. Rightly said: kings and emperors should think so.

Tsing-Ti. The distiller, who gains his livelihood by his distillery, may be displeased if a basketful of yellow lilies be brought to him for a basketful of white, and may throw the lilies and the basket at the bearer, in much anger; but the possessor of a spacious garden, in which are clusters of lilies both white and yellow, finds a pleasure in the smell of the one and in the color of the other, and loves to see a portion of that variety which the Creator's hand implanted.

Emperor. Thou speakest well. Emperors should have wide eyes and broad nostrils, and should never turn the diversity of things to their displeasure; all being God's, and they his guests, invited to partake and to enjoy the entertainment, and not to derange and discompose it. Thou rememberest my father's verses:—

"The narrow mind is the discontented one.
There is pleasure in wisdom, there is wisdom in pleasure.
If thou findest no honey in thy cake,
Put thy cake into honey with thine own right hand,
Nor think it defiled thereby."

About what didst thou consult the expositor?

Tsing-Ti. Being a mandarin, and possessing no mean inheritance, the camel or cable, of which I spake, bore heavily upon me. The expositor is one of the richest men in the kingdom, and moves lightly under it.

Emperor. He must have laughed at thee.

Tsing-Ti. Not a muscle in his cheek was altered. He received me, and heard my question graciously; and he rang the bell with his own hand, and ordered his servant to show me the door, bowed to me, and even gave me a piece of silver called a shilling. Whether my pride was raised too high by so refined a piece of courtesy, as his insinuation that a man of exalted rank or philosophical character should be deemed incapable of finding the door himself, or whether it was to contend with him in liberality, when I kissed the shilling and deposited it in my bosom, I presented to him a broad piece of gold, elaborately worked with many figures, in a case of ivory, carved by an artificer of skill. He begged my pardon, and actually pushed away the present. I kissed his hand and wept upon it: the true Christian's! the humble man's! Declining my gold and ivory, he entreated me to be seated, and asked me how he could serve me, with more than Asiatic politeness. In vain I besought him again and again to accept the tribute of his slave, and to shower on me the dew of wisdom. He was inexorable as to the offering, but appeared to be very well pleased with my expressions. I had soon discovered that those which Christ used and received were now thought unfit for the lowest of his ministers, even for such as sweep the temples and ring the bells, and were not only obsolete but offensive. The expositor said he could perceive I was a person of distinction, and must have moved in the highest circles.

Emperor. Again! what canst thou mean? Do the principal men educate their children with parrots and monkeys and squirrels and marmosets? Hast thou translated those words correctly?

Tsing-Ti. Quite correctly.

Emperor. The strangest expression I ever heard in my life-time! So then really those short coats, and buttoned vests, and cases of all kinds were invented to give them in some measure the advantages of animals. I would rather see gold-fish in glass globes. Surely it is only when they are very young; only to teach them kindness toward these creatures, held by them in captivity. Well, the idea is not so irrational as it appeared at first.

Tsing-Ti. Whatever may formerly have been the custom of the country, the expression, I believe, is metaphorical at present. The bishop himself was said universally to move in the higher circles; yet I could see neither globe nor cage in his house, nor any hook in the ceiling. His lordship said he would attempt to solve my question according to his poor abilities, if the best scholars were unanimous on the signification of the text. I answered that it seemed plain enough.

"By no means," replied he; "some translate the Hebrew word by *camel*, some by *cable*."

"Either will do," said I.

"God forbid," cried his lordship, "that we should be indifferent or lukewarm on the conditions of our eternal bliss! Whenever the passage is clear, we will discourse again upon it. Every thing is not yet manifested: let us wait in patience."

As he sighed, and appeared to be much out of spirits, I thought it indecorous to press him farther, and took my leave. On the morrow I saw him going to court; but there were so many servants about him, and the dresses stood out so with golden lace and embroidery, he could not well see me: otherwise I would have requested to be present at the sacrifice he was about to offer; his dress being purple, to hide the blood, and his shirt-sleeves being tucked up in readiness. The cable or camel, whichever it was, made me uneasy; and I continued in agitation for several days. At last I saw another anti-Christian, who loudly professed Christianity from a table in a field, and who familiarly asked questions, and winked and laughed and told stories, and advised his audience to laugh on that day, because after two or three more they would, with few exceptions, be burned to eternity. He then cried: "Answer me; answer me: or ask me, and I will be the answerer."

Although I thought his reason for laughing in some degree inconclusive, I was persuaded he had better in store on other points.

"Sir," said I, and there was instantaneously a universal silence, "Sir, permit an ignorant man to ask one question."

"Babe!" answered he blandly, "come and suck."

I then related to him my visit, my inquiry, and the reply.

"Tough chewing! hard digestion! camel or cable," cried he to the crowd. "So, in God's very teeth, he dares call a camel a cable! Look! my brethren, is here the cable or the camel?" opening the book. They all groaned. "I could have taught the wilful man better," said he, "but the Lord has taken the words of wisdom from above his tongue, and has put them under, and they are as uneasy to him as an ear of barley would be. There they are, and he makes a wry face over 'em, and can never get 'em out."

An elderly lady, fresh, fat, with flowers in her bonnet, and some few pimples in her face, seemed much affected, and cried, "What shall I do to be saved?"

"Sister," said the preacher, "let our brother Dick (I would say Richard) support your head upon his bosom, now that he has alighted from behind the carriage. Hide not, O sister, your head therein, as one unworthy; but turn your face hitherward, as one yearning for the truth. There is no cure so easy for any malady as for the disease of wealth. You may scratch it off with a nail, and it returns no more, although it leave a little soreness in the place. Now to the text. Camel is the word; and none but camel for me! Suppose there were a drove of 'em: do you believe that our Lord, if he pleases, cannot make a drove of 'em, — a drove, I say, — hunched and mounted and laden, pass not in line, but in squadron, through the finest needle you ever bought in Whitechapel? And, if he pleases, will he not do it? And if he pleases, will not the rich man enter the kingdom of Heaven? Sister Kattern, be of good faith! the words are, *rich man:* not, *rich woman.* And even rich men may lay aside what is onerous and dangerous in riches, intrusting them to the servants of the Lord who watch and pray." — "O rogue and vagabond!" I was ready to exclaim, "though indeed thou art not red-legged, thy claw and thy craw are the same as the flamingo's."

Among my acquaintance was a barrister, who belonged to neither of the sects, and evaded my inquiries by saying they did not belong to his profession. Wishing to pay him a compliment, I studied the law with assiduity, and felt great satisfaction when I had seventy-four questions for him, on difficult points in the English jurisprudence. I had often called on him, and he was out, which I ceased to regret on finding the catalogue of my interrogatories swell out so copiously. At last I caught him on the staircase, and gave him my pocket-book. "A flaw in the second word!" cried he: "*English jurisprudence!*" He took out the remaining inch of pencil and wrote *statutes*. "Of these we have plenty," said he, "of that nothing. Honest Tsing, your studies have lain elsewhere since your arrival; otherwise this neat pocket-book of yours, instead of the seventy-four questions, which fill only four pages, would have others drawn out over charades and sonnets and dresses for the season; and this delicate green binding would look as it were covered with ants, by holding its share of your little black letters; and even this fine steel clasp would be displaced to make room." "Can you speak thus lightly," said I, "on such imperfections in your profession?" "Dear Tsing," said he, smiling, "you have sometimes enriched me with a proverb: I have but one of my own, and will give it you freely. 'On the imperfection of law is built the perfection of lawyers.' I could not eat, drink, nor sleep, without 'em: they are my fish, flesh, and fowl; they are my bread, wine, and fuel; they are my theatre, friends, and concubines. Leap into my carriage with me: I am going to Maidstone; I will open to you some new commentaries on our religion."

"Will you indeed?" cried I.

"Indeed will I," said he; "and what is more, I will introduce you at a ball."

I had never seen an English dance; the amusement is forbidden by law to the poorer and middling classes, and I arrived in London when the richer and gayer were departing. It was now midsummer. Great was my surprise, as we approached the town of Maidstone, at seeing a procession, accompanied by spearmen and announced by trumpets. After it there came in a carriage, drawn by four horses, an old man with a pinkish face, not unlike veal fly-blown and putrescent. He wore over each shoulder the tail either of an Angola goat or Cashmere sheep, of which the upper extremity was fastened on his head. Whether a part had been consumed by time, or rubbed away by the carriage, I know not; but it was neatly mended by a piece of black silk, about the size of that which is applied to a part less visible, when it suffers by riding. The rest of the person was covered with a scarlet robe. I asked my companion who it could be? "The judge," he answered.

"Judge of what? How can he be a judge of any thing, who wears a thick scarlet vesture in the middle of July, and perhaps all his other cases under it? Nay, he has fur upon it, two palms thick!"

"Friend Tsing!" replied he, "neither our laws nor the dresses of those who decide on them are changed according to the times and seasons. What was, is; and it must be, because it was."

I attended the court of justice three consecutive days, and could not but admire the patience and ingenuity of the rulers, to rid the country from all remains of Christianity. Not an edict or sentence but ran counter to it. Some were punished for disobeying the Bible; others for obeying.

Emperor. Great impartiality!

Tsing-Ti. The very men who were to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of others began to fit themselves for it by breaking the law of Christ. He says, "Swear not at all." They all swore; twelve of them: every witness swore. Several offenders were brought forward in their chains for striking and stealing.

Emperor. Properly enough; and punished, no doubt.

Tsing-Ti. Certainly; but with somewhat less severity than others for capturing wild animals, birds, and fishes.

Emperor. They were idle fellows.

Tsing-Ti. Some had caught so many that they could not be called idle: it was their trade. I suspect they were treated with the greater severity for following the law of Christ.

Emperor. Law? what! these rogues?

Tsing-Ti. Christ ordered men never to reap, never to sow, because the fowls did neither.

Emperor. Tsing-Ti, I love thee from my soul; but beware! let no man utter this in China.

Tsing-Ti. He ordered men to take no thought of what they put on, and indeed not to clothe at all; assuring them that God would clothe them, as he clothed the grass of the field; and would much rather clothe them than the grass.* Interpretation of what is commanded is less censurable in its strictness than in its laxity. Those who obeyed God's word undoubtingly; those who obeyed it to the letter; those who obeyed it both because it was his, and because he had condescended to give his reasons for their obedience, — in the birds, namely, and the grass, — were strangely persecuted. I saw a man tortured for taking as little care as the grass did about his raiment; and I am assured, if he had gone into a corn-field, and had satisfied his necessities as the birds satisfy theirs, his religion would have led him into greater difficulties. On the whole there were about fifty criminals. Most were condemned, like this believer, to the torture, by means of wire twisted about hempen ropes, and employed as scourges: ten were hanged. The bells rang merrily; and the ladies danced all night. I thought they had looked prettier in the morning.

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* Matthew, vi. 30.

There was another court open, wherein few causes were decided. My friend assured me that several, being civil, would last for years.

"How!" exclaimed I, "and thirty men tortured, and ten hanged, at one sitting?"

Emperor. I hope the King of England hangs gratis.

Tsing-Ti. To my shame be it spoken, I did not ask. The English are far from explicit in their elucidation. I inquired how it happened that, having wholly rejected Christianity, and being ashamed of following the plainest and easiest ordinances of Christ, they are almost unanimous in calling themselves Christians? Most of those present were angry at the question: some asked me what I meant; others swore they would make me explain, forgetting that I came for explanation. The gentler and more moderate said I quite mistook the spirit of Christianity; that it altered its form and features as was required by the time or the people; that it was no less easy in its operation than salutary in its effect.

"I am quite convinced it is," cried I; "and it being so easy to abstain from war, from strife, and from evil-speaking, it is grievous that these unequivocal commands of the Teacher are disobeyed by the most conscientious of his followers."

The man is a Methodist; the man is mad; the man is more knave than fool; the man is a Jesuit; the man is a Radical, — were the opinions formed upon me.

Emperor. Of these expressions there are some requiring elucidation: we will have it another time. For the present let me assure thee, O friend of my youth! that among the reasons of my affection for thee, is this: Whereas many who change their religion are proud of displaying the fresh plumage, and zealous to bring others after them, and noisy and quarrelsome against those who stay behind, thou didst long conceal thy discovery of antiquated impostures, long worship in secrecy thy purer God, long permit thy parents (best of all in thee!) to imagine thy faith unalterably like theirs, and lookedst not upon their idols with abhorrence or with disdain.

Tsing-Ti. My emperor! my friend! my father! I would not make uneasy the last years of any one who loved me; no, not even to be thought by future ages the most acute, the most eloquent, the most philosophical of mankind.

SEVENTH AUDIENCE.

The last was a most graciously long audience.

Every day the Emperor my master was pleased to demand my attendance. But the discourses he now condescended to hold with me were usually on subjects not at all connected with my travels. Suddenly one morning he stopped me in the "walk of cassowaries;" and holding my arm, said condescendingly:

"I forgot, O Tsing-Ti, to question thee about thy ten days' visit to Frenchland. It cannot much interest me, seeing that he who was called the cleverest among them was caught in a fray by the most ignorant and stupid of the Tartar tribes, and that he never had acquired the knowledge how a man may eventually die by frost or famine. As for religion, it produced such evil fruits in Frenchland, it was wisely done to root it up, provided they had levelled the ground about it, and made it fit for something better."

Perceiving that his Majesty had paused, and waited for an answer, my first words were these: —

Tsing-Ti. Imperfect as is my acquaintance with the language of that country, and short my residence in it, I fear to offer any opinion on what I heard or saw. Although I carried with me the advantage of introductory letters, both from my friend the poet, whose manuscript I purchased, and from my friend the lawyer, and did derive all the benefit I expected from them, my observations are unsatisfactory to myself;

what must they be then to the clearer and more searching sight of your Majesty!

Emperor. More tolerable; we never let things puzzle us at all, nor interest us much. So go on, Tsing-Ti, from thy embarkment.

Tsing-Ti. Of my two servants one was an Englishman, the other a native of Malta, a small island in a great lake, conquered by the English from the French. He entered at that time the maritime service of England, and served aboard the ship which landed me there. He understood three languages, — the French, the English, and the Italian; he could also write legibly. He was a pagan, but not strict nor superstitious. This I discovered soon after he entered my house; for while he was on shipboard I knew not of what religion he was, or whether he was of any. The hour I entered my apartments I had occasion to call for something, and I found him with an idol in his hand, and saying a prayer. He tossed the idol down, and cried out in the midst of the prayer, "Eccomi, eccellenza!" Understanding not a syllable, I thought he was angry, and had reason for it; so I said:

"Van (such being his name among the sailors, although at home 'Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta'*), Van, I am much to be blamed for interrupting you in your devotions."

"Cospetto! Cappari!" cried he.

I drew out my purse, thinking his animation was anger, and that no concession of mine could appease him, or induce him to remain a day longer in my service. I was soon undeceived.

"Eccellenza!" said he, "I can neither pray nor swear in any but the older languages: do excuse me!"

"Proceed," said I, "not in swearing, but in praying."

"As your excellency commands," replied he: "at the same time I can receive and execute your lordship's wishes." He recommenced his prayers, and in the midst of a sentence (as it appeared by his abruptness), "but your excellency has forgotten the orders." "No, Van," said I, "when your oration is completed." He went on with a few syllables more, looking at me all the while. "Command me, Eccellenza Singa! we are losing our time. The devil is in me if I cannot say my prayers and hear my master too." He then went on with a little more, and stopped suddenly. I turned and left the room, but heard, as I was passing through the door, the words, "Ah, poor heretic! he knows nothing of religion!"

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* Giovanni Battista.

Van was, however, the most ingenious and the most accomplished man aboard, private or officer. Beside his knowledge of three languages, he played on two instruments of music, and he could pray fluently in a language which not even the captain understood, nor Van either, nor perhaps his idols. My friend, the lawyer, had taken a great fancy to him, and declared to me he was the quickest fellow he had ever met with. His clerk, likewise, who happened to be fond of music, offered to teach him short-hand, if Van in return would bestow on him a few lessons. Van was indefatigable, and told me that, when he had lost the honor of serving me, he would become a professor of short-hand, and make "a deafening, stupefying, overwhelming fortune." "Those English," said he, "who have no talents, get on very well, but those who have any, know not what to do with them. They sit in a corner and mope, while the others eat the sausage."

Your Majesty is too gracious in listening to such recitals, but really all I can relate is owing to my servant. He wrote down in short-hand whatever passed in Frenchland, and on board the vessel which conveyed us thither. And perhaps in this passage there occurred as much to interest a hearer, as during our residence the whole ten days on the continent. The two factions in England retain their ancient appellations, having interchanged principles. A Whig and a Tory, as they are called, were on board, — probably there were many; but these two held an argument, of which I have the honor of laying a copy at the feet of your Majesty.

Emperor. No, no, you have laid enough and a superfluity before my feet already, and I doubt whether I shall ever get through it: for things that are laid before royal feet seldom mount much higher. Take it up again and read away, Tsing-Ti. What I may catch of it is all clear gain, and I can afford to lose the rest without repining.

Tsing-Ti (*reads*). "*Whig.* Shall a king of England be as intolerant as a monk of Sassoferrato? Shall he withhold from Englishmen and Irishmen what he has bestowed on Bremeners and Hanoverians? We fear danger, it seems, to our laws, from the event of a Catholic majority in our Parliament. The Catholics will never constitute a tenth of it, reckoning both houses. Nothing but coercion keeps them together. Brave and honest and wise men are Catholics, because they are persecuted for it, and because it would be cowardice and baseness (and therefore folly) to recede before aggression. Where there are sounder creeds and more liberal institutions, Catholicism may long be a party cry, but cannot long be a religion. It will retain as little of its old signification as Whig or Tory. Gentlemen will disdain an authority which rests upon equivocation and prevarication, which is convicted of frauds and fallacies, and which insists that falsehood is requisite to ensure the concord and tranquillity of nations. The fever is kept up by shutting the door. Open it, and the sufferer will walk out with you, enjoy the same prospects, and engage in the same interests and pursuits. While the Catholics are in a state of pupilage, the priests will continue to lead them, — no longer. Perform the act of justice they demand, and what difference in any great political question can divide the Catholic from the Protestant? Can the Pope persuade the Irish to hazard their houses when we have made them comfortable? Hold nothing back from any man that is his, and least of all urge as a reason for it that you hold it back now because you have been holding it back many years. Be strictly just and impartial, and the priest may poison his affections and paralyze his intellect, but will never shake off his allegiance to legitimate authority. Construct the Catholic church in Ireland as you find it constructed in France and Germany; and then, if the Pope fraudulently enters it, and stands at the door and threatens, seize him wherever he may run, and punish him severely for his impudence. No power in these days would interfere in his behalf; for however some may resist the *oppressing*, none can stand up against the *avenging* arm of Britain. We have given proofs of it, age after age, and I trust we need not whisper in the gallery of the Vatican what we proclaimed so lately from the summit of Montmartre.

"*Tory*. The Whigs have inherently so little of liberality, that another party has carried off the title. Englishmen have been deprived of the elective franchise, — and by whom? by Whigs. Voters may give directions, may give orders, to representatives; but representatives can neither give orders nor directions to voters. How much less then are we to suppose that they shall, in law or reason, sign a mandate for the extinction of as many as they please, in order to become, not the representatives and executors, but the arbiters and rulers of the rest! Representation cannot be changed or modified in this manner while a constitution is standing. When a constitution is thrown down, and another is about to be erected, the people may then draw narrower boundaries for the exercise of its power in the hope (rational or irrational) of being more peaceable and secure.

"*Whig.* But we drew wider.

"*Tory.* You excluded some, and made a distinction in franchises. It is a solemn and a sacred thing to draw a new line for the *pomæria* of a State. When septennial Parliaments were decreed by you Whigs in place of triennial, I wonder that not a jurist, not a demagogue, told the populace that Parliament had inherently no authority for it. I wonder that all the counties and all the boroughs in the kingdom did not recall their betrayers, and insist on the preservation of their franchises. This invasion, this utter overthrow of the English constitution, was the work of our enemies, the Whigs. Whenever they have among them an honest sentiment, they borrow it; and when they have done what they want with it, they throw it aside. Faction in other countries has come forward in a fiercer and more formidable attitude; none ever growled so long and felt so little anger; none ever grovelled so low and expected so little benefit; none ever wagged its tail so winningly and earned so little confidence.

"*Whig.* It is idle to speculate on the irremediable, or to censure the measures of the extinct; besides, we were talking not of curtailment but of concession.

"*Tory.* The coronation oath opposes it.

"*Whig.* Parliament, that can place clauses and inabilities before kings, can certainly remove them. Some have indeed been mad enough to deny the right of the English people to check or regulate the royal prerogative; but nobody was ever mad enough to deny the right of removing an impediment to the exercise of the royal beneficence. If I exact an oath from you for my security, I may absolve you from it when I feel secure without it.

" *Tory.* Kings may have their scruples.

" *Whig.* Some people wish they had more. But when the scruples are about our safety, if we feel perfectly safe, and they persist in telling us we can have no such feeling unless we are insane, they grossly wrong and insult us.

" *Tory.* Harsh words! very harsh words!

" *Whig.* Words are made harsh by what they fall on. The ground gives the fruit its flavor.

" *Tory.* Excuse me, but you are a very young man, sir! and although I am well aware that your merits quite correspond with your reputation, yet, pray excuse me! I cannot think the opinions you have delivered are altogether your own; certainly, the language and the manner are not: for, really and truly, my dear sir, the last sentences, in my humble opinion, were somewhat short and captious, and not quite so applicable to the subject as a close consistent reasoner might desire.

" *Whig.* I resign them to your discretion, being unable to ascertain the author; and conscientiously believing they were mine. If wiser men have delivered them, they must appear worth your consideration; if unwiser, what am I to think of argument thus urged by reasoners of less ability than my own, and yet such as you, so acute in ratiocination and so superior to sophistry, cannot grapple with and dare not meet?

" *Tory.* Any fair, plain question, any intelligible proposition! But young birds take long flights, and there is no coming up with them. If there were nothing to fight for but creeds, everybody would hold his private one quietly; but the Catholic priest is soured at the sight of old steeples above new sounding-boards, and stamps for his own again.

" *Whig.* I would not have ventured on the remark. Should it be just, people may perhaps, and before twenty years are over our heads, hang the cat on this side of the door and the dog on the other, and end their difference with one string.

" *Tory.* God forbid! But better twenty years hence than now. May I never live to see the day when we concede an iota to the people of Ireland! We have given them too much already.

" *Whig.* Certainly; if you never intended to give more.

You showed your fears then, your injustice now, your obstinacy and perverseness ever. It is wiser to give freely than by force, and better to call forth their gratitude than their strength.

" *Tory.* We must treat them like brawn: we must keep them long over the fire, turn them out slowly, and bind them tight, or we can never slice them regularly and neatly.

" *Whig.* We may pay dear for the ordinary. No nation is likely to rely on the probity of France, after her ingratitude and falsehood to every ally on the continent, — to Spain, to Italy, to Poland. Nevertheless there is none that would not receive from her all the assistance it could, consistently with its own independence. At present, for a time at least, she makes no trial of strength by the tenacity of bondage, but would rather win, apparently, the affections of her subjects than control the consciences.

" *Tory.* She will soon see her error, if she goes much farther, and, let us hope, correct it: otherwise we must have another war against her in support of our Constitution. For such principles spread like oil upon water, and are inflammable as oil upon fire. France may discover to her cost that we retain both our principles and our courage.

" *Whig.* Our principles, I trust, are out of danger; and, in case of invasion, our courage too would be sufficient. But as our wars have usually been conducted, if every man in England had as much courage and as much strength as Samson, it would avail us little, unless we had in addition the *scrip* of his countryman Rothschild. Men like these support wars, and men like Grenville beget them.

" *Tory.* Not a word against that immortal man, if you please, sir! This coat is his gift, and his principles keep it upon my shoulders. Your economists, the most radical of them, will inform you that not money, but the rapid circulation of money, is wealth. Now what man ever made it circulate so rapidly? All the steam engines that ever were brought into action would hardly move such quantities of the precious metals with such velocity. England is England yet.

" *Whig.* In maps and histories. After her struggles and triumphs, she is like her soldiers in the field of Waterloo, slumberous from exhaustion. The battles of Marlborough were followed by far different effects. The nation was only the more alert for its exertions; generous sentiments prevailed over sordid, public over selfish: the Tory showed that he was a gentleman, and the Whig that he was ready to become one.

"*Tory.* Where are all these promises of his?

"*Whig.* Partially, if but partially, fulfilled. Come, we have been dragging our net long enough over weeds and shallows: let us each pull in our end of the cord, and see what we have caught.

"*Tory.* Admirable proposal! The debates of parties always end in this manner, either by word or deed.

"*Whig.* My meaning is different.

"*Tory.* My version is best.

"*Whig.* Perhaps it may be: you have many adherents. All things in this world have two sides and various aspects. Sensible men, after fair discussion, come into one another's terms at last. Position gives color to men as to chameleons. Those on the treasury-bench are of a fine spring-green; those on the opposite are rather blue."

Thus terminated the discussion; and Van, striking his thigh, cried out in his own language: "Corbezzoli! Sant-Antonio! I thought we had rogues in Malta."

EIGHTH AUDIENCE.

His Majesty could understand so much of the foregoing debate (interrupting it often to ask me for explanations) as made his royal countenance gleam with smiles. When they fairly had subsided, he said compassionately: —

"I pity a people that has always a thief at each pocket, and is doomed at once to hear their blusterings and to suffer their spoliations. The only respite is, when the left-hand thief is taking the right-hand thief's place. Let me hear no more about them; but rather say something of your descent on Frenchland."

Tsing-Ti. It was happy, most happy. No sooner had I landed than I had the good fortune to save the life of a fellow-creature. In the city of Calais there are many women who, for various offences, are condemned to carry on their heads pyramidal towers of nearly the same height as themselves. The French have invented, with wonderful ingenuity, a process by which linen is tempered to the hardness of steel. Of such linen are these pyramidal towers constructed. Rushing toward me, under the weight of one, the unfortunate creature tripped. I sprang forward in time to save her; otherwise a swing-gate of the material — which swing-gate is called a *lappet* — turning under the chin as she stumbled, must inevitably have cut the head off. My first impulse was to rush into a church and render thanks to the Almighty for the interposition of his providence. But the woman, in an ecstasy of joy, kissed me again and again, twirled me round, and danced a religious dance; in which, to the best of my ability, I joined. The people of this city are devout. Innumerable parties were instantly formed about us, and the rejoicings at so signal a delivery were loud and universal. Indeed, now I speak of loudness, I never was five minutes, from sunrise until sunset, in any place so solitary, that some loud voice, human or animal, did not reach me; yet several times I was afar from cities, and, as I thought, from habitations. When the people sing, they sing to the utmost pitch of their voices; the children cry and scream and despair as loudly; the dogs themselves think growling lost time, and unworthy of their courage, and bark vociferously. I wondered to find the women in Calais of darker complexion than ours in Canton; not only the condemned, and others exposed to hard labor, but nearly all. The population in general of this province is much uglier than any I visited in my travels. The men forcing their wives and daughters to live exposed to the sun, and to work hard, may account for the brownness and the wrinkles of the skin, but I am unable to form any conjecture on what causes the hideousness of their features. My servant cried out at three who ogled him: "O my sweet Marzia-Paolina! are these *spettacoli* of the same *pasta* that thou art?" and, crossing himself, spat upon the ground. He then ran into every term of admiration for the beauties of Italy. "There," said he, "they are what Domine-Dio made them, — natural, liberal, sweet-tempered, and sincere. In Italy they let you see what they are; in England they wish to make you fancy what they ought to be. Capriciousness will not permit *them* to be tender; and tenderness will not permit *ours* to be capricious: ours are mutable without immodesty, and love you again for letting them go free."

"I would have driven him away with stripes," said the Emperor, "if he had given me such a description of women — so far off. We must think no more about them, for we have not here the castellated saint of Calais to preserve our equipoise. I am anxious to find thee safe at the capital of the country."

"Glad was I, O my Emperor! to reach it. Every bone in my body was in pain, as if dislocated. No public road in England or China is kept in such a wretched condition as the road from Calais to Paris. The poorest states in Europe would be ashamed of such a communication of village with village. I had been undressed at Calais by the king's officer's; I was undressed again at the barrier of Paris."

"I did not expect such an honor would be paid to my subject," said his Majesty the Emperor, "as his undressing by the king's own officers."

"It was not intended," said I, "as any peculiar mark of favor; for the same undressing was performed by the same agents on the persons of several men and women."

"How!" exclaimed his Majesty.

"Under pretext," replied I, "of examining the dresses, lest any thing contraband should be concealed within them, but in reality to extort money from the men and blushes from the females. A blush in Frenchland is a rarity, and must be imported. I never saw one on any native face; but then I visited only the capital and some smaller cities, and remained there only ten days. Travellers are apt to form too hasty conclusions: I would avoid it. Yet surely if blushes were either inherent or transferable, some must have made their appearance at the theatre. The brothel and the slaughter-house seem to unite their forces to support the Parisian stage; civilization and humanity stand aghast before it; honor is travestied and derided. Without any knowledge of the language, I might have been mistaken in the dialogue, but fortunately Van Ni procured the pieces in print, and translated them into English. He himself was greatly shocked at the scenes of selfishness and dishonesty which signalized the principal personages in the drama. These, however, were applauded by both sexes. He sought relief in his devotions, and went to perform them in the principal church. No sooner had he begun his prayers, than two young men, who had been walking up and down the church, the one with a small monkey on his shoulder, the other with a poodle-dog half-sheared, stepped before him, and remarked in more than a whisper that, being an Italian, he must certainly have assassinated somebody, otherwise on the right side of forty he never could have fallen into such imbecility and decrepitude. Van Ni hearing the word *assassin* applied to him, cried: 'Stay there, Excellencies, and, by Cosimo and Damiano! when I have said another five *ave-marias*, I will give you soap to lather your faces with.' He hurried through them, and, spinning on his legs, cried: 'Now, Excellencies, you porkers, this being holy church, come out, and meet a gallant man, who will make tripe of you.'

"He came up close to them, so close that the monkey sprang upon his head. Whether he feared a bite, or was startled at the suddenness of the action, he struck the animal off; and the poodle, not having formed any friendship with it, seized it, shook it by the throat, and tossed it into the side aperture of the confessional. Van Ni was struck with horror, and exclaimed: 'See now what you have done! O Santa Orsola! Santa Apollonia! I am disembowelled with desperation! That scurvy animal will die in the confessional! O Giesu-Maria! and the *asinaccio* of a father, whoever he is, has taken away the key: Giesu-Maria!' The two young men, who had been storming and lamenting, now burst forth into immoderate laughter. Finding that, in despite of his displeasure, the young men continued in their irrisory mood, Van Ni admonished them a second time, and with greater seriousness.

"'Excellencies,' said he, 'how is this? Is it convenient to turn into mockery a gallant man, and before the saints? Holy Virgin! if you make any more of those verses at Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta, I will show you what you shall see, and you will favor me by letting me hear what you feel. What! again! Mind me! I have killed rats as good meat as your Excellencies, and where your Excellencies (pest on such porkery!) dared not come, — on board a British ship, you cullions! Remember now the words of Gio-Van-Ni-Pa-Ti-Sta, and bear him respect another time. Cospetto! Signori! you go laughing on. If you will only step out of this church, where I would not commit a *sproposito*, by the martyrs! you shall laugh in laugh *minore*, and shake and quaver to my instrument. Eh! Eh! Eh! but hear another word. I have tossed over the fire better omelets than your Excellencies. And now you know who I am.'

"The young persons screamed aloud with merriment, and left the church.

"Van returned to me with tears in his eyes, related the whole occurrence, and begged leave to run into another church, and make confession. 'Yonder two towers,' said he, 'are solid as Malta and Gozzo; but Domine-Dio guard me from ever walking under them or within reach of their shadows! That cursed monkey will have died in the confessional! No arm can reach down to him! Santa Vergine! A pretty story to be told up there in Paradiso! Was the fault mine? Did I throw him in? I ask ye all, all: have ye the faces to say it? O Misericordia! — I wish I were fairly out of the country, after this; particularly if, before I go, I could meet those two gentlemen who caused so much heart-breaking and scandal. San Cristofano!'

"He continued quite uneasy for several days: at last he found a master who was going into Italy; but he declared his resolution to continue with me until my departure, although he should lose his place. My regard for him would not allow this. I rewarded his services more largely than he expected, and his tears fell together with his kisses on my hand. I reminded him of his resolution to make that stupendous fortune by his short-hand. 'Non pensi! non pensi! lasciami fare!' said he, confident and contented.

"I was resolved to visit the temple so calamitous to him. It was full of people; but before the altar I could discern two figures kneeling in rich dresses. The one was a man with a face like a horse's, the other was a woman with a face like a wolf's. I thought they had come thither to offer up prayers and supplications that their ancient visages might be restored to them, with any other feature of lost humanity which their dresses might conceal. No such thing. They were the heirs to the crown; and the female was prostrate before her favorite idol, to entreat she might have a child. The idol, I was told, only promised her a man, and did not perform even that. On the very next day was the horrible rebellion which drove the reigning dynasty out of Frenchland. No repast was brought me at the usual hour, nor indeed had I any appetite for it. But toward the same hour on the day following I grew hungry, and was about to ring the bell for the waiter, when Van entered the room and threw his arms about my neck.

" 'Heavens be praised!' cried he.

"I was greatly moved at his affection, and assured him I rejoiced in his safety as heartily as he rejoiced in mine.

" 'Ke! Ke!' said he, 'that is all well; but what do you think, Eccellenza Singa? the monkey is alive and safe! The confessional pure and holy! *Bestiaccia!* how it moved my entrails.'

"Van had been present in the midst of the carnage, and heard a laugh close to him. Active as he was in the combat, he turned his eye to that quarter, and saw the two young men fighting most valiantly. He bowed to them, and they cheered him. The fire of their opponents now began to slacken, and they came up to him and shook him by the hand.

" 'Excellencies!' said he, 'I bear you no ill-will, for a Christian has no malice in his heart; but you and that monkey have put my soul in peril, and it is right you should know it. The money that ugly beast used to cost you in feeding him ought to go to the priest.'

" 'I could not find a more legitimate heir,' said the owner, 'but he may make his own will yet.'

" 'He lives then! he lives!' cried Van Ni. 'The saints be praised! I shall not want your money for masses, should the worst befall me.'

"Van Ni, knowing my state of inanition, ran to the nearest cook's shop for a dish of meat, telling me that his master had escaped from Paris, and had left a note, the purport of which was that he would write to him again when he had found a place of safety in Switzerland or Tyrol. On this day I did not perceive any difference in the cookery, and, although I did perceive it the day following, I said nothing. However, at last I remarked it; whereupon Van Ni said: 'Eccellenza! I quite forgot to tell you that he who was pamphleteer and gazetteer, and critic and cook, is now become, or about to become, prime minister.' "

When I had recited so much of my narrative to his Majesty the Emperor, he laid his imperial hand benignly on my shoulder, saying, —

"O Tsing-Ti! the occidental world orientalizes rapidly. Any thing farther about this dexterous lucky slave?"

"Little more," answered I. "On his elevation a Parisian poet wrote some complimentary verses; but the ancient idiom of the French language, which he chose, is beyond my comprehension: permit me therefore to lay before the footstool of your Majesty the scroll containing them.

Dic sodes, animose, dic Thiersi!
Tantus quum fueris domi forisque,
Illâ denique natione cretus
Quæ jacentia, quæ minuta, verbis
(Nôsti) magnificis solet vocare;
Dic, quum sis patre major in culinâ
(Nec pater tamen infimus coquorum)
Cur, tanto ingenio unicè maligni,
Te Galli vocitent tui *Coquinum?*
Quare te minuant ita, O Thiersì?

His Majesty the Emperor cast his eye on them as they were lying on the carpet, and said gravely: —

"The characters are European, but several of the words I discover to bear a close affinity to the Kobolsk Tartar."

His Majesty is an etymologist.

"I have been thinking," said his Majesty the Emperor, "how that ancient French resembles the loftier language under the rising sun. I regret that thou hadst not leisure to acquire some knowledge both of the ancient and the modern."

"I regret it also, my Emperor," said I; "not because the nations of Europe agree to converse in the modern as being central, but because it contains our Fables, told in a manner far more delightful than with us. No language in Europe is said to be so scanty or so inharmonious; but there being so little room in it, you cannot get out of your way. Precision is its merit. As in England the belief of Christianity is allowed to one sect and the profession to another, so in Frenchland the written language is one thing, another the spoken. There is however a faint similitude, which may be discovered even by a learner. I took but seven lessons, yet could perceive it when it was carefully pointed out. My teacher was an impostor, who wished to keep me long under his hands. Not contented with asserting that the authors of Frenchland are superior to the best of England, of Italy, of Germany, of Spain, and that the language is softer and more flexible than the Russian and the Swedish, he attempted to persuade me that *et*, *est*, *ez*, *ex*, *oie*, *ais*, *oit*, *aix*, and many more, had all the same sound. This was evidently to save his trouble, and to make me ridiculed —"

"That cannot be a language," said the Emperor, "of which the sounds are reducible to no rules; unless as we apply the term when we say the *language* of birds and beasts. Letters and syllables were not made to be thrown away or spit out. Every sign, every symbol, denotes one thing, and only one. The same finger of a direction-post cannot show twenty roads. Having now the advantage of thy servant again, I hope thou enjoyedst by his means the opportunity of conversing with the learned, and greatly more to thy comfort than if thou hadst been under the guidance of a teacher so mischievous and malicious."

"Yes," answered I, "the moment my fears abated I was conducted to visit a few of them, carrying with me my letters of introduction. I had none for scientific men, of whom there are several in Paris of the first eminence. Works of genius, apart from science, there are few, and, by what I heard, of quite another order. There are, however, two poets of some distinction: one raises the enthusiasm of the vivacious and the liberal by the energy of his songs; the other is more in esteem with the devout, which compensates for the want of vigor and originality. I thought I could not conciliate the lover of liberty more readily than by comparing its triumph at the previous day with its suppression under the iron hand of Napoleon. 'He abolished your republic, he devised a catechism for your children, by which unquestioning and blind obedience was inculcated; he forged the glorious arms of your patriots and defenders into chains long and strong enough to hold everlastingly in thraldom all their future progeny.' — 'Sit down, sir,' said the poet, 'and hold your tongue. Don't repeat in this house the eastern dream of an opium-eater. We are warm with the unsetting glory of France.'

"Perceiving that I had given offence, and suspecting that I had mistaken the house, I returned home; and when his speech was interpreted to me, I looked in my dictionary for the word *glory*. I found it often meant the glitter that painters put over the heads of idols; and this was truly its most intelligible and its most common acceptation. Knowing to a certainty that the devouter poet was attached to the king of the last week, I condoled with him on the disaster of a monarch so pious and unfortunate. He bowed. The only comfort I could offer him was that talents had never lost their value in Frenchland, through all the vicissitudes of thirty years; and that scarcely Prussia or Russia was more admirable for the advancement of literary men. He bowed, and answered in an under tone of voice: 'I really do not pretend to know any thing of those people: I only know that our houses are degraded at every step that his Majesty has been constrained to take. All ranks and orders are confounded, and the high sense of honor which was peculiar to Frenchland, and which formerly made the meanest Frenchman's heart leap impatiently out of his bosom, lies prostrate and half-extinct.'

"I thought I had been listening to a Montmorency (French for *old noble*), but on inquiry I found I had not been guilty of that mistake.

"Out of respect to the ancient nobility, such at least I presume is the motive, many young persons in that country, whether of the commissariat or the coach-office, are grave and taciturn when privileges or privations are mentioned. They draw themselves up into the stiffness and concentration of mummies, and from their swathings and cases stare us into stone. These, however, are civil and distant; and perhaps their distance is the best part of their civility. Another set is less tolerable: it assumes the name of *Young France*. Whatever can be conceived of insolence and audacity is put into daily practice by these troublesome and restless barbarians. I could not refrain from making the remark to a gentleman of philosophical cast, who came to visit me, adding, that surely all the abuses of the extinct nobility, with all the absurdity and injustice of its hereditariness, were less intolerable.

"'The older creation of the nobility,' said he, 'like the older of animals lately discovered by the geologists, is more ill-constructed and ill-favored than the recenter; so that it pleased God to put an end it, and to try such other forms as might be convenient to carry his designs into execution. But either is, as you say, better than this ditch-spawn.'

"Finding him a calm and reasonable man, I ventured to congratulate him on the near prospect of peace and tranquillity in his country, and on the enthusiasm his new king excited. He bowed to me, and answered: —

"'We have at last a chance of it. These forty years past we have had our Goddesses of Liberty, Goddesses of Reason, Goddesses of Theophilanthropy, Goddesses of War, screaming and pulling caps in the Place de la Concorde. We have had white feathers, red feathers, eagle's feathers, cock's feathers, and at last no feathers at all. We have gone kingless, breechless, lawless, and constitutionless: we cannot be well less at present. We have gone booted into every drawing-room on the Continent, and our spurs have torn off every flounce and train. Finally, we put them on ourselves, and swaggered about for a while with much theatrical effect. One unlucky day the first actor, who never could walk straight nor see three inches before him, caught his own long-tailed robe with his spur, and, being an impetuous man, gave such a plunge that it fell off his shoulders, and left the whole of him as bare as the back of my hand. The inferior actors were scandalized at the disgrace brought on the profession, but no one had the dexterity or presence of mind to pick up the long-tailed robe. At last it was claimed by a fat man, who drew it across his belly, and made the ends meet as well as he could; but much was wanting. When he died, the priests seized upon it, and cut it up in pieces to put under their wine cups. But you were speaking of our happy acquisition. Depend upon it, the present king is no such a novice in the trade as some about him would persuade him. He is fitter to govern us than any man we have seen for two centuries. He will never have a minister who is not taken from the ranks; never a man of genius, never an honest man; but secondary and plausible. The reason is, that, whenever they displease him, their removal will only render him more popular. Added to which, it is always gratifying to the populace, and by no means offensive to the middle classes, to see low people raised. In one word, Louis-Philippe is the only person of ancient family in France who may not justly be reproached with degeneracy. I do assure you he is as honest a man as his father, and farthermore has learned the secret of keeping a wiser head on his shoulders. He has the shrewdness of Richelieu, the suppleness of Mazarin ; all their rapacity, all their pertinacity ; the arrogance of both, the vanity of neither. Whatever there is about him tells for something ; and we must pay its value to the uttermost. His royal foot rests so assuredly on well-beaten and levelled France, that the telescope with which he looks leisurely on the world around him is not shaken a hair's breadth. I will answer for him, there is no potentate in Europe whom he has not already convinced of his loyalty and good intentions ; and when you return to China you will find that he has offered your Emperor to assist him in putting down the refractory spirit of the Tartars, being well in harmony with his brother the Emperor of Russia, who is equally ready to exert his kind offices to the same effect.' "

Emperor. It is unhandsome to sue for such generosity until the time of need, or to take every word to the letter.

Tsing-Ti. I was not aware of the existence of such a sect as *Young France*, until I was shoved off the pavement by a stripling, who was troubled with a hairy mole on the nether lip. Not being his father, the misfortune could nohow be attributed to me. I had acquired enough of the language to enable me to ask him to what dignitary I had the honor of surrendering my station. "I represent the *Young France*," cried he.

I bowed profoundly, and was constrained to answer in English, for my French failed me at so long a breath. "I shall be most happy in the opportunity of congratulating the *Young France* on her having learned by heart the first lesson of politeness."

He raised his arm to strike me ; but a German, of about the same age, who happened to be passing at the time, said to him calmly : "Remember, sir, we have fired at the same academy, and my ball usually went nearer the bull's eye."

Young France recovered at once his memory and his temper. I returned home in perturbation ; for, O my Emperor ! I have not yet outlived all my passions. God has been pleased to grant me a lively consciousness of my existence, by implanting in me deeply the fear of losing it.

My servant was not alone when I entered. In his walk homeward, hearing his native tongue in the streets, he accosted the speakers: "Excellencies!" cried he. "We are no excellencies; we are exiles," answered one of them. "The better! the better!" said honest, warm-hearted Van Ni. "I dare invite you then to my house. Come along: pardon me if I walk before you."

Hearing voices in my apartment, I halted at the door, and caught what I was afterward told were these words, which Van Ni wrote down: "We have no right to complain of our fortune, young or old. Was not Tasso chained to his bed-post? Was not he half-starved in the house of Cardinal Scipione? Was not he driven out of it? Was not he defrauded of his own cottage? Would his best friend lend him the few crowns which, he said, might save him from starvation and distraction? Princes, you see, did much against him; but not all. The manly breast can bear any blow unless from the hand it cherished." He who was listening now struck his forehead, and groaned aloud. "'Tis there!" cried he, "and that blow reaches me in this chamber." "I," said the exhorter and comforter, "I can only pity you then. No balm grows in those deserts; no dew falls there! Alas my friend! if only persecuted genius were pouring forth his lamentation, I could soar above him and bring him airs from heaven. I would point up to Dante in the skies. Was not Dante an exile? was not Dante in danger of being burned alive? was not that sentence passed against him? A republic did it; his own republic. Italy is beautiful yet, and once was glorious; but the nurse of genius is older than she. Brought up and fostered in the soft clime of Syracuse, she breathed her last in the palm-groves of the Ptolemies."

I took advantage of this pause, and instantly told my servant to be seated again and to call his friends. "Eccellenza!" said he, "how is it possible, how is it possible I can be so wanting to my duty? These gentlemen are my countrymen, and in tribulation."

Meanwhile they were standing, and making many apologies.

"Persons of your worth and misfortunes pain me more than sufficiently," said I, "without the trouble you are taking in these explanations."

"I invited them to my house, Eccellenza!" said Van Ni.

"Now, Signori, do not servants in Italy always use the expression, *my* house? We should think it more presumptuous to say *our* house; because it would seem to indicate that we placed ourselves on an equality with our masters." They acknowledged that the expression was universal in their country, and had only to regret that by its misrepresentation it had caused me such an inconvenience.

I could not but compare their manners with the French, very greatly to their advantage, and fancied that even the English might learn something from them. Certainly the islanders are thick-rinded and rather sour.

No persuasion of mine could induce the exiles to remain. They fancied I was an Englishman from the East Indies, and hoped I would exert my influence for the delivery of their country.

"If my master were an Englishman, he would feel it his duty," said Van Ni; "for Englishmen threw you, bound hand and foot, among the dogs."

His Majesty the Emperor asked me whether the Italians were not from that country which pretended to the monopoly of religion. I was not quite sure, and told him so.

"I have a suspicion," said his Majesty, "that the old sorcerer lay somewhere thereabout."

I believe he was near the mark; but my memory failed me. He then asked about the causes of the insurrection and revolution in Frenchland. My reply was, that the king had been persuaded by his courtiers to take away some things which he had given; and his people said that he had given them what was theirs before; that it was an indignity to offer it at first; that it was a defiance to seize it again; and that he had no right to stand above the laws.

"It is the glory of princes," said his Majesty the Emperor, "to stand the foremost under them."

XXX. LOUIS PHILIPPE AND M. GUIZOT.

Louis Philippe. Congratulate me, M. Guizot, on the complete success of our enterprise in Spain. The Infanta is ours.

Grave as you ordinarily are, M. Guizot, it appears to me that you are graver than usual. A formal bow from you is surely but little on so grand an acquisition. Perhaps I ought to have congratulated you, instead of asking for your congratulations, since it was mainly by your dexterity that the business, in despite of impediments, was accomplished.

Guizot. Sire, it is much, very much indeed, to have merited your Majesty's approbation.

Louis Philippe. Well, then, if such are your sentiments, and you always have acted so that I must believe they are, why this reticence; why this solemnity of countenance and gravity of manner? Diplomatists have always something in reserve, even from their best friends; what is that, may I venture to inquire, which you have now, ever since your entrance, been holding back from yours?

Guizot. Sire, there is nothing I can hold back at present.

Louis Philippe. You have rendered an inestimable service to my family; and the money you have disbursed among the needy ministers and military gamesters in Spain secured the marriage of my son, and secures their adherence to my ulterior interests.

Guizot. The most high-minded of nations, as Spain was two centuries ago, is become the most mercenary. I paid the gentlemen for their performance with no greater reluctance than I would have paid dustmen or nightmen. But, denying to the English minister what I did deny, in regard to the marriage of the Duke and the Infanta, I prevaricated most grossly.

Louis Philippe. No, no, my dear M. Guizot, not most grossly; quite the contrary. Say rather, if the awkward word *prevaricate* will obtrude itself, — say rather, most adroitly, most diplomatically.

Guizot. For such an action in private life, were it possible I could have committed it, I should be utterly and for ever excluded from society.

Louis Philippe. Excluded from society? What society? —

the society of myself, of my queen, of my sons, of my dignitaries in Church and State?

Guizot. I did not mention the dignitaries, nor allude to them, nor think of them; but the society of the manly, the disinterested, the lover of straightforwardness and truth.

Louis Philippe. Be tranquil, be considerate; reflect a little. Ministers under arbitrary monarchs may seldom stand quite upright, but they are subject to no influences which make them shuffle, as those under constitutional kings must do occasionally. England contains a greater number of honest men than all the continents put together: count me now, if you can, three honest prime ministers in her records of three hundred years. Honesty in France puts on a *demisaison* quite early, but soon finds it too cold for wear. Neckar was a strictly virtuous man, clear-sighted and industrious; Roland was the purest and completest type of virtue, not in France only, but in the universe: his wife, who assisted him in his arduous labors, is justly a partaker of his glory. You yourself have not cleaner hands, nor sounder judgment, nor purer style than hers. And what was the fate of all three?—to be depreciated and derided. Now let us go back to the old monarchy. Richelieu and Mazarin could do their business without the necessity of corrupting. He who can hang, imprison, and torture, is above the baseness of a canvass, purse in hand. Richelieu and Mazarin, when France contained less than half her present population, expended each on his own account above twenty millions of francs, and left to his heirs about as much. Despotic kings find men already corrupted; constitutional must endure the trouble and the obloquy of making them so. Never, my good M. Guizot, was the proverb "straining at gnats and swallowing of camels" so well exemplified. Unless you had reverted to my own family affairs, I should abstain from reminding you about Piscatory and Rougeaux at Athens. By whose advice was it that the adventurer Rougeaux was furnished with dollars to enlist electors, and to purchase pistols, ready against their adversaries? By whose advice did Otho forswear the Constitution he had solemnly sworn to? At whose instigation was Kalergis banished, Church divested of his command, and Lyons received at court contemptuously?

Guizot. By your Majesty's.

Louis Philippe. Sir, kings do not advise, do not instigate; they command.

Guizot. Your Majesty is (if I offend not likewise in this expression) the most able and successful of administrators.

Louis Philippe. And something of the logician. Really I see no better reason for your uneasiness about the share you have taken in the matrimonial arrangements at Madrid, than about those equally delicate at Monte-Video. The English were no less dexterously circumvented by you there than here.

Guizot. I never forfeited my word in that quarter.

Louis Philippe. If we *elude*, *delude*, *deceive*, *over-reach* (I am ready to take any one of these synonymes from your book), what matters, when done, whether it be oral or written? *Breach of promise* is an expression at all times in general use; often inconsiderately. In fact, on these occasions we kings do not break our promises; we only cut adroitly the corks we are to swim upon, and tie them loosely; neglecting which process, we should never keep our heads above water and strike out. You are going to England: go by all means. There you will see the most honorable men at the helm of government, who never thought their worn words worth keeping any more than their worn clothes. I refer to no one party; all are alike in this. Men who would scorn to cheat to the amount of a livre at the whist-table, cheat to the amount of millions at the Speaker's.

Guizot. Is there never an account to be rendered?

Louis Philippe. Many believe there is; all act as if there is none.

Guizot. Surely a sense of glory must actuate some among a people so thoughtful, so far-sighted, so desirous of self-esteem, of cordial acceptance at home and abroad, of reputation in life and after.

Louis Philippe. Holy Scripture hath said we are worms; there can be no offence in classing them. Historians, like those in the rich and unctuous soil of churchyards, feed upon the dead; courtiers and ministers of state, in England as elsewhere, are tape-worms that feed within live bodies, and are too slender and slippery (to say no worse of them) for your fingers to take hold of; one species draws its sustenance from corruption in the grave, another from corruption on this side of it. Philosopher, as I was educated to be, I begin to lean toward the priesthood, and to think their cookery of us the more palatable. We, like tunnies, are kept best under salt and oil; we are pickled at top and bottom, at birth and death, and are consigned to the wholesale dealer residing at Rome. We must all bend a little for the benefit of our families and our country. Was not I myself exposed to the censure of the inconsiderate on the Duke of Bourbon's death? I did not hang him; I did not hire another to do it. The mistress he found in the streets of Brighton came into the possession of much wealth and rich jewelry at his decease. What portion of them she presented to me and to the queen you know pretty well, and the gratitude we showed toward her, inviting her to a family dinner party, and seating her at table by the side of royalty. If we can do these things for France and the children of France, what may not those do who have only the skirts of our dignity to support? And what, M. Guizot, was your fault, your oversight?

Guizot. Neither, sire, neither; but crime, great crime,—worse than simple falsehood: there was a falsehood covered over by a fraud, and again a fraud by a falsehood, and borne with a stealthy step into the Church.

Louis Philippe. The Church gave its blessing; so let that pass. Take my word for it, M. Guizot, if you went to London this afternoon, you would be visited to-morrow morning by the identical honest men, ministers of state and subordinates, whose censure you apprehend. I know them perfectly. They would be courteous and conciliating to you, and ashamed and afraid of showing to the people that they ever had been duped and over-reached. Beside, they know, as well as you and I, that they dare not go to war with me whatever I do; for I have six or seven well-disciplined soldiers for their one undisciplined: I can have two experienced gunners afloat in a fortnight against their one in a month, scattered as their navy is, where it can act to no purpose; for the Constitution of Portugal is worm-eaten already, and two inert bodies, with cumbrous and costly crowns, weigh heavily and intolerably on the people. England is titularly a kingdom: some have gone so far in their folly or their adulation as to call it a monarchy. The main element is properly the opposite of this. I should rather have said *was* than *is;* for the Reform-bill was only a *lasso* by which the broken caught the unbroken. Instead of close boroughs, England has now close families, which elect, not indeed to the parliament, but to the cabinet. She has neither a democracy nor an aristocracy; she is subject to an oligarchy. This oligarchy, which knows little else, knows perfectly well the pacific and economical spirit of the people; so that, after providing amply for their families by filling all military and colonial offices with them, they disband all that is efficient. They let the corn rot in the ground, content if it serve as a prop to honeysuckles. Knowing the wretched state into which both their army and navy had fallen, and the disinclination and incompetency of the oligarchy to correct any abuses, or to supply any deficiencies in either, it was a favorite scheme with M. Thiers to strike somewhere, anywhere, an irritating blow against them. He chose the South Sea. The English spirit would rise against the injustice and indignity; but the manufacturers and tradespeople in general would exclaim against a war for a matter so trifling and remote.

Guizot. England never was so rich and prosperous as at present.

Louis Philippe. True; nor was Tyre the hour before she was in ruins. England at no time was so little inclined and so little prepared for war. With difficulty can she keep Ireland in subjection.

Guizot. She has no such wish. Jesuits and other incendiaries keep up ancient animosities, religion against religion, race against race. *Hereditary bondmen!* such is the key-note; ay indeed, and not only the key-note, but the burden of the song. These hereditary bondmen enjoy exemption from impositions which weigh heavily on the other subjects of the empire. What they suffer in reality is from the rapacity and exactions of landlords and middlemen. No people is taxed so lightly; no people leans so heavily on its neighbor. Assistance is given unreluctantly, and received ungratefully.

Louis Philippe. They who fare best are often the most insurrectionary and rebellious. High feed and none produce the same effect. Ireland sends a pressing invitation to invaders, not particular about precedency.

Guizot. It would be imprudent to trust so fickle a people, and ungenerous —

Louis Philippe. *Generosity* is to be found in no index to any work on polity: it is only to be looked for in the last pages of a novel.

Guizot. The English showed it largely in their last campaign.

Louis Philippe. The English have virtue; we have honor.

Guizot. Sire, I am unable to perceive the difference; excepting that honor is only a part, or rather a particle, of virtue.

Louis Philippe. There are questions which it is better to investigate but superficially. We know sufficiently that the beautiful colors on moths and butterflies are feathers: we need not pluck them; if we do, we are in danger of annihilating the insect's vitality. These feathers are not only its ornament, but its strength; his honor is to a Frenchman what his hair was to Samson.

Guizot. But Samson did not live to be quite bald. Tahiti, and other islands in the Pacific, had been civilized by the English, who constantly protected them.

Louis Philippe. But never having killed or drilled the population, never having imposed tax or tribute, protection is illegitimate.

Guizot. Sire, the invasion and seizure of that land is both unjust and useless.

Louis Philippe. Not useless, if it had led to war against an enemy which was never so ill prepared.

Guizot. But your Majesty has more than once declared to me your determination to remain at peace with all neighboring States, and especially with England: you have protested it, both in person and by letter, to Queen Victoria.

Louis Philippe. The French army is restless for action, the French people for changes. It is against changes, against innovations and reforms, that I am resolute. War is mischievous, war is dangerous, and possibly disastrous; but carries with it no disaster which may overturn my dynasty, as might eventually be apprehended from reform. You and many others have often praised my foresight. I am circumspect; I am moderate: but the wants of the soldiery and of the people must be listened to, must be supplied. I march not against the elements; I strike not at the iron gauntlet of Winter; but I point toward sunny seas and coral grottos and umbrageous arbors, where every Frenchman may domesticate with his Calypso. It may be long, it may be a century, before we conquer the kingdom of Morocco: Spain is not yet ours completely.

Guizot. Sire, it appears to me that, within half that period, France may again be called upon to defend the remainder of her territory. Russia is mistress of Sweden, of Norway, of Germany, of Denmark. She moves at will the armies of all these nations. All united could not conquer united France. And France will be united under a mild government and moderate taxes, feeling the benefits of commerce, and assured that speculation is not always a mirage. The taxes, I think, might be diminished a fifth. At least a third of the civil functionaries might go into retirement, and two-thirds of the army.

Louis Philippe. I believe so. But the Parisians must be dazzled by glory to divert their attention from city-fed chimeras; and the soldiery must be attracted by those treasures which lie before them on the surface, and within their grasp. Tradesmen are not always such good politicians as you are, M. Guizot. The English minister of the colonies will, however, keep you in countenance where you fear the accusation of duplicity. He has promised to the Cape and to Australia a constitution founded on the representative system. Instead of the constitution he sent over to the Cape a cargo of convicts, and he demands in Australia fourfold as much for land as its value is in America. If America, seventy-five years ago, threw off allegiance to a government which oppressed her slightly and with little insult, what may be expected from the indignation of these colonists bound by no ties of consanguinity or of duty? Differences, and more than differences, will spring up and accumulate between the governors and the governed; meanwhile the barbarous natives will make forays, carrying off the arms entrusted to them, and the cattle of all parties. There are several regiments of Caffres and Fingoes, enough to excite and to discipline all the tribes for a thousand miles round. Australia is remoter. She may, however, be more easily kept under subjection, and continue to support proconsulships and quæstorships, governors and bishops, under the patronage of the oligarchy.

Guizot. They conquered Algiers for us: they will not conquer, but they will devastate the country, and alienate the affections of their colonists. They may not be ours, perhaps; they certainly will not be England's. The nation ere long will refuse to supply so vast an expenditure as they demand. It is better that England should suffer by her own folly than by ours. The English I should not fear singly; but there is really cause for apprehension that she may be aided by another great naval power, which by necessity must increase. We have taken possession of the Marquesas. America, mistress of Oregon and California, heiress of India and China, will permit no such obstruction. She has found but little inconvenience in the English possessing Canada; she would never let the French recover it. Interest, on many accounts, prompts her to an alliance with England. After her war for Independence, a pamphlet was written by Governor Pownall recommending a confederacy of America, England, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Happily for us and for Russia it was much too wise to be adopted, even if the writer had been a member of Parliament and of the aristocracy. I would lay any wager that no English minister, Whig or Tory, possesses a copy. This I know: the representations of Raffles, incomparably the best and most practical of their later politicians, were found unopened on the accession of the present administration. England is rich; she can afford such negligence.

Louis Philippe. She grasps much, but always lets drop again what is best worth holding. She took possession of Cattaro; and Lord Castlereagh — the most illiterate and ignorant minister, excepting Farrinelli, that ever ruled an European nation — delivered it up, in 1814, to the Austrians. To England it would have been worth greatly more than the Seven Isles and Gibraltar; for behind and on every side of it are inexhaustible forests of ancient oaks, and other timber-trees, in a sufficiency to keep up her navy at a moderate expenditure for many centuries. Why repeat it? I have already said they are inexhaustible. She has lost not only the most commodious and the most defensible harbor in Europe, but incalculable advantages of trade with Bosnia, Servia, and all the populations on the Save, Drave, and Danube. Her neglect or ignorance of this advantage has made the sluggish Austria both active and commercial, and has raised the hovels of Trieste over the palaces of Venice and Vienna. If ever France has another war with her (and with what neighboring State can France continue much longer at peace?) our first and most important conquest is Cattaro. It insures to us Turkey; it replenishes the arsenal of Toulon; it keeps in agitation Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, Greece. I would rather have Cattaro than the boundary of the Rhine.

Guizot. We want commerce more than territory.

Louis Philippe. Therefore we want Cattaro more than Luxembourg. The Parisians, in one quarter or other, must be dazzled by glory to divert them from chimeras.

Guizot. That glory which rests on blood is insecure.

Louis Philippe. Our people have never shown a predilection for security, and never are so uneasy as when they are sitting still.

Guizot. Rather would I see them with Belial than with Moloch; but surely there is a path between the two temples.

Louis Philippe. How different are you from M. Thiers!

Guizot. Often hath your Majesty been graciously pleased to commend me, but never to praise me so highly as now.

Louis Philippe. Thiers is in the condition of a man who struts about in a new suit of clothes, yet forgets to change his shirt or wash his hands. Yet so fond are the English of any continental cleverness, that, after all his falsehoods and malignity and aims at war against them, were he to land at Dover, a dozen coronets would be ready on the beach to catch him up. You scorn him with much civility. Indeed, he is a knave to say the least, and so are all men in some degree as soon as they enter the cabinet. No one walks quite upright when he mounts an eminence. He meets with obstacles he must bend to ere he removes them.

M. Thiers has made a fine fortune; not entirely by his newspaper or his history: a little, perhaps, by his portfolio. Some acquire more by sweeping up the straw and litter than others by threshing out the grain. Opposition in politics did not alienate one of you from the other, for it was only occasionally that you were opposite: but similarity of pursuits, which bring other hunters into fellowship, keep asunder the hunters in the fields of literature.

Guizot. Sire, nobody ever heard me speak disrespectfully of M. Thiers as a literary man.

Louis Philippe. You shall hear me then, who must be dispassionate in that quarter. I find in him no accuracy of research, no depth of reflection, no energy of expression, no grace of style: I do find much direct falsehood, and more indirect misrepresentation. He might and certainly did consult the best authorities on our battles, especially the naval. Instead of citing or following them, he lies up to the "Moniteur," or, as Voltaire would have said, the "Lives of the Saints." Never repeat this observation of mine to M. de Chateaubriand, or to M. de Montalembert, although the former would smile, remembering his offer to a bookseller of a work *against*, when the bookseller told him his customers were beginning to look Romeward, and entreated him to write *for;* he did so, and the "Genius of Christianity" slipped five thousand francs into his pocket.

At present we will not renew our discourse on peace and war: there is another object close before us, — centralization. This was equally the aim of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon. I begin to find a reminiscence of its importance in my own person. Of what service are the best teeth, if the lower and upper do not act together and closely? Mine, as you see, are decentralized, disorganized, demoralized, insubordinate, and insurgent. They, like my people, want a little of gold wire to unite, and a little of the same metal to stop them. Thirty years of peace ought to have rendered the nation rich and prosperous.

Guizot. And so indeed it might have done, sire, had the army been diminished.

Louis Philippe. This would have been imprudent. I have always had enemies on the watch against me, both within and without.

Guizot. Any aggression would have raised the country, and the invader would have fled as before the armies of Pichegru and Dumourier, in which your Majesty bore so conspicuous a part.

Louis Philippe. The Rhine would have been French again; but many of my adherents had probably been detached from me.

Guizot. More, and honester, and firmer, had been conciliated.

Louis Philippe. I can ill afford to be a conqueror of exhausted countries. Money is requisite at home. I rule by the judicious distribution of innumerable offices. Every family in France has a near relative in one or other of them; so that every family has an interest in the continuance of my government.

Guizot. These are quiet: the more restless are the more dangerous. The man in want will seize by the throat the man who has plenty. One wolf tears in pieces many sheep; and the idler who wants a dinner will rush upon the idler who sleeps after it. Already there are indications of discontent. Piles of offices attract the notice of the starving. Our countrymen are always ready to warm their hands at a conflagration, though many are thrust too forward and perish. Example and experience are without weight to them. Division of property, useful to military despotism, which feeds upon full-grown youth bound and carted off to battle as calves to market, hath in the third generation so broken up agriculture that farmers are paupers. Clerks look down on them; they scowl at clerks: I dread the unequal conflict of the pen and mattock.

Louis Philippe. I am able to keep down the insurgent and refractory.

Guizot. Sire, you may keep the people down for a while: but upon a blown bladder there is no firm footing.

Louis Philippe. Surely you are somewhat nervous this morning, M. Guizot.

Guizot. Perhaps in the apprehension of being more so before long. What exhausts the wealth may exhaust the patience of the people.

Louis Philippe. This is an observation in the form of advice; and such advice, M. Guizot, I did not at the moment ask of you. I would by no means occupy more of your valuable time at present.

Guizot (*alone*). Royally spoken! legitimate Bourbon! Will France always respect such royalty, such legitimacy? Craft is insufficient: he must either be more cruel or more economical. With half his wisdom he might rule more wisely. He never looks aside from the Tuileries, or beyond his family. There is another and a wider circle: it has blood and flames for its boundary, and that boundary is undiscernibly and incalculably far off. Philippe carries in his hand the fruit of contention: another, yet bitterer, is about to drop from the stem; he will find it of mortal taste. To-day he is at the Tuileries: to-morrow may decide whether he will be here the day after.

XXXI. M. THIERS AND M. LAMARTINE.

Thiers. You look somewhat shy at me, M. Lamartine, now you are in power and I am out.

Lamartine. M. Thiers, we neither of us ever were out of power since we came to years of discretion, if indeed the poet and the public man may be said at any time of their lives to have come to them; for in poetry, imagination leads us astray; in politics, ambition.

Thiers. I never was ambitious.

Lamartine. I always was. The love of fame — in other words, of approbation — drew me forward not unwillingly. Reflection comes down to us in the deep recesses where imagination rests, and higher and more substantial forms rise around us and come nearer. The mind, after wandering in distant and in unknown regions, returns home at last and reposes on the bosom of our country. Her agitations render her only the more inviting and the dearer to us. We love her in her tranquillity, we adore her in her pangs. I do not rejoice, nor do I repent, that the voice of the people has called me to the station I now hold.

Thiers. It is an elevated and a glorious, but it is also an uncertain and a dangerous, one; take my word for it.

Lamartine. Pardon my frankness: I would rather take your word than your example.

Thiers. My example in what?

Lamartine. May I without offence to you speak my mind at large?

Thiers. Speak it unreservedly, as becomes a republican in all his freshness.

Lamartine. First, then, I should be sorry to grow rich among the spoliations of my country. Secondly, I scorn to countenance the passion of the vulgar, and more especially in their madness for war.

Thiers. We must put method into this madness. Be sure, M. Lamartine, that no earthly power can withhold for a twelvemonth an agitated army of three hundred thousand men, smarting under past disgraces! We must, whether we will or no, send forty thousand from Algiers to Trieste, and seventy thousand from our southern departments to the Gulfs of Genoa and Spezzia. I am a moderate man: I would leave the duchy of Austria to its ancient duke; Bohemia to whomsoever the nation may elect as king. Hungary was already free and independent from the moment that Metternich in the frenzy of his dotage consented to accept the intervention of Russia. She rises both against the hungry and wolfish pack of Russia, and the somnolent and swinish herd that rubs her into intolerable soreness from overgorged Vienna. Whatsoever was once Poland must be Poland again. She must extend from the Baltic to the Black Sea; from Dantzic to Odessa, and inclusive. Any thing short of this will only cause fresh struggles. Men never can be quiet in the cramp: they will cry out and kick until the paroxysm is over.

Lamartine. I am afraid you are too precipitate.

Thiers. There are many good men who are afraid of hearing, or even of thinking, the truth. They may lie in a ditch with their hats over their faces; nevertheless the light will come in upon them somewhere.

Lamartine. Probably the King of Sardinia will demand our aid against Austria, and insist on the evacuation of Modena and Parma: we may then, with policy and justice, interfere. Why do you smile?

Thiers. I was thinking at the moment that some laurels grow best on loose soil, M. Lamartine; but neither that laurel which crowns the warrior, nor that oak which crowns the savior of a citizen. It is our duty not to wait for danger, but to meet it; not to parley with insolent and stupid despots, but to bind them hand and foot with their own indigenous plants.

Lamartine. And yet, M. Thiers, you are a Royalist!

Thiers. Is any man a Royalist when he knows he can be greater? I had other means of serving my country, or (let me speak it frankly) myself. Kings have worn down their high-heeled shoes by their incessant strut and swagger. People would only have laughed at them if they had merely told common lies and practised only ordinary deceptions. But when the sleight-of-hand emptied every man's pocket, the whole crowd became vociferous; up flew the benches, and the conjurer took to his heels. At first we were tickled, at last we were triturated.

Lamartine. Not quite into dust, nor into mud; but only into a state, I trust, in which, with some new combinations, we may attain greater solidity and consistency. Democracy is always the work of Kings. Ashes, which in themselves are sterile, fertilize the land they are cast on.

Thiers. You remind me of what happened in England at the commencement of our first Revolution. The beautiful Duchess de Pienne was solicited too amorously by the Prince of Wales. "Sir," replied she, "it is princes like you who make democrats." He never forgave her: indeed he never pardoned any offence, especially when it came from the intelligent and the virtuous.

Lamartine. Having lived all his life among cheats and swindlers, he would probably have received with courtesy and amity Louis Philippe; and having broken his word until there was not enough of it to be broken again, and having deceived his friends until there was no friend to deceive, perhaps he would have naturalized the good Protestant Guizot, and have given him a seat in the cabinet. At the present day there is a Guizot administration in England. The same reckless expenditure, the same deafness to the popular reclamations, the same stupid, self-sufficient, subservient, and *secure* majority in Parliament. It is well for England that in the most vulnerable and unquiet part of her dominions there is a chief magistrate of consummate wisdom, temperate and firm, energetic and humane. Such a functionary is sadly wanted to preside over the counsels of Great Britain.

Thiers. He is best where he is. The English are so accustomed to a shuffling trot that they would grow impatient at a steady amble. They think the roadster must be wanting in spirit and action, unless they see plenty of froth on the bit.

XXXII. NICHOLAS, FREDERICK-WILLIAM, NESSELRODE.

Nicholas. Welcome to Warsaw, my dear brother. (*Presents* NESSELRODE.) Count Nesselrode is already known to your Majesty. He admires your military prowess, your political and theological knowledge; and appreciates the latter qualities so highly, that he declares you are the greatest professor in Germany.

Nesselrode (*aside*). These emperors see no point in any thing but the sword!

Nicholas (*aside.*) He bows and murmurs his assent.

Frederick-William. I feel infinitely bound by the favorable opinion of your Imperial Majesty, and can never be indifferent to the approbation of so wise a gentleman as Count Nesselrode.

Nesselrode (*aside*). If either of them should discover that I intended a witticism, I am a lost man. Siberia freezes mercury.

Nicholas. Approach us, Count! you never were intended for a corner. Let small princes stand behind our chairs: let every man take his due position. Grooms may keep their distance; but the supports of a throne must be at hand. My brother, you have acted well and wisely in following my advice and indications; so long as the German princes played at Constitutions with their people, no durable quiet was to be expected for us. We permitted you to call out an army, ostensibly to resist the menaces of Austria, and you very dutifully disbanded it at our signal. We thank you.

Frederick-William. The thanks of your Imperial Majesty are greatly more than a sufficient compensation for what the turbulent call a loss of dignity and independence.

Nicholas. Independence! I am surprised that a crowned head should echo that hateful word. Independence! we are all dependent; but emperors and kings are dependent on God alone. We are the high and pointed rods that carry down the lightning into the earth, rendering it innoxious.

Frederick-William. I am confident I may rely on your Majesty, in case of any insurrection or disturbance.

Nicholas. The confidence is not misplaced. At present there is no such danger. We invited the President of France to suppress the insurgents at Rome, the Socialists and Republicans in France. This has rendered him hateful in his own country and in Italy, where the priesthood, ever selfish and ungrateful, calls aloud for the Austrian to supplant him. This insures to you the Rhenish provinces for several years.

Frederick-William. Surely your Majesty would establish my family in the perpetual possession of them?

Nicholas. Alas! my brother! what on earth is perpetual? Nesselrode, you who see farther and more clearly than any other man on earth, tell us what is your opinion.

Nesselrode. Sire, in this matter there are clouds above us which obstruct the clearest sight. Providence, no less in its beneficence than in its wisdom, hides from us the far future. Conjecture can help us but a little way onward, and we often slip back when we believe we are near the summit.

Frederick-William (*to himself.*) I like this man; he talks piously and wisely. (*To* NESSELRODE.) Be pleased, Sir Count, to give us your frank opinion upon a subject very interesting to me personally. Do you foresee the time when what was apportioned to my family by the Holy Alliance, will be taken away from us?

Nesselrode. Sire, I do not foresee the time.

Frederick-William (*to himself.*) He will speak diplomatically and ambiguously. (*To* NESSELRODE.) Do you believe I shall ever be deserted by my august allies?

Nesselrode. Sire, there is only one policy in Europe which never wavers. Weak men have succeeded to strong, and yet it has stood the same. Russia and the polar star are alike immovable.

Nicholas. We owe this to our institutions. *We* are one: I am *we.*

Nesselrode. True, sire; perfectly true. Your senate is merely a woolpack to shield the battlement: it is neither worse nor better than a reformed House of Parliament in England. With your Majesty's permission, I shall now attempt to answer the question proposed to me by his Majesty the King of Prussia. The members of the Holy Alliance, compact and active in 1815, are now dissolved by death. New dynasties have arisen in France and Belgium. At one time there was danger that Belgium would be reunited to France. Perhaps it may be found that she is too weak to stand alone; perhaps in the convulsions which are about to agitate France, the most quiescent may lean toward its parent stock, and separate from the Power to which it was united by violence. Alsace, Lorraine, Franche Comté, and whatever was seized from the ancient dukes of Burgundy, may coalesce into a united kingdom. Your Majesty's successors, or (if it should soon occur) your Majesty, would be well indemnified for your losses on the Rhine by security in future against French aggression. Germany might then disband her costly armies; until then, never. The French themselves, after their civil war, would have slaked their thirst for blood, and would retire from a table where they have often lost their last franc. The next war will be a general war; it will be more destructive than any that has ever preceded it, and will be almost equally disastrous to all the parties engaged in it.

Nicholas. One excepted, Nesselrode.

Nesselrode. Many feathers must inevitably drop, even from the eagle's wings; and possibly its extremities may be amputated.

Nicholas. No croaking, no croaking, my good Nesselrode!

Nesselrode. Let us rather pat others on the back, and hold their clothes, and bring them water, and encourage the fighters, than fight. We may always keep a few hundred thousand in activity, or at least in readiness.

Frederick-William. Such forces are tremendous.

Nicholas. To the disobedient. In sixty days I could throw a million of soldiers on the shores of the Baltic.

Frederick-William. Might not England interpose?

Nicholas. Not in sixty days. My naval force is greater than hers; for my ships are manned, hers are not. She is only the third naval power at the present day. America can man more ships with good English sailors in ten days, than England can in forty. France has in the channel a greater force than England has, and every man aboard is well disciplined. All I want at present is to keep England from intermeddling in my affairs. This I have done, and this I will do. When she stirs, she wakes up others first; I shall come in at the proper time to put down the disturbance and to conciliate all parties. They will be so tired they will be glad to go to sleep. I take but little time for repose, and I grant them the precedency.

XXXIII. BERANGER AND LA ROCHE–JAQUELIN.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Passing by Tours, I could not resist the desire of presenting my respects to the greatest of our poets.

Beranger. Were I indeed so, I should be worthy to celebrate the heroism of the noble Roche-Jaquelins, — husband and wife, your nearest relatives, — who contended and suffered so heroically in La Vendée. Poetry is envious of history, and feels her inadequacy to a like attempt. Painful as is the retrospect, there is glory to relieve it: can we say the same of the prospect now before us?

La Roche-Jaquelin. Let us hope we may, and that the narrow present is alone disgraceful. Loyalty may exist in all hearts, in all circumstances.

Beranger. I was taught in early youth that it is an error to pronounce the word *loyalty* as if it began with the letter *r*. Do not smile, M. le Marquis. I have always been a conservative.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Indeed!

Beranger. Yes, indeed and fundamentally. I have always been a conservative of *law*, from which *conservatism* takes the name of *loyalty:* have all our kings, all our rulers?

La Roche-Jaquelin. King Henry has been misguided in his attempt to cast aside many wholesome instructions, and to allow no other than suited his own *good pleasure.*

Beranger. We know, by sad experience, that the *good pleasure* of kings is often stimulated by the evil pleasure of their ministers; hence it is requisite that there should be some legitimate and temperate restraint.

La Roche-Jaquelin. We French require a vigilant eye and strong hand over us. Mirabeau himself, the ablest man among us since the administration of Richelieu, was unable to regulate the tempest he had excited.

Do you, M. de Beranger, who are a consistent and staunch republican, think the present order of things at all better than the last or the preceding?

Beranger. Order of things! What order of things, M. de Marquis, can you expect in France? We change perpetually, from the grub to the butterfly, from the butterfly to the grub. This is our order of things, and this order is invariable.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Perspicacity like yours discerned long beforehand the inevitable result of our late commotions, and prudence lead you into retirement. The wisest and the happiest lead studious and almost solitary lives.

Beranger. This is the reflection of the ambitious, when Ambition has jilted them. There are extremely few so wise as to know where are the haunts of Happiness. Never have I been acquainted with any man who would not prefer the tumult of high office to the tranquillity of domestic peace. I know an Englishman to whom a Lord Chancellor said: —

"You have made the best choice."

And the reply was: —

"You would rather be the highest subject than the happiest.

La Roche-Jaquelin. You are safe.

Beranger. So are you, M. le Marquis. "The Powers that be" are clear-sighted Powers. They see me and overlook my principles; you they treat with high consideration, however they may hate you. They behold in you a lofty stem, a strong deep-rooted trunk, solitary and august in the ancient forests of Brittany. They would be appalled, as Lucan describes the soldiers of Cæsar in the sacred grove near Massilia, at cutting down the most eminent, if not the last, relic of true nobility, of inflexible honor on the soil of France. Unhesitatingly and safely could they send into exile, or into the hulks, a gang of vociferating lawyers and vulgar generals: but a stroke on a La Roche-Jaquelin would sound and reverberate among your Druidical stones with awful and appalling omen to them.

La Roche-Jaquelin. I neither fear nor respect such people.

Beranger. Pardon me, M. le Marquis; but it appears to me that you have no reason to be very well affected either to the occupant or the claimant.

The King of Frohsdorff,

Teres atque retundus

in body, is endowed with a mind of similar conformation.

La Roche-Jaquelin. You compliment him highly.

Beranger. Unwarily then have I slipped into flattery. My meaning is, that, puffed up by vanity, he is only fit to be what he is, — the football of fortune.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Do not be severe on him. If you must be severe, be at least impartial. The possessor of supreme and arbitrary power, in Paris, deserves surely as much acerbity as the prince who, having dismissed his few faithful servants, sits stripped of power, shuddering and crouching at Frohsdorff.

Beranger. There is not a drop of bitterness in me for either. No boatman in our beautiful Loire, no laundress on its sands below the bridge, is less important to me than those two. Petulance and arrogance are the King's characteristics; ambition the President's. One has done, the other would have done, what you approve, and what my intellect and heart alike denounce.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Indeed! what can that be?

Beranger. The restoration of darkness; the striking out of three hundred years from the chronology of mind; the resuscitation of Popery, as she sat at Avignon when she was expelled from Rome. Sovereigns will bitterly repent of such a step backward: she will fall heavily on them ere long.

I heard it reported in this city that when the French general landed at Cività Vecchia, with a lie in his mouth thrust into it by the President, an English gentleman sent back the work on artillery, which the President had given to him. This gentleman was in the habitude of meeting the Prince at Lady Blessington's, under whose roof a greater number of remarkable and illustrious men assembled from all nations, than under any other since roofs took the place of caverns. When he returned to London from his captivity at Ham, he was greeted by Lady Blessington's friend "as having escaped the two heaviest of misfortunes, a prison and a throne."

"Whichever of the two may befall me," said the Prince, "I hope I shall see you."

"If a prison," said the other, "the thing is possible; if a throne, not."

La Roche-Jaquelin. Let him beware of visiting Paris.

Beranger. Fifty years ago he spent some time there; some ten later he resided in this city; and he went into Italy after the Restoration.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Ah, M. de Beranger! I imagine he would much prefer Italy or Touraine to Cayenne or Algeria.

Beranger. I do not believe he is likely, so late in life, to try the experiment.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Pardon me: I have been trespassing too far on your time.

Beranger. Quite the contrary: you have made it valuable.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Surely as I entered I saw you suddenly lay down your hat. If you were about to walk, not to visit, I should beg permission to accompany you.

Beranger. Gladly will I attend you, M. le Marquis. You will travel down the Loire on your road homeward: by way of variety shall our promenade be toward the Cher?

La Roche-Jaquelin. By all means: it runs close to the town.

Beranger. Here we are. The beautiful plain has lately been enclosed. A few years ago it was as Nature formed it.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Ay: just as when Charles Martell discomfited and drove out the Saracens.

Beranger. May we never have to curse the memory of Charles Martell!

La Roche-Jaquelin. God forbid!

Beranger. Yet how flourishing was Spain under the Saracens during great part of a millennium! What pleasure and politeness, what chivalry and poetry, what arts and sciences, in her cities! What architecture within her walls, and round about; what bridges; what fountains; what irrigation! Look at her now under her Bourbons. Look off from her: look toward Italy. Who, tell me, who, M. le Marquis, hath held down men unimproved, unprogressive, motionless? — no, not motionless — nor was the wheel of Ixion.

La Roche-Jaquelin. Bravo! M. de Beranger!

But, seriously now, do you attribute all our civilization, all our enlightenment, all our arts and sciences, to these Saracens?

Beranger. M. le Marquis, if there is a gentleman in France, it is because the Saracens were here or in the neighborhood; or because his ancestors encountered them under the walls of Ascalon and Acre. However, I do not attribute *all* our civilization, *all* our enlightenment, *all* our arts and sciences, to them. No; far from it. In their vesture, which is among the earlier signs of civilization, they never wore, nor made their slaves wear, conical caps emblazoned with fiery serpents, surmounted as a crest with spiral flames; they never wore, nor made their slaves wear, robes ornamented with open-mouthed dogs and grinning devils. Fanciful as they were in architectural decorations, they did not clear the market-place to erect scaffolds in it, surrounded by stakes and fagots for the concremation of human victims, — the virgin, the matron, the bride, the nursing mother. Inventive as they were in mechanics, they did not invent the thumbscrew, the pulley, and many other such elegant articles of furniture. Studious as they were of medicine, adepts as they were in chemistry, it was left for more sagacious heads and for more pious hands, to invent and to apply the Aqua-Toffana. The only people now that appear to open their eyes are the people of canvas and marble.

XXXIV. NICHOLAS AND NESSELRODE.

Nicholas. This *Manchester Examiner* is most audacious.

Nesselrode. Willingly would I have spared your Majesty the just indignation it excites; but your imperial commands were peremptory and explicit, that every word spoken against your august person and legitimate authority should be laid before you.

Nicholas. Of all the speeches I ever read, this from Doctor Vaughan, before the citizens of Manchester, after what had been spoken by the insurgent and traitor Messaros, is the most intolerable. Do you really think it will excite Lord Palmerston to interfere with us about the detention of Kossuth?

Nesselrode. Unlikely; very unlikely. Lord Palmerston loves strong measures. He has recently been defending two unprovoked and unnecessary massacres; one in Ceylon, the other on the opposite side of the Indian sea, on boatmen by a sudden metamorphosis turned into pirates for their head-money. Since the Reform in Parliament, the ministers are irresponsible. An impeachment might have been an impediment to the race-course.

Nicholas. I wish they would recall from their embassies such men as Sir Edward Lyons and Sir Stratford Canning, and would place them in the House of Commons where they could do me no harm.

Nesselrode. It is quite unexampled at the present day that men of such sagacity and such firmness should be employed by either party, Whig or Tory. We need care little for speeches.

Nicholas. Perhaps so. But sometimes a red-hot word, falling upon soft tinder and smouldering there awhile, is blown beyond, and sets towns and palaces on fire. Unaccustomed as I am to be moved or concerned by the dull thumps of honorable gentlemen in the English Parliament, and very accustomed to be amused by the sophisms and trickeries, evolutions and revolutions, pliant antics and plianter oaths, of the French tribune, I perused with astonishment the vigorous oration of this Doctor Vaughan. I did not imagine that any Englishman, now living, could exert such a force of eloquence. Who indeed could ever have believed that English clergymen are so (what is called) liberal!

Nesselrode. Many of them are extremely free in the dissemination of their political tenets, until the upper branches of preferment are within sight, until they sniff honey in the rotten tree; then they show how cleverly and alertly those heavy haunches can climb, and how sharp are those teeth, and how loud are those growls, and how ready are those paws to clap the loose muzzle on anybody under.

Nicholas. We must keep this doctor out of Parliament.

Nesselrode. Sire, no clergyman has a seat in the House of Commons. If this doctor had, he would be hooted down: his opponents would imitate the crowing of cocks, the whistle of steam-engines, and shout *question, question!*

Nicholas. No, no, no; the English are decorous.

Nesselrode. At dinner; and even after; excepting that they speak to ladies, I am told, in the same language, and in the same tone, as they speak to jockeys. The lords, for the most part, even the young and the newly made, are better.

Nicholas. Never have I seen more perfect gentlemen than among the English nobility.

Nesselrode. The Commons, your Majesty will recollect, are reformed.

Nicholas. Among these people, here and there a hint is thrown out that I am vulnerable at the extremities of my dominions. — Why do not you say something?

Nesselrode. New acquisitions are not soon consolidated; nor heterogeneous substances, from their inequalities and asperities, firmly cemented.

Nicholas. No truisms, if you please.

Nesselrode. In a diversity of language and religion there is more repulsion than attraction.

Nicholas. Nesselrode! Nesselrode! if you talk philosophy, moral or physical, I shall think you less practical.

Nesselrode. Usually, sire, those who talk it let run to waste what little they have. Your Majesty has corrected many of my errors both by precept and example.

Nicholas. Tell me now, in few words, whether you think my empire assailable.

Nesselrode. Sire, your empire, I believe, is larger than the planet which shines at night above us; I wish I could persuade myself that it is equally out of harm's way. The extremities both of plants and animals are always the weaker parts: so is it with dominions; especially those which are the most extensive. May I speak plainly my mind, and attempt a full answer to your Majesty's inquiry?

Nicholas. You may: I desire it.

Nesselrode. And employ such language as a writer, more properly than a courtier or a minister, might use?

Nicholas. Yes, yes; say on.

Nesselrode. Russia, it sometimes has appeared to me, much resembles a great lobster or crab, strong both in the body and claws; but between the body and claws there is a part easy to be severed and broken. All that can be taken is more than can be held.

Nicholas. Nothing is more urgent than to strengthen the centre. I have disposed of my brother, his Prussian Majesty, who appeared to be impressed by the apprehension that a portion of his dominions was in jeopardy.

Nesselrode. Possibly the scales of Europe are yet to be adjusted.

Nicholas. When the winds blow high they must waver. Against the danger of contingencies, and in readiness to place my finger on the edge of one or other, it is my intention to spend in future a part of my time at Warsaw, that city being so nearly central in my dominions. Good Nesselrode! there should have been a poet near you to celebrate the arching of your eyebrows: they suddenly dropped down again under the horizontal line of your Emperor's. Nobody ever started in my presence; but I really do think you were upon the verge of it when I inadvertently said *dominions* instead of *dependencies*. Well, well: dependencies are dominions; and of all dominions they require the least trouble.

Nesselrode. Your Majesty has found no difficulty with any, excepting the Circassians.

Nicholas. The Circassians are the Normans of Asia; equally brave, more generous, more chivalrous. I am no admirer of military trinkets; but I have been surprised at the beauty of their chain-armor, the temper of their swords, the richness of hilt, and the gracefulness of baldric.

Nesselrode. It is a pity they are not Christians and subjects of your Majesty.

Nicholas. If they would become my subjects, I would let them (as I have let other Mahometans) become Christians at their leisure. We must brigade them before baptism.

Nesselrode. It is singular that this necessity never struck those religious men who are holding peace conferences in various parts of Europe.

Nicholas. One of them, I remember, tried to persuade the people of England that if the bankers in London would negotiate no loan with me I could carry on no war.

Nesselrode. Wonderful! how ignorant are moneyed men of money matters! Your Majesty was graciously pleased to listen to my advice when hostilities seemed inevitable. I was desirous of raising the largest loan possible, that none should be forthcoming to the urgency of others. At that very moment your Majesty had in your coffers more than sufficient for the additional expenditure of three campaigns. Well may your Majesty smile at this computation, and at the blindness that suggested it; for never will your Majesty send an army into any part of Europe which shall not maintain itself there by its own prowess. Your cavalry will seize all the provisions that are not stored up within the fortresses; and in every army those are to be found who for a few thousand roubles are ready to blow up their munitionwagons. We know by name almost every discontented man in Europe.

Nicholas. To obtain this information, my yearly expenses do not exceed the revenues of half-a-dozen English bishops. Every *table d'hôte* on the Continent, you tell me, has one daily guest sent by me. Ladies in the higher circles have taken my presents and compliments, part in diamonds and part in smiles. An emperor's smiles are as valuable to them as theirs are to a cornet of dragoons. Spare nothing in the boudoir and you will spare much in the field.

Nesselrode. Such appears to have been the invariable policy of the Empress Catharine, now with God.

Nicholas. My father of glorious memory was less observant of it. He had prejudices and dislikes: he expected to find everybody a gentleman, even kings and ministers. If they were so, how could he have hoped to sway them; and how to turn them from the straight road into his?

Nesselrode. Your Majesty is far above the influence of antipathies; but I have often heard your Majesty express your hatred, and sometimes your contempt, of Bonaparte.

Nicholas. I hated him for his insolence, and I despised him alike for his cowardice and falsehood. Shame is the surest criterion of humanity. Where one is wanting, the other is. The beasts never indicate shame in a state of nature: in society some of them acquire it; Bonaparte not. He neither blushed at repudiating a modest woman, nor at supplanting her by an immodest one. Holding a pistol to the father's ear, he ordered him to dismount from his carriage; to deliver up his ring, his watch, his chain, his seal, his knee-buckle; stripping off galloon from trouser, and presently trouser too. Caught, pinioned, sentenced, he fell on both knees in the mud, and implored this poor creature's intercession to save him from the hangman. He neither blushed at the robbery of a crown, nor at the fabrication of twenty. He was equally ungrateful in public life and in private. He banished Barras, who promoted and protected him: he calumniated the French admiral, whose fleet for his own safety he detained on the shores of Egypt, and the English admiral who defeated him in Syria with a tenth of his force. Baffled as he often was, and at last fatally, and admirably as in many circumstances he knew how to be a general, never in any did he know how to be a gentleman. He was fond of displaying the picklock keys whereby he found entrance into our cabinets, and of twitching the ears of his accomplices.

Nesselrode. Certainly he was less as an emperor than as a soldier.

Nicholas. Great generals may commit grievous and disastrous mistakes, but never utterly ruinous. Charles V., Gustavus Adolphus, Peter the Great, Frederic of Prussia, Prince Eugene, Marlborough, William, Wellington, kept their winnings, and never hazarded the last crown-piece. Bonaparte, when he had swept the tables, cried *double* or *quits*.

Nesselrode. The wheel of Fortune is apt to make men giddier, the higher it rises and the quicklier it turns: sometimes it drops them on a barren rock, and sometimes on a treadmill. The nephew is more prudent than the uncle.

Nicholas. You were extremely wise, my dear Nesselrode, in suggesting our idea to the French President, and in persuading him to acknowledge, in the face of the world, that he had been justly imprisoned by Louis Philippe for attempting to subvert the existing powers. Frenchmen are taught by this declaration what they may expect for a similar crime against his own pretensions. We will show our impartiality by an equal countenance and favor toward all parties. In different directions all are working out the designs of God, and producing unity of empire "on earth as it is in heaven." Until this consummation there can never be universal or indeed any lasting peace.

Nesselrode. This lying far remote, I await your Majesty's commands for what is now before us. Your Majesty was graciously pleased to express your satisfaction at the manner in which I executed them in regard to the President of the French Republic.

Nicholas. Republic, indeed! I have ordered it to be a crime in France to utter the odious name. President, forsooth! we have directed him hitherto; let him now keep his way. Our object was to stifle the spirit of freedom: we tossed the handkerchief to him, and he found the chloroform. Every thing is going on in Europe exactly as I desire: we must throw nothing in the way to shake the machine off the rail.

It is running at full speed, where no whistle can stop it. Every prince is exasperating his subjects, and exhausting his treasury in order to keep them under due control. What nation on the continent, mine excepted, can maintain for two years longer its present war establishment? And without this engine of coercion what prince can be the master of his people. England is tranquil at home; can she continue so, when a foreigner would place a tiara over her crown, telling her who shall teach and what shall be taught? — Principally, that where masses are not said for departed souls, better it would be that there were no souls at all, since they certainly must be damned. The school which doubts it is denounced as godless.

Nesselrode. England, Sire, is indeed tranquil at home; but that home is a narrow one, and extends not across the Irish channel. Every colony is dissatisfied and disturbed. No faith has been kept with any of them by the secretary now in office. At the Cape of Good Hope innumerable nations, warlike and well-armed, have risen up simultaneously against her; and to say nothing of the massacres in Ceylon, your Majesty well knows what atrocities her Commissioner has long exercised in the Seven Isles. England looks on and applauds, taking a hearty draught of Lethe at every sound of the scourge.

Nicholas. Nesselrode! You seem indignant. I see only the cheerful sparks of a fire at which our dinner is to be dressed: we shall soon sit down to it. Greece must not call me away until I rise from the dessert; I will then take my coffee at Constantinople. The crescent ere long will become the full harvest-moon: our reapers have already the sickles in their hands.

Nesselrode. England may grumble.

Nicholas. So she will. She is as ready now to grumble as she formerly was to fight. She grumbles too early; she fights too late. Extraordinary men are the English. They raise the hustings higher than the throne; and, to make amends, being resolved to build a new palace, they push it under an old bridge. The Cardinal, in his way to the Abbey, may in part disrobe at it. Noble vestry-room! where many habiliments are changed. Capacious dovecote! where carrier-pigeons and fantails and croppers intermingle with the more ordinary, bill and coo, ruffle and smoothen their feathers, and bend their versi-color necks to the same corn.

It is amusing to look at a playground of striped tops, humming, whirring, wavering, now dipping to this side, now to that, whipped from the centre to the circumference of the court-yard, and losing all distinctness of color by the rapidity of their motion. We are consistent, Nesselrode. We can sit quiet and look on. I am fortunate, another may say judicious, in my choice of instruments. The English care more about the organ-loft than the organ, in the construction of which they employ stout bellows, but look little to the keys and stops. M. Pitt could speak fluently for hours together, and that was enough: he was permitted to spend a million a week in expeditions. Canning issued State papers of such elaborate lace-work that ladies might make shrouds of them for their dead canaries. Of Castlereagh you know as much as I do. We blew softly the snuff into his eyes, and gave him the boxes to carry home: he has the glory of being the third founder of the French monarchy. Pitt sharpened the sword of Bonaparte and placed the iron crown upon his head. He was the cooper who drew together and compacted the barrel, by setting on fire the chips and shavings and putting them in the centre.

Nesselrode. Small is the expenditure of keeping a stop-watch under the pillow and an alarum at the bedside. For less than ten thousand crowns yearly, your Majesty knows the movements of every dangerous demagogue on the Continent. To gratify your Majesty, no less than his Majesty of Naples, the Chevalier Graham, then a minister of England, gave information against the two brothers Bandiera, by which they were seized and shot.

Nicholas. I hope we shall see the chevalier once more in office.

Nesselrode. The English are romantic. Some of them were displeased, not so much at his delivering up the young men to inevitable death, as at opening the letter. They have an expression of their own: they called it *ungentlemanly* and continental. Practical as they are in their own private concerns, they much undervalue expediency in their political. I am persuaded that, in general, the betrayal of the Bandieras is more odious to them than the tortures in the Ionian

Islands, which it behoves us politically, when occasion offers, to commiserate.

Nicholas. We will keep our commiseration covered up until it is requisite to make the fire burn afresh. At present we must turn our eyes toward France, balancing as well as we can the parties now at variance. Democrats, and even Socialists, may for a time be permitted to move; Orleanists, Legitimists, Bonapartists, set against one another. I believe I am destined by Providence to render the Greek Church triumphant. The Pope is hard at work for me; for infallibility and perfidy can never coexist. He must renew his fealty to the emperor of the East; the Roman is extinct.

Nesselrode. Vigilant quiescency is uncostly wisdom. Napoleon, the most imprudent of imprudent rulers, assumed to himself not only the title, but the faculties and virtues of Charlemagne. The present leader of the nation is no less arrogant.

Nicholas. We must sound the brass once more, and bring again out of our remoter woodlands a stronger swarm. Fumigation has not torpified the Frankish; on the contrary, it has rendered it more restless, noisy, and resolved to sting.

Nesselrode. Napoleon's nephew will assert his hereditary right, not only to the kingdom of Holland, but to the empire of France. On this event, which I think is imminent, what may be your Majesty's pleasure?

Nicholas. One Emperor is sufficient for one planet. There is only one Supreme in heaven, there ought to be only one on earth, in conformity with this manifestation of the divine will. Therefore I wonder at your asking me what steps I intend to take in the prevention of an adventurer who should attempt such an elevation. I forbid it. Are these words sufficient?

Nesselrode. Perfectly, Sire. Obstreperous the factions may be, but must submit. Germany will resume her arms; Hungary, Poland, Italy, will resent the prostration of their excited hopes, and the perfidy that called them forward only to dash them down again. The history of human nature, of French nature itself, shows no parallel.

Nicholas. Much is accomplished; and what is next to be done?

Nesselrode. Most of it by others, somewhat by ourselves.

When the furnace is heated and the metal is poured forth, we may give it its form and pressure.

Nicholas. Certainly all nations are exasperated against the French; equally sure is it that Austria has lost in great measure the affection of her subjects. There are some things which stick into the memory with all the tenacity and venom of an adder's fang. I wished the Hungarians to be made sensible of two important truths: my power, and their Prince's perfidy.

Nesselrode. Never was wish more perfectly accomplished. Yet, pardon me, Sire, your Majesty wishes to enforce the legitimacy of the young Austrian usurper. But will Austrians or Hungarians, or any other people, deem that ruler legitimate who deprives his cousin of the throne, and who begins and ends with perfidy and perjury?

Nicholas. They must believe what I condescend to teach; they must believe it as coming from God.

Nesselrode. Reasonable and just; but they may start and stumble at what is so close before their eyes in the form of a palpable untruth.

Nicholas. Stumble or start, and we drive a spur into their sides. Whatever we deem necessary must be said and done: upon us alone lies the responsibility, and we feel no weight in it. Holy Church sanctions our acts in peace and war.

Nesselrode. Certainly, the head of the Romish Church and all its members, who ought to possess less power than the Greek, gave recently praise to God for several hundred massacres and several thousand spoliations of property and violations of women, in Transylvania; yet —

Nicholas. Cease; be silent! I would have forbidden them perhaps to commit, certainly to praise God for, such enormities. I doubt whether they are altogether pleasing in his sight.

Nesselrode. Such things on such occasions have perpetually been done.

Nicholas. You reconcile me. Transylvania was rising, or likely to rise. A field, to be fertile, should not only be harrowed, but pulverized. I was moderate and prudent in abstaining from the occupation of a country so disaffected as was Transylvania.

Nesselrode. The longest strides do not always make the greatest progress in the whole day's march. Your Majesty was persuaded, more by your own singular intuition than by my advice, to be contented with gaining a little at a time. A small purse well-tied may hold more than a larger ill-secured. The faults of our neighbors do for us what our own wisdom might fail in. Where others are hated and despised, as in Transylvania, love grows around us without our sowing it, and we shall be called at the due time to gather in the harvest.

Nicholas. Yes, yes; whether we take the field or sit here in the cabinet, God fights for us visibly. You look grave, Nesselrode: is it not so? Speak, and plainly.

Nesselrode. Sire, in my humble opinion, God never fights at all.

Nicholas. Surely he fought for Israel, when he was invoked by prayer.

Nesselrode. Sire, I am no theologian; and I fancy I must be a bad geographer, since I never knew of a nation which was not Israel when it had a mind to shed blood and to pray. To fight is an exertion, is violence; the Deity in his omnipotence needs none. He has devils and men always in readiness for fighting; and they are the instruments of their own punishment for their past misdeeds.

Nicholas. The chariots of God are numbered by thousands in the volumes of the Psalmist.

Nesselrode. No psalmist, or engineer, or commissary, or arithmetician, could enumerate the beasts that are harnessed to them, or the fiends that urge them on.

Nicholas. Nesselrode, you grow more and more serious.

Nesselrode. Age, Sire, even without wisdom, makes men serious, whether they are inclined or not. I could hardly have been so long conversant in the affairs of mankind (all which in all quarters your Majesty superintends and directs) without much cause for seriousness.

Nicholas. I feel the consciousness of supreme power, but I also feel the necessity of subordinate help.

Nesselrode. Your Majesty is the first monarch, since the earlier Cæsars of imperial Rome, who could control, directly or indirectly, every country in our hemisphere, and thereby in both.

Nicholas. There are some who do not see this.

Nesselrode. There were some, and they indeed the most acute and politic of mankind, who could not see the power of the Macedonian king until he showed his full height upon the towers of Cheronæa. There are some at this moment in England who disregard the admonitions of the most wary and experienced general of modern times, and listen in preference to babblers holding forth on economy and peace from slippery sacks of cotton and wool.

Nicholas. Hush, hush! these are our men; what should we do without them? A single one of them in the parliament or townhall is worth to me a regiment of cuirassiers. These are the true bullets with conical heads which carry far and sure. Hush! hush!

Nesselrode. They do not hear us: they do not hear Wellington: they would not hear Nelson were he living.

Nicholas. No other man that ever lived, having the same power in his hands, would have endured with the same equanimity as Wellington the indignities he suffered in Portugal: superseded in the hour of victory by two generals, one upon another, like marsh frogs; people of no experience, no ability. He might have become king of Portugal by compromise, and have added Gallicia and Biscay.

Nesselrode. The English, out of Parliament, are delicate and fastidious. He would have thought it dishonorable to profit by the indignation of his army in the field, and of his countrymen at home. Certainty that Bonaparte would attempt to violate any engagement with him, might never enter into the computation; for Bonaparte could less easily drive him again out of Portugal, than *he* could drive the usurper out of Spain. We ourselves should have assisted him actively; so would the Americans; for every naval power would be prompt at diminishing the preponderance of the English. Practicability was here with Wellington; but, endowed with a keener and longer foresight than any of his contemporaries, he held in prospective the glory that awaited him, and felt conscious that to be the greatest man in England is somewhat more than to be the greatest in Portugal. He is universally called *the* Duke, to the extinction or absorption of that dignity over all the surface of the earth; in Portugal he could only be called King of Portugal.

Nicholas. Faith! that is little: it was not overmuch even before the last accession. I admire his judgment and moderation. The English are abstinent: they rein in their horses where the French make them fret and curvet. It displeases me to think it possible that a subject should ever become a sovereign. We were angry with the Duke of Sudermania for raising a Frenchman to that dignity in Sweden, although we were willing that Gustavus, for offences and affronts to our family, should be chastised, and even expelled. Here was a bad precedent. Fortunately the boldest soldiers dismount from their chargers at some distance from the throne. What withholds them?

Nesselrode. Spells are made of words. The word *service* among the military has great latent negative power. All modern nations, even the free, employ it.

Nicholas. An excellent word, indeed! It shows the superiority of modern languages over ancient; Christian ideas over pagan; living similitudes of God over bronze and marble. What an escape had England from her folly, perversity, and injustice! Her admirals had the same wrongs to avenge: her fleets would have anchored in Ferrol and Corunna; thousands of volunteers from every part of both islands would have assembled round the same standard; and both Indies would have bowed before the conqueror. Who knows but that Spain herself might have turned to the same quarter, from the idiocy of Ferdinand, the immorality of Joseph, and the perfidy of Napoleon?

Nesselrode. England seems to invite and incite, not only her colonies, but her commanders to insurrection. Nelson was treated even more ignominiously than Wellington. A man equal in abilities and in energy to either met with every affront from the East India Company. After two such victories in succession as the Duke himself declared before the Lords that he had never known or read of, he was removed from the command of his army, and a general by whose rashness it was decimated was raised to the peerage. If Wellington could with safety have seized the supreme power in Portugal, Napier could with greater have accomplished it in India. The distance from home was farther; the army more confident; the allies more numerous, more unanimous. One avenger of *their* wrongs would have found a million avengers of *his*. Afghanistan, Cabul, and Scinde would have united their acclamations on the Ganges; songs of triumph, succeeded by songs of peace, would have been chanted at Delhi and have re-echoed at Samarcand.

Nicholas. I am desirous that Persia and India should pour their treasures into my dominions. The English are so credulous as to believe that I intend, or could accomplish, the conquest of Hindostan. I want only the commerce; and I hope to share it with the Americans: not I, indeed, but my successors. The possession of California has opened the Pacific and the Indian seas to the Americans, who must within the lifetime of some now born predominate in both. Supposing that emigrants to the amount of only a quarter of a million settle in the United States every year, within a century from the present day their population must exceed three hundred millions. It will not extend from pole to pole, only because there will be room enough without it.

Nesselrode. Religious wars, the most sanguinary of any, are stifled in the fields of agriculture; creeds are thrown overboard by commerce.

Nicholas. Theological questions come at last to be decided by the broadsword; and the best artillery brings forward the best arguments. Montecuculi and Wallenstein were irrefragable doctors. Saint Peter was commanded to put up his sword; but the ear was cut off first.

Nesselrode. The blessed saint's escape from capital punishment, after this violence, is among the greatest of miracles. Perhaps there may be a perplexity in the text. Had he committed so great a crime against a person so highly protected as one in the high-priest's household, he never would have lived long enough to be crucified at Rome, but would have carried his cross up to Calvary three days after the offence. The laws of no country would tolerate it.

Nicholas. How did he ever get to Rome at all? He must have been conveyed by an angel, or have slipped on a sudden into a railroad train, purposely and for the nonce provided. There is a controversy at the present hour about his delegated authority, and it appears to be next to certain that he never was in the capital of the West. It is my interest to find it decided in the negative. Successor to the emperors of the East, who sanctioned and appointed the earliest popes, as the bishops of Rome are denominated, I may again at my own good time claim the privilege and prerogative. The cardinals and their subordinates are extending their claws in all directions: we must throw these crabs upon their backs again.

Nesselrode. Some among the Italians, and chiefly among the Romans, are venturing to express an opinion that there would be less of false religion, and more of true, if no priest of any description were left upon earth.

Nicholas. Horrible! unless are exempted those of the venerable Greek Church. All others worship graven images: we stick to pictures.

Nesselrode. One scholar mentioned, not without an air of derision, that a picture had descended from heaven recently on the coast of Italy.

Nicholas. Framed, varnished, under glass, on panel, on canvas? — What like?

Nesselrode. The Virgin-Mary, whatever made of.

Nicholas. She must be ours then. She missed her road: she never would have taken her place among stocks and stones and blind worshippers. Easterly winds must have blown her toward a pestilential city, where at every street-corner is very significantly inscribed its true name at full length, *Immondezzaio*. But I hope I am guilty of no profaneness or infidelity, when I express a doubt if every picture of the Blessed Virgin is sentient: most are; perhaps not every one. If they want her in England, as they seem to do, let them have her, — unless it is the one that rolls the eyes. In that case I must claim her: she is too precious by half for papist or tractarian. I must order immediately these matters. No reasonable doubt can be entertained that I am the visible head of Christ's Church. Theologians may be consulted in regard to Saint Peter, and may discover a manuscript at Novgorod, stating his martyrdom there, and proving his will and signature.

Nesselrode. Theologians may find perhaps in the *Revelation* some Beast foreshadowing your Majesty.

Nicholas. How, sir, — how?

Nesselrode. Emperors and kings, we are taught, are designated as great beasts in the Holy Scriptures (*aside*) — and elsewhere.

XXXV. KING CARLO-ALBERTO AND PRINCESS BELGIOIOSO.*

King. Permit me, Princess, to offer you my compliment on your entering a new career of conquest. When ladies of such rank and accomplishments condescend to lead the brave volunteers of Lombardy, good fortune must follow.

Princess. Excuse me, sir, it is far from condescension in me; on the contrary, I feel it to be an act of self-elevation: I hope a pardonable one. I was never proud until now; for never was I so well aware of my duties, and so resolved to perform them.

King. Flattery, wealth, station, beauty, were in a conspiracy against you; surely it was a difficult matter to resist their united forces.

Princess. Each of these contingencies has many disadvantages, which its parallel advantages make us too often overlook. The best of men and women have to fill up certain gaps or discontinuities in their character; here is a field for it.

King. I enter it willingly.

Princess. Italy, sir, had always her eyes on you: she once abased them in deep sorrow; her confidence now returns. Only one man upon earth enjoys power equal to yours; behold how he employs it, — the calm, the prudent, the beneficent, the energetic Pio Nono. At your suggestion all the potentates of Italy would engage in their service a proportionate force of Swiss. Your Majesty and the King of Naples could each afford to subsidize twelve thousand for a single year; a second will not be necessary for the expulsion of the Austrians. It is better to accomplish the great work without the intervention of France, which would create much jealousy in Germany and in England.

King. I would rather not see the French again in Piedmont. Already the apprehension of such an event has induced Lord Palmerston to make me a strong remonstrance.

Princess. Sir, Lord Palmerston has lately been very much in the habit of making strong remonstrances; and strong ridicule has always rebounded to the racket. It was only this week that he made one of his strong remonstrances to the Government of Spain; which strong remonstrance was thrown back in his teeth (if he has any left) with derision and defiance. Narvaez stood aloof with folded arms, and left him to be buffeted and beaten down by poor old Sottomayor. His conduct in regard to Portugal has alienated from England all — Liberals.

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* Printed first for the benefit of the sufferers at Messina.

King. Are there many of them in that country? And are they persons of consideration and respectability?

Princess. Many of the clergy, both lower and higher; nearly all the principal merchants; and not only the best informed, but also the larger part, of the nobility; just as they are in ours.

King. I wonder what could have induced his Lordship to abandon his policy and principles?

Princess. Sir, he abandoned no policy, no principles; his Lordship is a Whig: these Whigs have neither; protestations serve instead.

King. It must be conceded that, in the multiplicity of parties and interests, and in the conciliation and management of the two Houses, an English Minister is placed in circumstances of great difficulty, and where strict integrity is quite impossible.

Princess. What is to be thought of that man's wisdom or prudence who walks deliberately, and with his eyes open, into those circumstances?

King. Simpler governments have produced honester ministers than the complex. England has never seen her Colbert, her Turgot, her Necker, her Roland. In the course of the last eighty years, her only minister on whom there was the slightest suspicion of sound principles was the Marquis of Rockingham, patron of the celebrated Burke. The King never spoke with cordiality to him, excepting on the day of his dismissal. If Lord Palmerston miscarries, it will not be for incompliancy to the wishes of the court; he has obtained a firm footing there by trampling on Portugal. But as Austria is no fief of Saxony, he might permit me to regulate my own concerns, and not attempt to trip me up in crossing the frontier.

Princess. Your Majesty is defending your own country in defending Italy, and you do not cross the frontier until you cross the Alps. It may be necessary; for certain I am that the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia are awaiting with earnest anxiety to meet the advance of the Russian armies.

King. They would ruin Hungary and the Baltic provinces.

Princess. The more welcome for that. By such devastation the power of resistance would be annihilated in the refractory. Posen has already been treated like Oporto.

King. You appear to doubt the Prussian king's sincerity.

Princess. If his Majesty is an honest man, it is a great deal more than his father and his grandfather were; and indeed to find any such character in the archives of Hohenzollern would require an antiquary the most zealous and the most acute. Certainly in the last reign the heir to the throne was considered to be more anti-democratic than the possessor; and since his accession what he has conceded to the people came from him as an emanation of power and wisdom on indigence and imbecility. There are professors in Germany who declare that the kings and upper classes must be taught a purer language, not without an infusion of neology; though most of these teachers are involved in their own smoke and can see no further than the library.

King. Princess, you must acknowledge that kings, at the present day, are placed in an embarrassing situation: I among the rest.

Princess. Then extricate yourself, sir, speedily. Unless it is speedily, it will never be. You may recover all you have lost of popularity and renown, by valor and determination. Your countryman, Alfieri, was correct in his assertion that the Italians, both in mental and corporeal power, are superior to all the nations round about. They want only good examples and liberal institutions.

King. I am afraid, Princess, you want a Napoleon and a republic.

Princess. If I desired the existence of the one, I must desire the extinction of the other. Napoleon would permit no other freedom than his own personal. Never did any sovereign, not Louis Philippe himself, so belie his protestations; never did any one enact so many laws restrictive of freedom in so many of its attributes. The most arbitrary of despots never issued so great a quantity of edicts against the press. Not only was it a crime to call in question any of his actions, but it also was one to omit the praise of them. Madame de Staël was exiled for it, and an impression of her work on Germany seized by the police, condemning her thereby to a loss of twenty thousand francs. Military men, especially those who believe that all honor lies in the field of battle, may admire him; but they who abhor selfishness, malice, and (what we women think a crime) vulgarity abhor Napoleon. He did, however, good service to Italy, be the motive what it may, in extirpating the Bourbons, sticking in again only one weak twig which never could take root.

King. You see then with satisfaction the difficulties which beset the King of Naples?

Princess. Certainly; and so does your Majesty. It is necessary to expel that family from the nations it has humiliated, from the thrones it has disgraced. The Sicilians, the best of our Italian races, have decreed it.

King. Kings must not place it in the power of the people to decide on their destiny.

Princess. Kings do not place it in their power, but God does. Kings themselves begin the work of delving under their palaces, and preparing the combustibles for explosion. They never know where they are, until they find themselves blown into some foreign land. The head grows cooler when the crown is off; yet they would run again after it, as a little girl after her bonnet which a breeze is rolling in the dust.

King. I am half persuaded that the little girl's loss is the gravest, and that she is the wiser of the two runners.

Princess. Your Majesty has inspired me with confidence to proceed in speaking out plainly. You are now in my country, and you can save it. Unless you do, you will lead an unhappy life; if you do, a happy one. Security of dominion is desirable, not extent. There are those who whisper what I never can believe, that your Majesty is ambitious of being the King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine that the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich and noble and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese? Never, sir, never!

King. Would you have the whole world Republican?

Princess. In due time; at the present, few nations are prepared for it: the best prepared is the Italian. Every one of our cities shows the deep traces of its *carroccio*, and many still retain their municipality and their *podestà*. I see no reason why they should not all be restored to their pristine state and vigor, all equally subject to one strict confederation. The causes of their dissidence and decline exist no longer. The Emperor is a powerless creature, tied by the leg to a worm-eaten throne. The Pope, reposing on the bosom of God, inspires the purest devotion, the sublimest virtue. He reigns in the hearts of the most irreligious, and exerts over the most obstinate the authority of paternal love. I have seen proud scoffers lower their heads at the mention of his name: I have heard cold philosophers say, with the hand upon the breast, "This man is truly God's vicegerent." Pio Nono is with Italy. One shake of the hand-bell on his table would arouse fifty millions of our co-religionists.*

King. Our family hath always looked up with reverence to the Popes; and without the countenance of Pio Nono toward my people I should perhaps have been slower in approval of their demonstrations.

Princess. The English ministry sent over a worthy man to warn the Pope of his danger in giving so much encouragement to the Liberals. Pio smiled with his usual benignity. He felt that it was not in man to order the sun to stop, or the stars to slacken their courses. The plenipotentiary, in the plenitude of his potentiality, could do nothing at Rome; and he struggled with like ill-success in the straits of Scylla and Charybdis.

King. It is piteous to observe with how little wisdom and probity the affairs of England are conducted. She hath utterly lost all her influence in Europe. She cannot hold her nearest dependencies: her remoter drop off one after another, and grow stronger from that moment. The preservation of her territories in the two Indies, — extensive, fertile, wealthy as they are, — brings only debt upon her.

Princess. Pardon me, sir, it does much more than that: it not only exhausts her treasures, but between the West

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* He soon began to calculate the probable duration of a Pope's life who resists the *Sacred College*. God had inspired him with all but wisdom, truth, and courage.

Indies and Africa, it consumes several thousands of soldiers and sailors yearly.

King. Yet England enjoys a free constitution and wise laws.

Princess. So it is said by the framers, whose families are clothed and fed by them: I can only judge by facts. Mythologists tell us that stones were turned into men; perhaps the same metamorphosis may, after a while, be enacted in England.

King. It was even less probable at Vienna.

Princess. The blow of the hammer which struck out the kindling spark was given here in Italy.

King. Events may come too suddenly.

Princess. Knowing this, we should be as well prepared as we can be. I myself am a witness to the suddenness of events. One day I was walking on a wild waste in the *maremma* of Tuscany; the next, by enterprise and industry, were excavated the magnificent structures of ancient days. Thus suddenly hath all Italy come forth from sterility to within sight of her glorious institutions.

King. Ah, Princess! you make me smile. Those tombs which you mention did indeed open again; but it was only to show the semblances of kings.

Princess. Sir, in one moment they had been visible and had disappeared; in one moment the crown was on their heads and off again; it was lifted up, and only dust was under: but the works of art, of genius, shone down on them bright as ever. It is lamentable that kings should be less powerful than artificers; they might be greatly more so, and without the exertion of labor or the expenditure of apprenticeship.

King. Lamentable it may be; but is it not equally that people who call themselves Liberals should carp at the first shadow of Liberalism in princes? A celebrated man of the Whig party in England, and (by virtue of the office he once held) a member of the peerage, tried to be at once an Englishman and a Frenchman, a Tory and a Republican.

Princess. The French minister made him understand his duties; no minister or man will ever make him perform them. A shallow scholar, an inelegant writer, an awkward orator, he throws himself into the middle of every road where there is the most passing, fond of heat and sunshine as a viper or a flea. In the gazettes he announced his own death, not indeed to excite commiseration, which if he cared about it would be hopeless, but curiosity. It is said that foxes, found in places where they had no means of escape, have simulated death: he has had the advantage of being thrown out after detection, and lives to yelp and purloin. Among the Whigs themselves there is nowhere to be found so whipped a deserter, so branded an impostor. There is no party which he has not flattered and cajoled, espoused and abandoned. Possessing a variety of talents, without the ability to make a single one available, the learned Lord Stowell said of him on his elevation to office: "He knows a little of every thing excepting law." His Lordship might have added, if he had thought such qualities of any importance in his profession, veracity and decorum. He declared it as his opinion that it is the duty of a barrister to defend a client at any expense of truth, even if the crime were shifted off the shoulders of the guilty on the innocent. His opinion was taken by a man as unscrupulous as himself, to screen a murderer. Two virtuous women were inculpated; one was only ruined, the other was driven mad. The same turbulent and malicious man insulted the Italian people in the House of Lords, and condemned the interference of your Majesty.

King. I am little surprised at it, and feel less the indignity of this brawler than the insolence of the minister who replied. He said, and it was true although he said it, that he would have prevented my step if he could. Italy, now resolved on free institutions, must look in another direction than toward England.

Princess. She calls upon you, sir, in this crisis of her sufferings. In the old heroic ages one man alone slew many wild beasts: it were strange, if, in an age far more heroic, many men should be insufficient to quell a single tame one, with his back broken by a mass of rubbish falling down on him in the den.

King. We must not only think of Austria, but also of the other German potentates. The King of Prussia, fond of managing and intermeddling, and having his own way and walking by the light of his own wisdom, has been forced into liberalism. If his people are prudent, they will not allow him to march, as he proposes, at the head of his army into

Poland. He might play the same game as the late King of Naples played, when his parliament gave him permission to leave his metropolis for Vienna. He has clever men about him, men of pliant principles and lanky purses, unreluctant to leave sour-krout for French cookery, and to exchange a horn snuffbox for a diamond one with an emperor on the lid. We want experienced diplomatists capable of coping with their sagacity and wariness.

Princess. The less intelligent sometimes baffle them by firmness and integrity. I have seen slender girls support an incredible weight on their heads, because they stood quite upright and walked steadily. The ministers of kings would persuade the world of their wisdom by vacillation and obliquity: one false step, and they are fallen.

King. I see many things to disquiet, and some to endanger me.

Princess. The hearts of great men neither collapse in the hour of personal danger, nor ossify in that of public distress. It is not to be dissembled that falsehood in the cause of freedom may be apprehended on the side of Prussia; and it is far from impossible that the Prussian king and the Austrian emperor are waiting with impatience to embrace the Czar. The massacre of the nobles in Gallicia was organized and rewarded at Vienna; the persecution of all classes in Posen is countenanced and commanded at Berlin. Czartoryski, the humane, the charitable, the moderate, the just, the patriotic, writes thus to the prime minister of that country: "I quit Berlin with a heavy heart. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact, that up to this day not one of the promises made to the inhabitants of the grand-duchy of Posen, by the Prussian Government, has been fulfilled." To what part of its people has that Government been true? Stripped and scourged by Bonaparte, tear after tear fell through the king's white eyelashes, and promise after promise from his quivering lips. His nation picked him up, dragged him out of the mire, cloaked him anew, and set him on his horse again. Generals are now sent by him into Posen, with conflicting authorities, to sow dissension, and to exasperate the German invader against his generous host. The Prussian is not contented to occupy the house and the land he hath seized on; he is not contented with an equal share in the administration of laws and taxes; he would split into shreds the country he already has broken into splinters, and would abolish its nationality.

King. Uncertainty in respect to Prussia, you must acknowledge, is enough to make me cautious and deliberate.

Princess. An English poet says "that the woman who deliberates is lost;" it may sometimes be said with equal truth of the general and of the prince. Behold, sir, this beautiful city of Vicenza! Even so small a place, being so lovely, is worth risking life for; what then our grand and glorious Italy! Look down only on the portals of the palaces before us. In Paris and London we creep through a crevice in the wall: here a cavalier finds no difficulty in placing his hand under a lady's elbow, at due distance, and in leading her without bruise or contusion through the crowded hall to the wide and light staircase, where Heroes and Gods and Graces stand forth to welcome them as they ascend. The inanimate world here outvalues the animated elsewhere. It is worth all that remains of life to have lived one year in Italy. No wonder I am enthusiastic: I have lived here many.

King. Many! you? the Princess Belgioioso here beside me? The Graces you speak of seem to contradict you.

Princess. I would rather trust the Heroes, as being nearer at hand.

King. It is a relief to change the subject a little from politics and battles. No subject can support a long-continued conversation, excepting love.

Princess. Love also is the fresher for a short excursion. Seldom do I read a dialogue, even by the cleverest author, without a sense of weariness. Sentences cut up into question and answer on grave subjects, into repartee on lighter, are intolerable. Such is the worst method of instructing a child, or of attracting a man or woman. And there is something very absurd in the supposition that any abstruse question, or matter of deep thought, can be shuffled backward and forward in this off-hand manner. Even where the discourse is upon a subject the most easy and tractable, we are fond of departing from the straight level walk to some narrower alley that diverges out of it; and we always feel the cooler and pleasanter in passing out of one room into another. But the Austrians in Vienna will not allow me to linger here among the orange-trees and myrtles and oleanders of Vicenza, within view of the white uniform. We will revert, sir (with permission), to the serious and substantial.

King. Of the serious I find quite enough ; the substantial, I trust, is somewhere in reserve. My old ministers have perplexed me almost as much as my old allies.

Princess. It is certain that every man in power thinks himself wiser than every man out of power ; and the getting into it seems a sort of warranty for the surmise. Yet it may so happen that these who look over the chairs, and have no seat themselves, shall see somewhat more of the game and of its chances than the gamesters can. Others may be cooler and more disinterested, who do not climb the ladder with the hod upon their heads, but stand at the bottom of the building, and look up and round.

King. If only a few ladies like you would go into Austria and Hungary, you could dissuade and detain the leaders of those nations from the desire of invading ours.

Princess. What does any gain by it? All must contribute money and men to hold the conquest in subjection. Kings themselves are none the happier or the more powerful for it. A few noble families are enriched, and rendered thereby in a higher condition to dictate to their master.

King. There is something in that.

Princess. The greatest victory, the greatest conquest, never brought more pleasure to the winner than a game of chess or whist. Yet what crimes, what miseries, what mortal anguish, not only in the field of battle, but in the far-off home ; what curses, what misgivings of a watchful, a just, and a protecting Providence! The Austrians are little better than meal-maggots ; but surely the brave Hungarians will espouse our cause instead of denouncing it. They themselves have been contending for the same, and have won it ; not against us, but against the very same enemy. Hungary, Switzerland, Tyrol, are the natural allies of Italy ; she wants no other.

King. I am happy to find you delivering this opinion. You have lived much among the French, and perhaps may entertain toward the nation the sentiments of esteem due only to the best societies. You seem to take it little to heart or to consideration, that, if you stand too near the focus of democracy, the flounces and feathers of nobility may be caught and shrivelled.

Princess. In France the titles of nobility are abolished. Important or unimportant, I do not believe the lower orders in Italy will discard the use of them. They address one another as we address your Majesty, by the title of *Signore.* It comprehends alike the lowest and the highest. If a marquis has twenty sons, they are all marquises. Many, indeed most of them, are sadly poor: it is a comfort, no doubt, to receive the whole of the patrimonial title where there is only a fraction of the estate. Already one Italian is on a parity with another. They are the least invidious of mankind, and unite the most of courtesy and cordiality. The scientific and learned, the patriotic and eloquent, are treated in our societies with much higher distinction than persons of birth and title. The French, who have learned so much from us, have learned this also; later indeed, but not less perfectly. It will penetrate to Germany and England. In Germany the nobility is ignorant and ancient; in England it is well-informed and new. There are few families in the peerage whose name, even as knight's or gentleman's, existed on the accession of the Tudors. False shame, trying to support and strengthen the sufferer with a stiff and defiant carriage, snaps asunder the titled new nobility from the untitled old. In our country no clever advocate is caught up by a patron, and seated first in the lower House, presently in the higher. Ancient services to the State, ancient benefits to the people, are the only true and recognized titles of our nobility; those are neither to be taken away nor to be conferred by a less active hand, a less energetic intellect. I should be what I am whether I were called so or not; the same when my *camariera* has taken off my gown as when she put it on: the insertion or the removal of a pin makes all the difference.

King. This is talking more philosophically than, by what I comprehend of it, men talk generally.

Princess. Few men are ashamed of mounting upon stilts in order to raise their heads above the multitude. They are most supported when they are most unsteady, and are most listened to when they speak in a feigned voice through masks.

King. But where there are ladies there should be courts, distinctions, and festivals.

Princess. We ladies of Milan can do extremely well without them. Happy in our circles, in our conversations, in our music, ready to receive instruction and grateful to our instructors, many of us seldom leave the city but for the vintage-season, or leave it for no further an excursion than to the lake of Como or Varese.

King. Tranquil is the scene and beautiful round Varese; redundant in the profusion of gifts and exalted in the graces of majesty is the Lario; but, eminent over your Lago Maggiore, we behold the awful benignity of Saint Carlo Borrommeo. At his prayers and before his omnipresence, famine and pestilence fled from Milano; and Gustavus Adolphus, conqueror of Germany, recalled his advancing and irresistible army from the marshes of Gravedona.

Princess. Sir, his descendant is worthy of his name and his protection. Unless the bravery of my friend and the intercession of our patron saint be efficient, we may perhaps ere long be seen pitching our tents in Piedmont.

King. It is a comfort to believe that you prefer us to our neighbors, and that France is not about to win you from us. I do confess to you, princess, that the remembrance of what happened in the first revolution disquieted me a little at the early rumors of the last.

Princess. The first French revolution was a very vile *preface* to a very noble volume. Opening the *introduction* of the second we may augur better, — but with fear at the side of hope — for its continuation.

King. It is remarkable that the sober-minded Germans should have committed much greater excesses and much more glaring injustice; and it is not only in these countries of ours, but equally in their own, and along the whole extent of the Baltic. It is seldom or never that hounds worry one another while the prey is before them and the huntsmen are sounding the horn. Really and truly I wish you would compose a *manifesto*, which I may address to the Austrians and Hungarians.

Princess. Perhaps in some places there might be an objectionable word.

King. You must be less inflammatory than Lord Palmerston.

Princess. I could neither be more hasty nor more inefficient. Touch-wood makes but an indifferent torch.

King. Give us a specimen of appeal.

Princess. It would be like this: "Austrians and Hungarians! why do you wish to impose on others a yoke which you yourselves have shaken off? If they whom you persist in your endeavors of reducing to servitude had attempted the same against *you*, then indeed resentment might warrant you, and retributive justice would be certainly on your side. It may gratify the vanity of a family to exercise dominion over distant States; and the directors of court-pageants may be loath to drop the fruits of patronage. These fruits are paid for with your blood. Of what advantage is it to any citizen of Buda or Vienna to equip an arch-duke and trumpet him forth to Milan? Extent of territory never made a nation the happier, unless on its own natal soil, giving it room for enterprise and industry. On the contrary it always hath helped its ruler to become more arbitrary. Supposing you were governed by the wisest instead of the weakest in the universe, could he render you more prosperous by sending you from your peaceful homes to scare away order from others? Hungarians! is not Hungary wide enough for you? Austrians! hath Heaven appointed you to control much greater, much more numerous, much more warlike nations than you ever were, — Hungary for instance, and Lombardy? Be contented to enjoy a closer union with Moravia and (if she will listen to it) with Bohemia. Leave to Hungary what she will take, whether you will or no, — Styria, Illyria, and Croatia. You are not a maritime power, and you never can be, for you are without a sea-board; but Hungarian generosity will open to you the Adriatic as freely as the Danube. Be moderate while moderation can profit you, and you will soon cease to smart under the wounds of war, and to struggle under the burden of debt."

King. This appeal is very impressive, because it terminates at the proper place. Taxation is more intolerable than cruelty and injustice. The purse is a nation's panoply; and when you strike through it you wound a vital part. Refusal to reduce taxation by the abolition of inutilities may shake the broad and solid edifice of the English constitution, which the Socialist and Chartist have assailed in vain. The debts of Italy are light.

Princess. The lands and palaces of the King of Naples would pay off the heaviest: the remainder is barely sufficient to serve as a key-stone to consolidate our interests. There are far-sighted men in England who would not gladly see the great debt of that country very much diminished.

King. Part of ours will disappear now we are no longer to give out rations to the hordes of Austria. I hope they may be convinced that they can be happier and safer in their own houses than in the houses of other men.

Princess. If they believe, as it seems they do, that they are incapable of governing themselves, and that an idiot is their proper head, let them continue to enjoy the poppy crown, but leave the iron one behind at Monza. Nothing more will be required of them than co-operation with the other States of Germany against Russia. A force no greater than the peace-establishment will secure the independence and integrity of Poland. Nay, if Germany sends only one hundred and fifty thousand men, Hungary forty thousand, Italy forty thousand, France fifty thousand, Russia will break down under them, and Moscow be again her capital. Great States are great curses, both to others and to themselves. One such, however, is necessary to the equipoise of the political world. Poland is the natural barrier of civilization against barbarism, of freedom against despotism. No potentate able to coerce the progress of nations must anywhere exist. All that ever was Poland must again be Poland, and much more. Power, predominant power, is necessary to her for the advantage of Europe. She must be looked up to as an impregnable outwork protecting the nascent liberties of the world.

King. Russia is rich and warlike and hard to manage.

Princess. Her Cossacks and Tartars, of various denominations, might nearly all be detached from her by other means than arms. Her empire will split and splinter into the infinitesimals of which its vast shapeless body is composed. The south breathes against it, and it dissolves.

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XXXVI. GARIBALDI AND MAZZINI.

Mazzini. It was in vain that I represented to you, Garibaldi, the imprudence of letting the French army debark unopposed at Civita Vecchia.

Garibaldi. I now acknowledge the imprudence of it; but I believed at the time that the French soldiers were animated by a love of freedom, the French officers by a sentiment of honor and veracity: and I doubted not that they came for our support. Do you laugh at me, Mazzini? Can there be a laugh or a smile in any Italian at the present hour, when after our citizens had driven from our walls and rolled on the plain the most courageous and confident of the hostile army, we experience in turn grave disasters every day from the superiority of their weapons and the advantages of their experience? Every day their rifles strike down from our cannon on the walls our best artillery-men. True, there are ardent youths who supply their places instantly; but how long can this last?

Mazzini. Believe me, brave and generous Garibaldi, I did not laugh at any thing but what all Europe laughs at: French honor, French veracity. Is this the first time they have deceived us? Is this the first time our youth have paid the price of their blood for their credulity? Never more can they deceive, never more can they conciliate us. Italy henceforth is divided from France by a stronger and loftier barrier than the Alps.

Garibaldi. Ingratitude is more flagitious in them even than perfidy. Look into our hospitals: three-fourths of the wounded are French soldiers. They were abandoned by their officers and comrades on their ignominious field of battle, partly from indifference toward those who had served and could serve no longer; partly on the calculation of our humanity and the knowledge of our deficiency in provisions.

Mazzini. Even the wildest of the beasts are calculators. The serpent, the tiger, make no spring without a calculation; but neither makes it wantonly: the one must be offended or frightened, the other must be in search of food.

Garibaldi. The ambition of one man is the fountain-head of our calamity. Fallen we may be; but never so fallen as the French themselves: we resisted; they succumbed. Can any one doubt the ulterior views of this impostor?

Mazzini. He will not rest here: he will claim the kingdom of Rome and the empire of France. He has proved his legitimacy by his contempt of law; in this alone he bears a resemblance to Napoleon. Napoleon, upon several occasions, showed the obtuser part of his triangular hat; but never until he had shown the pointed. The hatter at Strasburg would have taken back at small discount the imitation of it, which he forwarded to his customer for the expedition toward Paris. Already his emissaries have persuaded the poor ignorant population of the provinces that he is the Emperor Napoleon just escaped from an English prison.

Garibaldi. Presently, I repeat it, he will assume the title. The Dutch are more likely than the French to hold it in derision. They know that his mother did not cohabit with her husband; and they might have expected one much honester from the Admiralty than they received from it.

Mazzini. Garibaldi! we have other occupations than reference to paternities, to similitudes, and verisimilitudes. The French are at the gates of our city! Fire no longer from the walls: let them enter. Let Rome be a Saragoza: within the ramparts we have defensible positions, none upon them; all weapons are equal, or nearly so, hand to hand. Roman women have displayed the same courage and devotion as Saragozan; Roman artisans are as resolute as Numantian.

Garibaldi. Neither in Numantia nor in Saragoza was there any woman, who, coming from afar, incited by admiration of freedom and valor, abandoned a luxurious home, the society of the learned, the homage of the chivalrous, to spend her days and nights in administering comfort to the wounded; in tasting the bitter medicine that the feverish lip might not reject it; in swathing with delicate hand the broken and festered limb; in smoothing the pallet that agony had made uneven and hard. Man's courage is of earth, however high; woman's angelic, and of heaven.

A Suetonius and a Tacitus may tell the world hereafter what are our pontifical princesses; a Belgioioso stands before us, and shows by her magnanimity and beneficence what is a Milanese.

Learned men! inquisitorial professors! cold sceptics! violators of the tomb! stumblers on the bones and ashes ye would kick aside! — Ye who doubt the realities of our ancient glory, of our ancient self-devotion, come hither, bathe your weak eyes and strengthen your wavering belief.

XXXVII. CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND GENERAL GEMEAU.

FIRST CONVERSATION.

Cardinal Antonelli. General, on the eve of your departure —

General Gemeau (*aside*). Sacre! what does the man mean?

Cardinal Antonelli. — in the name of the Holiness of our Lord, of the Sacred College, of the bishops, of the clergy at large —

General Gemeau. Eminence! come, if you please, to the point. What the devil is implied in this superfine tissue of verbiage and fanfaronade?

Cardinal Antonelli. — it is incumbent on me (and never was any duty more gratifying to my heart) to declare to your Excellency the satisfaction of his Holiness at the assistance you have rendered his Holiness in upholding, under the banner of the Church, and under the Pontifical blessing, the rights and authority of the Holy See.

General Gemeau. Parbleu! well may you thank us; but if you take it into your head that we are going, your thanks, supposing them final, my brave Eminence, are somewhat premature.

Cardinal Antonelli. — And I am commanded by his Beatitude to place at your disposal one thousand medals and one thousand crosses, decorated with appropriate ribbands, that your Excellency may distribute them among those officers and soldiers most distinguished for their devotion to our true religion.

General Gemeau. If your Eminence talks of sending off your deliverers in this manner, they will throw your ribbands and crosses to the Jews and to the smelting-pot.

Cardinal Antonelli. I speak from authority, and with the voice of a prophet, in declaring to your Excellency that such a sacrilege would be most detrimental to the perpetrators. But out of evil cometh good: such invariably is the order of Divine Providence. The laws of Nature in this instance will bend before it, and a miracle will be the result, to the edification of the believer, and the conversion or the confusion of the unbeliever.

General Gemeau. Eminence! you gentlemen are always quite enough of prophets to foresee a miracle. Favor me with a vision of that which is now impending, that I may either keep the soldiers in the barracks, or order them to take up a position according to the exigency.

Cardinal Antonelli. If such a profanation were offered to those crosses and medals which have received a benediction from the Holiness of our Lord, the fire over which they should be placed in the crucible would totally change their properties, and the metal would be only base metal.

General Gemeau. Name of God! I thought as much. But every metal is base metal which turns a citizen into a satellite, the defender of his freedom into the subverter of another's. Eminence! we were not born to be Mamelukes, we were not educated to be Janizaries. Shall those orders of men which are abolished in Turkey and Egypt be maintained in France, for the benefit of Rome?

Cardinal Antonelli. General! with due submission, this language is novel and unintelligible to me.

General Gemeau. Plainly, then: you and your master are ungrateful. We have endured your clerical insolence and your Roman climate long enough.

Cardinal Antonelli. His Holiness is quite of your opinion; and therefore would graciously bestow on you, in the hour of your departure, his benediction and valediction.

General Gemeau. His Holiness, it seems to me, reckons without his host.

Cardinal Antonelli. We are most sensible of the great benefits the French government and the French army have conferred upon us.

General Gemeau. Truly, so it seems! We do not want more of this sensibility; we will grant you gratuitously more of these benefits. Have we not sacrificed to you our oaths as citizens, our honor as soldiers? Did we not swear that we entered the Roman States to defend the liberty of the Roman people? And did we not, without delay, bombard the city?

Cardinal Antonelli. To the danger of the palaces and of the churches.

General Gemeau. Which of the princes, which of the cardinals, ever once entered the hospitals where our wounded, to the number of above a thousand, lay dying? The Roman ladies, old and young, attended them, dressed their wounds, sat at the side of their couches day and night, administered their medicines, assuaged their thirst, and frequently, from heat and inanition, fainted on the floor. Often have the tears of our brave soldiers fallen on their inanimate nurses. Nature was exhausted, beneficence flowed on.

Cardinal Antonelli. In Austria they would have been severely whipped for it, and imprisoned among the prostitutes: our Government is clement. We are deeply indebted to your President for his succor and support. But we cannot dissemble —

General Gemeau (aside). Odd enough that!

Cardinal Antonelli. — we cannot dissemble from ourselves that we greatly owe his interference to a pressure from without.

General Gemeau. Eminence! be pleased to explain.

Cardinal Antonelli. The President was anxious to conciliate the *Powers that be.* He was the head of his nation, and naturally leaned to the heads of other nations, irrespective alike of Roman and of Frenchman. If, instead of sending eighteen thousand men to chastise a rebellious city which his wisdom has ensnared, he had sent only half the number to encourage and protect it, all Europe, long before the present hour, had been cursed with constitutions. Heaven had showered down no more miracles, no saintly eyes compassionately rolling from the painted canvas, but had abandoned the sinful world to its own devices. America will soon be left alone to the popular will: Europe is well-nigh freed from it.

General Gemeau. A spoke is shattered in the wheel of the Revolution; we must substitute another and stronger: we must swear again, and keep our oaths better.

Cardinal Antonelli. In the opinion of many (God forbid that I should entertain it) the climate of the French heart is too hot and intemperate for any thing to keep sweet and sound in it. According to them, your honor is quite satisfied by bloodshed: to be proved a liar is no disgrace; to be called one is inexpiable.

General Gemeau. Pardon me, Eminence, pardon me; the offender's blood expiates it. The pain of being caught in a lie, take my word for it, is bad enough; it shows such clumsiness and stupidity: but to be called a liar in consequence of it — bah! and without a moral power of shot or sabre to rebut the charge — bah! a Mediterranean of blood is insufficient to stanch the wound.

Cardinal Antonelli. Christianity teaches us —

General Gemeau. Don't tell me what Christianity teaches us. Christianity holds the book in her hand, but can neither thrust it nor conjure it into men's heads. Christianity says that her first officers shall not call themselves *lords:* yet even those who pretend to purity and reformation take the title. Christianity commands them to forbear from lucre: yet I read in the English journals that several English bishops, judges in their own cause, adjudicators of their own claims, are convicted of seizing what they had voluntarily renounced in behalf of their poorer brethren. Robbers of the industrious and necessitous, prevaricators and swindlers, as they are proved to be in Parliament, there is nobody at hand to knock the marrow-bone out of their jaws, and to drive them back to kennel. The High-priest of Jerusalem scoffed at Christ, but he would have scorned to filch a farthing from under the rags of Lazarus.

Cardinal Antonelli. We shall be indebted to these abuses for a large accession to our Holy Church. What man would pay a dollar to hear a hurdy-gurdy who may hear the finest chorus for a soldo? Again, let me repeat, sir, the expression of the Supreme Pontiff's benevolence for the services you and your army have rendered to our Holy faith. At present, his Majesty the King of Naples, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, are sufficiently able and disposed to aid us against the rebels and infidels of Italy.

General Gemeau. It was only that they might have no such duty to perform we entered the Papal States. It vexes me to be reminded not only of the reverses we endured under your walls, but also of the equal ignominy of having marched against them. Dishonored for ever are the names of several generals whose fathers were signalized under the Republic and under the Emperor. Our soldiers have fallen unprofitably; but never, sir, be persuaded that they have been garnering the harvest for the benefit of Austrians and Neapolitans.

Cardinal Antonelli. Your Excellency will recollect that the Austrian and Neapolitan sovereigns have territories and allies in Italy: the French have none. These potentates have an unquestionable right to secure their own thrones in this country; the French have no throne and no allies to defend in it, no people which calls, or which in future will ever call, to them for aid.

General Gemeau (*aside.*) Pardie! priest as he is, he speaks the truth. A pretty game hath our President been playing! The chair is an unlucky one; yet there are those behind who are ready enough to cut for it.

◆

SECOND CONVERSATION.

Cardinal Antonelli. I am charmed to find your Excellency in so much better health than I expected.

General Gemeau. Many thanks to your Eminence. I have taken no medicine since my arrival in Rome, and I brought my cook with me from Paris.

Cardinal Antonelli. We also have excellent cooks in Rome.

General Gemeau. Sometimes they deal too largely with the chemist and druggist. Even the wine at the altar, and administered by prelates, has been found sometimes to disagree with the stomach. Stories, therefore, have been buzzed into the ears of the studious and inquisitive, and have been related by grave historians, of secret doors discovered, which opened from the church into the laboratory, and of strong prescriptions under the hand and seal —

Cardinal Antonelli. False, Sir, false altogether! No pope —

General Gemeau. Did I name any?

Cardinal Antonelli. Permit me to express my confidence that your Excellency means nothing more than what your words in their simplest and most obvious form convey.

General Gemeau. Nothing more, nothing more whatever.

Cardinal Antonelli. With equal simplicity and with equal truth, I will now interpret what the Holiness of our Lord in his benignity hath deigned to impart. Apprehensive that some malady, and hoping that nothing worse than a slight indisposition had detained your Excellency, at this unhealthy season of the year, within the walls of Rome —

General Gemeau. Eminence! you may at your own good time return and inform the Holiness of our Lord that his Beatitude ought to lie no longer under any such apprehension. Assure him that, whatever he had reason to believe, you found me perfectly hale and hearty; that my apartments are well ventilated, my cellar well filled with French wines, which agree with me much better than the Italian might do; and that, out of reverence to Holy Church, I present to my chaplain his cup of coffee in the evening, and of chocolate in the morning, before I drink a drop. Indeed, it is thought dangerous to remain in Rome during the heats of July and August: but there is nothing which I would not endure in the service of his Holiness.

Cardinal Antonelli. Neighboring potentates are quite willing to relieve your Excellency from so incommodious and dangerous a service.

General Gemeau. It would be impolite and unfriendly to impose on a neighbor any incommodity or danger which we ourselves decline.

Cardinal Antonelli. His Holiness is very anxious to calm animosities and obviate collisions.

General Gemeau. The sword best calms animosities, best obviates collisions.

Cardinal Antonelli. Your Excellency means assuredly the sword of the Spirit.

General Gemeau. Eminence! the spirit of theologians and religionists is shown clearly, though unconsciously, by their customary phraseology. You borrow our swords, practically and efficiently, when your own daggers are too short; but, metaphorically and virtually, every word you utter is drawn from our military vocabulary. "Shield," "buckler," "standard," "conflict," "blood," "spurning," "rebuffing," "repulsing," "overthrowing," "trampling down under foot," "rising victorious," — all these expressions and more such, echo from church to church, and mingle somewhat inharmoniously, methinks, with prayers and exhortations. Good Christians have a greater variety of them, and utter them with greater intensity, than the wildest Cherokee or Australian.

Cardinal Antonelli. We are calm and considerate while we employ them.

General Gemeau. Considerate too, and calm, is the Thug of India while he murders or excites to murder; he also is religious and devout.

Cardinal Antonelli. Sir, I did not expect this language from a general who, if I mistake not, hath served in Africa.

General Gemeau. Perhaps your Eminence may have mistaken; but, whether or no, every French officer is bound in honor to maintain the character of every other. We are consistent: what one is all are; what one says all say; what one does all do.

Cardinal Antonelli. I am too well aware of the fact for any dispute or disceptation on any part of it. But, General, to avoid the possibility of irritating or displeasing you, with my natural frankness and well-known sincerity I will lay open to you the whole heart of his Holiness. It is wounded profoundly at the dissensions of his sons.

General Gemeau. If the question be not indiscreet, how many has he, poor man?

Cardinal Antonelli. More than ever, now your glorious President hath taken to his bosom the Society of Jesus.

General Gemeau. I thought they never quarrelled. Wolves never do while they hunt in packs; and foxes at all times know how little is to be got by fighting.

Cardinal Antonelli. Your Excellency has misunderstood me. Austria and Naples look with an evil eye upon your arms in Italy.

General Gemeau. Then let them stand farther off and look another way.

Cardinal Antonelli. Impossible to persuade them.

General Gemeau. We Frenchmen have often used such arguments as convinced them perfectly. Austria sacrificed at another Tauris another Iphigenia; Saint Januarius found us so true believers that he sweated blood for us, and Cristo Bianco and Cristo Nero * paraded the streets to our Marseillese hymn.

Cardinal Antonelli. Happily those days are over.

General Gemeau. I am not so sure of that. I would advise the Saint to sweat while he has any blood in his veins. We Frenchmen know how to treat him; but among the Italians there are many who would use him to roast their chestnuts, or would stir their polenta over him.

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* Two idols carried in opposition about the streets of Naples, the devout often beating the head of one against the head of the other.

Cardinal Antonelli. Alas! too true. But the pious spirit which animates the French soldier will render him ever obedient to the commands of the Holy Father.

General Gemeau. The French soldier is possessed by another spirit beside the pious one, — the spirit of obedience to his commander. The Holiness of our Lord may command in the Vatican, but, Eminence, I command here. The Castle of St. Angelo is nigh enough to the Vatican for me to hear any cry of distress from his Beatitude; the Austrians and Neapolitans are more distant.

Cardinal Antonelli. They may approach.

General Gemeau. Let them, if they dare. At their advance I seize upon certain hostages of the highest rank and office.

Cardinal Antonelli. It would be sacrilege.

General Gemeau. The Pope will be close at hand to absolve me from it. He holds the keys of Heaven and Hell; I hold those of Castel-Sant-Angelo.

Cardinal Antonelli. The Holiness of our Lord might forbid any resistance.

General Gemeau. In such an event, I would deliver him from fresh ignominy: such as what his Holiness bore, casting off his slipper for jack-boots, his triple crown for jockey-cap, and arrayed in the dress livery of the French ambassador, fain to take up a position at a pretty good distance from the Cross of Christ, mindless of his promises and of his flock, and shouting aloud to King Bomba for help.

Cardinal Antonelli. He flew to the faithful.

General Gemeau. And, seeing his urgency, they delivered up to him all the faith they had about them.

Cardinal Antonelli. Excellency! Really, I distrust my senses; never will I believe that in a French general I have found a scoffer.

General Gemeau. Eminence! I yield; I give up the point; you have beaten me fairly at dissembling. I kept my countenance and my temper as long as I could. I ought only to have laughed at the threat of being superseded by the only king existing who has been (in the field at least) convicted of cowardice, and moreover at the instigation of the only Pope in modern times who has been caught blowing bubbles to the populace, and exerting his agility at a masquerade.

XXXVIII. LOUIS BONAPARTE AND COUNT MOLÉ.

Louis Bonaparte. M. de Molé, I have often been desirous of profiting by your wisdom and experience; let me hope that the hour is arrived.

Count Molé. Experience, M. le Président, is baffled, trampled, trodden down and run over, by the rapid succession and blind conflict of events; its utility is lost, is annihilated. Wisdom has had no share in the creation of them, and can hope to exercise but little control in their management.

Louis Bonaparte. We must now appeal to French courage and French honor.

Count Molé. We must sound the bell to silence the courage: on the other hand, we must call a huissier with the loudest voice to read an appeal to the honor. Are there twenty men of high station in France who are unforsworn? Are there among her representatives half the number who have not violated three oaths in the last three months?

Louis Bonaparte. But honor is left at the bottom of the heart.

Count Molé. If not there, yet under it, on the same side. The scabbard holds it; and quite sufficiently capacious for the whole of it would be a much narrower receptacle. Call a man a liar, and out it flies upon you. He proves the contrary by a clear — I was about to say *demonstration* — the word is *detonation.* For one who enters a picture-gallery, fifty enter a pistol-gallery: for one who has learned the rudiments of grammar, fifty have learned the rudiments of gunnery. I should never have made these remarks, M. le Président, if you had not invited me to converse with you upon the state of the nation, upon what led to it, and upon what may, under Providence, lead it again to security and peace. These are never to be attained while no man holds sacred his own word, or believes in any other's.

Louis Bonaparte. I am entirely of your opinion, M. de Molé; so was my uncle the Emperor. For which reason he restored to the Pope his primitive authority, and lighted anew the candles on our altars. This was the first step he took after his recall of the emigrants. I have brought around me not only six or seven of the old nobility, but even such names as Fénélon and Turgot.

Count Molé. Easily done. Poverty, sir, is no phantom: she is the most importunate of the Furies, and has the appetite of a Harpy. She looks for her larder through the windows of the Treasury; and, if she sees only empty dishes there, she screams and flies away to another quarter. Be pleased, sir, to consider that I cast a reflection on nobody.

Louis Bonaparte. I am aware of it, M. de Molé. If in any slight degree I differ from you in opinion, it is in my general estimate of French honor: it appears to me large and catholic.

Count Molé. Very large indeed, and truly catholic: I only wish we could limit and define it, bringing it back within its ancient boundary. M. le Président knows that a fortification is the stronger for a wide extent of rotten ground about it. Cardinal de Richelieu, the wisest of politicians, knew it likewise. Therefore he drew into Paris, by offices and preferments, the ancient nobility of the realm. The poorer he enriched by giving them places: the richer he impoverished by leading them through their vanity to a vast expenditure. He took especial care that the ladies, from the hour they left the convent, should be taught the secrets of gaming. And what chevalier, worthy of his spurs, could decline the acknowledgment of their smiles at the tourney of green cloth? Luxury, by which I mean good cookery and good wine, seldom hurts the bodily frame. Late hours and the mortification of loss cast down corporeal and mental power alike. At the close of these days, and at the commencement of our own, external commerce had begun to ramify widely; and commerce will always introduce cosmopolite opinions. Turgot fostered it, and could not exclude the sequel. He died too early for the prosperity of France. No minister who united such integrity with such intellect is recorded in the annals of any nation. Perhaps he was fortunate in living while the government was simply monarchical, thus, having the fewer men to converse with and deceive. In fact, he never deceived any one. Had he lived under a constitutional system, he must have given up half his principles or all his power.

Louis Bonaparte. These, M. de Molé are serious considerations. We ought to take good care how men may keep their principles. You will assist me in this arduous undertaking, I am confident.

Count Molé. To the best of my poor abilities.

Louis Bonaparte. By this promise the uttermost scope of my ambition is attained. I am resolved to extinguish the flame that would consume all that is venerable in Rome, giving my solemn word to citizen and soldier that I come frankly and loyally to their assistance. The high clergy, with few exceptions in this country, and fewer in Italy, are unanimous in recommending it.

Count Molé. In recommending, sir, a breach of promise, — a falsehood?

Louis Bonaparte. M. de Molé! the head of a State can commit no falsehood. The preamble to all decrees runs: "After hearing the Council of Ministers," the President, or whatever may be the title of the Executive, "decrees," &c. Beside which, it is acknowledged by every true Catholic that on emergencies a word, or oath, or contract may be broken and cast aside. In courts the ties of consanguinity are relaxed; uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews, intermarry, not simply with the consent, but also with the benediction of the Church. Shall not we, her sons, ever called the most Christian, be grateful to the Holy Father for granting such indulgences, and lay every snare to entrap the vermin that would undermine them? M. de Montalembert, a most religious man, together with every member of the Society of Jesus, approves of my decision. The Holy Father himself, when he bestowed on his people from the balcony of the Quirinal his constitution and benediction, lowered his head, and in the same breath, with his hand upon his heart, called the Virgin to witness that he would revoke all his promises. He who can take from his girdle and turn round the keys of heaven, can surely turn round as easily a light and empty word. He has done it. We surely can never err in following the course of Infallibility. Incest is no incest, if he says it is none; an oath, if he wills it, is no oath.

Count Molé. There may indeed be some danger of Roman republicanism flying across the Alps. The flame of a burning candle leans toward the smoke of a candle half-extinguished, and relumes it. This consideration has greater weight with me than casuistry. In France, within a few months, nothing will be left of republic but the name: yet the name, if we hear it too frequently or too near, may evoke the spirit. M. de Montalembert would not let the Romans burn their fetiches, and would rather burn the Romans: I would rather let them alone if we could but keep them quiet.

Louis Bonaparte. Precisely; that is all I wish. I would moderate the intemperate zeal of conflicting parties; in which service to humanity, M. de Molé, I entreat your counsel and co-operation.

XXXIX. POPE PIO NONO AND CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

Pio Nono. Cardinal Antonelli! Cardinal Antonelli! I begin to fear we shall be convicted of lying by the unbeliever.

Cardinal Antonelli. Holiness, we have lied; but it was for the glory of God and of his Blessed Mother, and for the exaltation of the Church. Need I recapitulate to your Beatitude the number of learned casuists who have inculcated the duty of so doing? Need I bring before you the princes of the present day who have broken their promises and oaths to their subjects? If we were bound to them, *we* should be the subjects, and not *they*.

Pio Nono. Nevertheless, I have had certain qualms of conscience from time to time; insomuch as to have humiliated myself before my confessor.

Cardinal Antonelli. And what said he?

Pio Nono. I am ashamed to repeat what he said: he almost said it approached to sin. But, as in duty bound, he absolved me; on condition of eating a tench for supper, an isinglass jelly, and two apricot tarts, preceded by a basin of almond soup, and followed by a demi-flask of Orvieto. I begged hard against the tench, and pleaded for a mullet.

Cardinal Antonelli. Indignity! Was the beast so stupid as to be unaware that your Holiness, who can absolve fifty nations at the erection of a finger, could absolve yourself?

Pio Nono. But it is easier and more commodious to procure another to scratch our back and shoulder when they itch.

Cardinal Antonelli. True, most true. But the business which has brought me this evening into the presence of your Beatitude is somewhat worse than itching. The French Emperor is peremptory that your Beatitude should crown him.

Pio Nono. I promised it.

Cardinal Antonelli. Indefinitely; with evasions. And has not the French Emperor done somewhat more than evade his promises? Has he not broken them over and over again?

Pio Nono. I must not play tight and loose with him: I must not turn suddenly from hot to cold.

Cardinal Antonelli. The armorer, who makes a strong sword-blade, turns it first in fire, then plunges it in water.

Pio Nono. He might do me harm.

Cardinal Antonelli. The Austrians are always at hand to prevent it.

Pio Nono. I am advised that twenty thousand more French, with a hundred thousand stand of arms for the malcontents, could sweep Italy clear of the Austrians in six weeks, from Livorno to Mantua. Louis Napoleon is wiser and warier than his uncle. Europe has never seen a prince more capable of ruling, more resolved to be obeyed.

Cardinal Antonelli. He has given great offence to Austria by the Declaration he made preparatory to his marriage.

Pio Nono. Doubtless; but what can Austria do against him? Her fleet in the Adriatic could not preserve Dalmatia to her. Hungary would lie open. Piedmont and Switzerland would rise simultaneously, and revenge the wrongs and insults they daily are receiving. The Austrian empire would dissolve ere autumn.

Cardinal Antonelli. Russia would step forward again.

Pio Nono. So much the worse for Austria. The Russians would bring famine with the sword. A Russian army of eighty thousand men, I am credibly informed by a sound strategist, would perish from inanition. Two hundred thousand Hungarians, one hundred thousand Italians, and (say only) three hundred thousand French, in addition to an Austrian army of perhaps a hundred thousand (after the desertion of Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians), would find but scanty provisions for three months. All the rich country of Lombardy and Austria would be overrun by the enemy; and Prussia would take Bohemia and Moravia under her protection.

Cardinal Antonelli. So long as your Holiness defers the coronation, Louis Napoleon will be moderate.

Pio Nono. I am aware of it. Between ourselves, there is nothing I so much admire in him as his choice of a consort. His uncle was ruined by the Austrian alliance. History, close at hand, in vain admonished him. The unfortunate Maria Antoinette, the most amiable of her family and the best, was hated by the French, not only for her extravagance, but for her country.

Cardinal Antonelli. Louis Napoleon's misalliance tends little to conciliate them.

Pio Nono. Gently, my good Cardinal! The house of Guzman is as ancient and noble as the house of Hapsburg. I have half a mind to start directly, and to pronounce my benediction on the crown in Notre-Dame.

XL. ARCHBISHOP OF FLORENCE AND FRANCESCO MADIAI.

Archbishop. It grieves my heart, O unfortunate man! to find you reduced to this condition.

Francesco Madiai. Pity it is, my Lord, that so generous a heart should be grieved by any thing.

Archbishop. Spoken like a Christian! There are then some remains of faith and charity left within you?

Francesco Madiai. Of faith, my Lord, there are only the roots, such as have often penetrated ere now the prison-floor. Charity too is among those plants which, although they thrive best under the genial warmth of heaven, do not wither and weaken and die down deprived of air and sunshine. I might never have thought seriously of praying for my enemies, had it not been the will of a merciful and all-wise God to cast me into the midst of them.

Archbishop. From these, whom you rashly call enemies, you possess the power of delivering yourself. Confess your crime.

Francesco Madiai. I know the accusation; not the crime.

Archbishop. Disobedience to the doctrines of the Church.

Francesco Madiai. I am so ignorant, my Lord, as never to have known a tenth or twentieth part of its doctrines. But by God's grace I know and understand the few and simple ones which His blessed Son taught us.

Archbishop. Ignorant as you acknowledge yourself to be, do you presume that you are able to interpret them?

Francesco Madiai. No, my Lord. He has done that Himself, and intelligibly to all mankind.

Archbishop. By whose authority did you read and expound the Bible?

Francesco Madiai. By His.

Archbishop. By His? To thee?

Francesco Madiai. What He commanded the Apostles to do, and what they did, surely is no impiety.

Archbishop. It may be.

Francesco Madiai. Our Lord commanded his Apostles to go forth and preach the gospel to all nations.

Archbishop. Are you an Apostle, vain, foolish man?

Francesco Madiai. Alas! my Lord, how far, how very far, from the least of them! But surely I may follow where they lead; and I am more likely to follow them in the right road, if I listen to no directions from others far behind.

Archbishop. Go on, go on, self-willed creature! doomed to perdition.

Francesco Madiai. I have ventured to repeat the ordinances of Christ and the Apostles; no more. I have nothing to add, nothing to interpret.

Archbishop. I shall look into the matter; I doubt whether He ever gave them such an ordinance — I mean in such a sense — for I remember a passage which may lead astray the unwary. Any thing more?

Francesco Madiai. My Lord, there is also another.

Archbishop. What is that?

Francesco Madiai. "Seek truth, and ensue it."

Archbishop. There is only one who can tell us, of a surety, what truth is; namely, our Holy Father.

Francesco Madiai. Yes, my Lord, of this I am convinced.

Archbishop. Avow it then openly, and you are free at once.

Francesco Madiai. Openly, most openly, do I, and have I, and ever will I avow it. Permit me, my Lord Archbishop, to repeat the blessed words which have fallen from your Lordship: "There is only one who can tell us of a certainty what truth is," — "our Holy Father," — our Father which is in Heaven.

Archbishop. Scoffer! heretic! infidel! No, I am not angry; not in the least: but I am hurt, wounded, wounded deeply. It becomes not me to hold a longer conference with one so obstinate and obdurate. A lower order in the priesthood has this duty to perform.

Francesco Madiai. My Lord, you have conferred, I must acknowledge, an unmerited distinction upon one so humble and so abject as I am. Well am I aware that men of a lower order are the most proper men to instruct me. They have taken that trouble with *me* and thousands more.

Archbishop. Indeed! indeed! so many? His Imperial Highness, well-informed, as we thought, of what passes in every house, from the cellar to the bed-chamber, had no intelligence or notion of this. Denounce the culpable, and merit his pardon, his protection, his favor. Do not beat your breast, but clear it. Give me at once the names of these teachers, these listeners; I will intercede in their behalf.

Francesco Madiai. The name of the first and highest was written on the cross in Calvary; poor fishermen were others on the sea of Galilee. I could not enumerate the listeners; but the foremost rest, some venerated, some forgotten, in the catacombs of Rome.

Archbishop. Francesco Madiai! there are yet remaining in you certain faint traces of the Church in her state of tribulation, of the blessed saints and martyrs in the catacombs. But, coming near home, Madiai, you have a wife, aged and infirm; would not you help her?

Francesco Madiai. God will; I am forbidden.

Archbishop. It is more profitable to strive than to sigh. I pity your distress; let me carry to her an order for her liberation.

Francesco Madiai. Your Lordship can.

Archbishop. Not without your signature.

Francesco Madiai. The cock may crow ten times, ten mornings, ten years, before I deny my Christ. O wife of my early love, persevere, persevere!

Archbishop. This to me?

Francesco Madiai. No, my Lord! but to a martyr; from one unworthy of that glory; in the presence of Him who was merciful and found no mercy, — my crucified Redeemer.

Archbishop. After such perverseness, I declare to you, with all the frankness of my character, there is no prospect of your liberation.

Francesco Madiai. Adieu, adieu, O Rosa! Light and enlivener of my earlier days, solace and support of my declining! We must now love God alone, from God alone hope succor. We are chastened but to heal our infirmities; we are separated but to meet inseparably. To the constant and resigned there is always an Angel that opens the prison-door: we wrong him when we call him Death.

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